

**For something settled in the room, the mind,
I have adorned the walls with what she made,
Since every hope I hide, the nightmares find,
In every lovely place, an ounce of shade.**

**For something decent, for my chambered chest,
I have affixed for good, a thing she said,
I'll keep it there suspended, soft, unless
It is too much to keep it from the dead.**

**And if they banish morbid from the whole,
And ghosts and empty eyes that frequent there,
I'll hang them on the line across my soul,
Like clouds and moons are hung upon the air,**

**As some have made for god: the world as willed,
A stay against the void, and absence filled.**