

LYR



spring
saddled

in

light

heavy burden

as though under a



Now, at least, it will be quieter

She was always

pale hills.
looking off toward the

half

talking



nothing

suddenly occurred to him



nevertheless

[illegible]

The days that followed

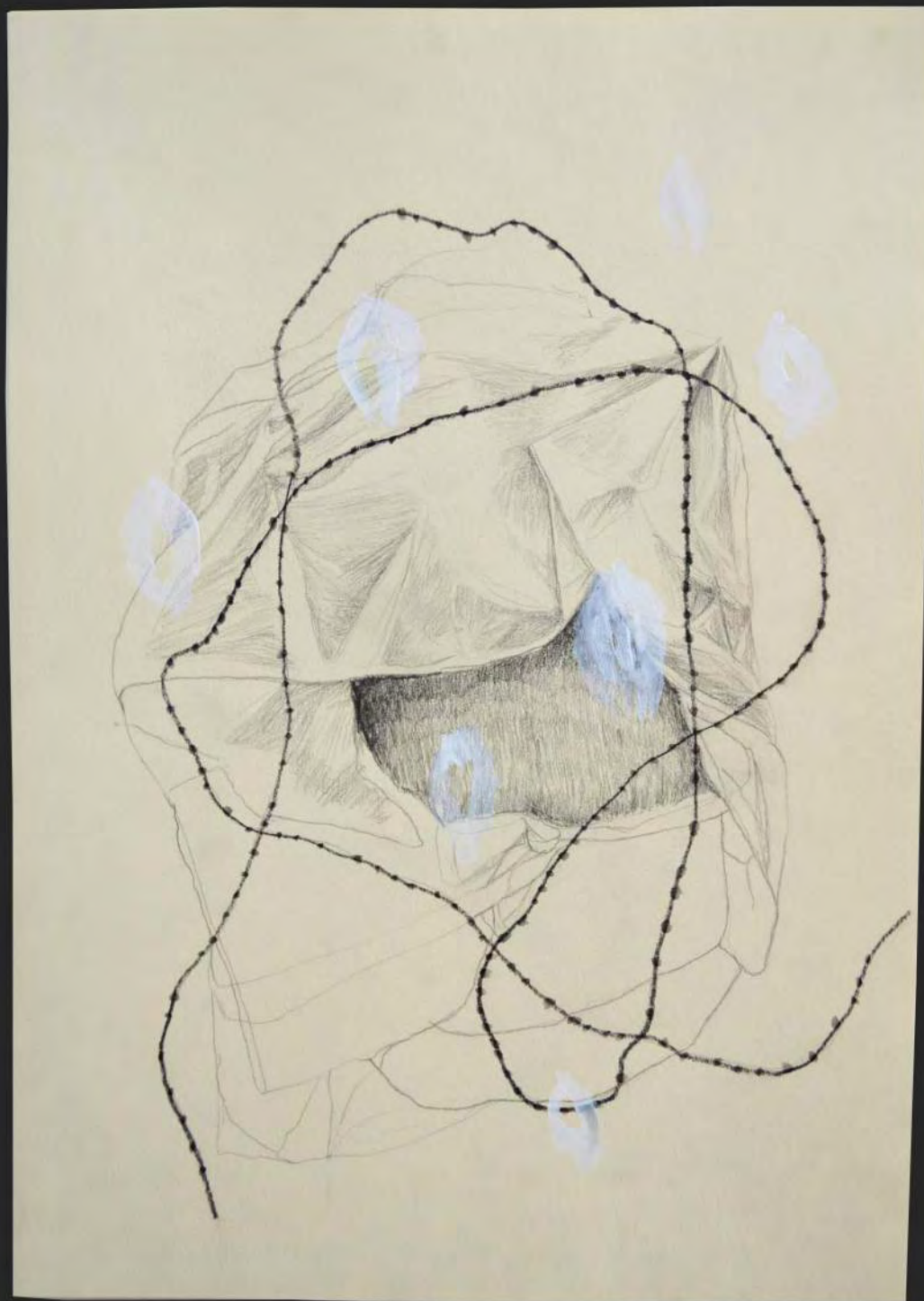
around him,

spring

with its piers and jetties, its stone sea wall

circled

sped closer



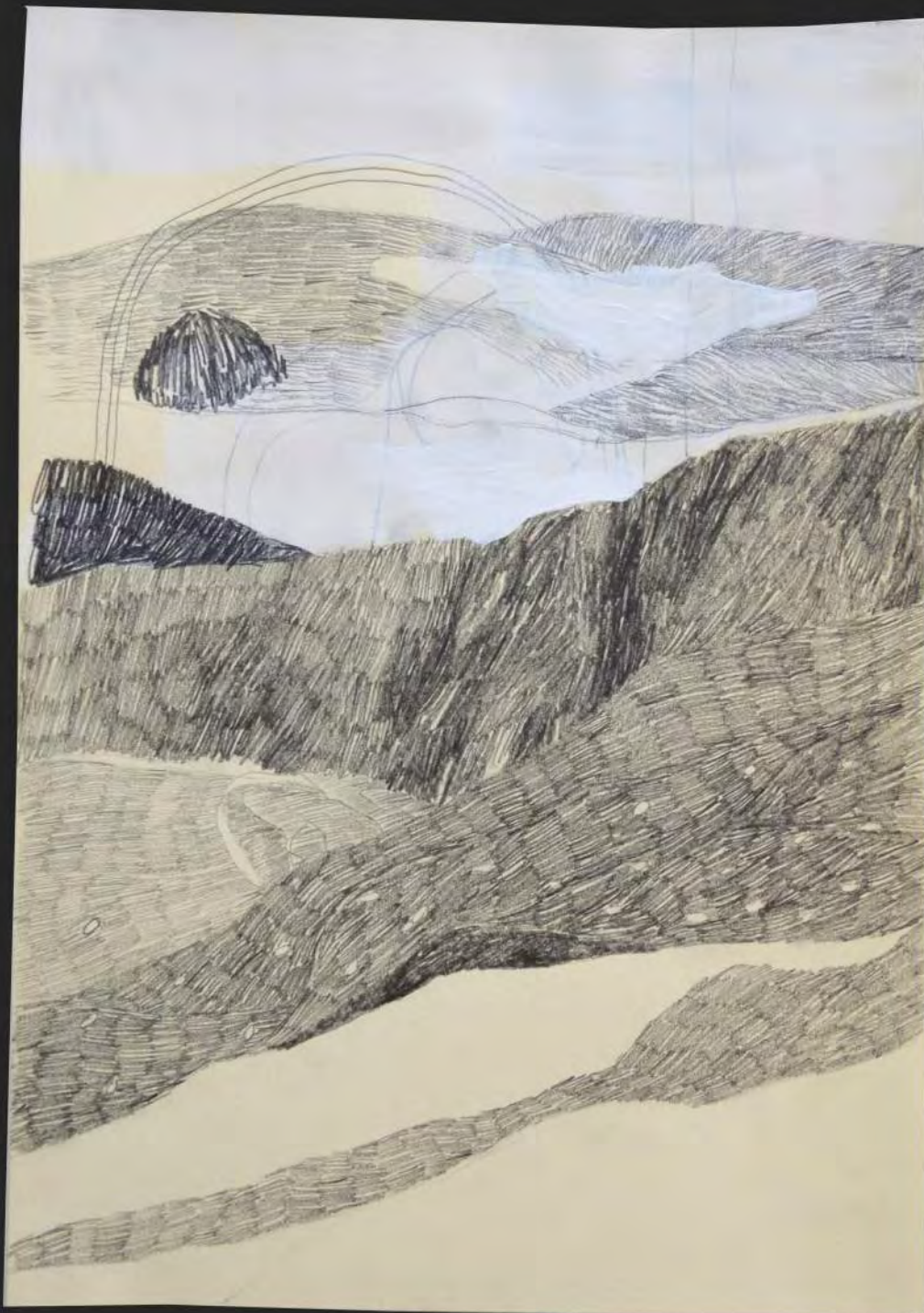


a tall castle.

glided
ashore.

damage

repeating



a chain of heavy silver

sunlight

of nothing

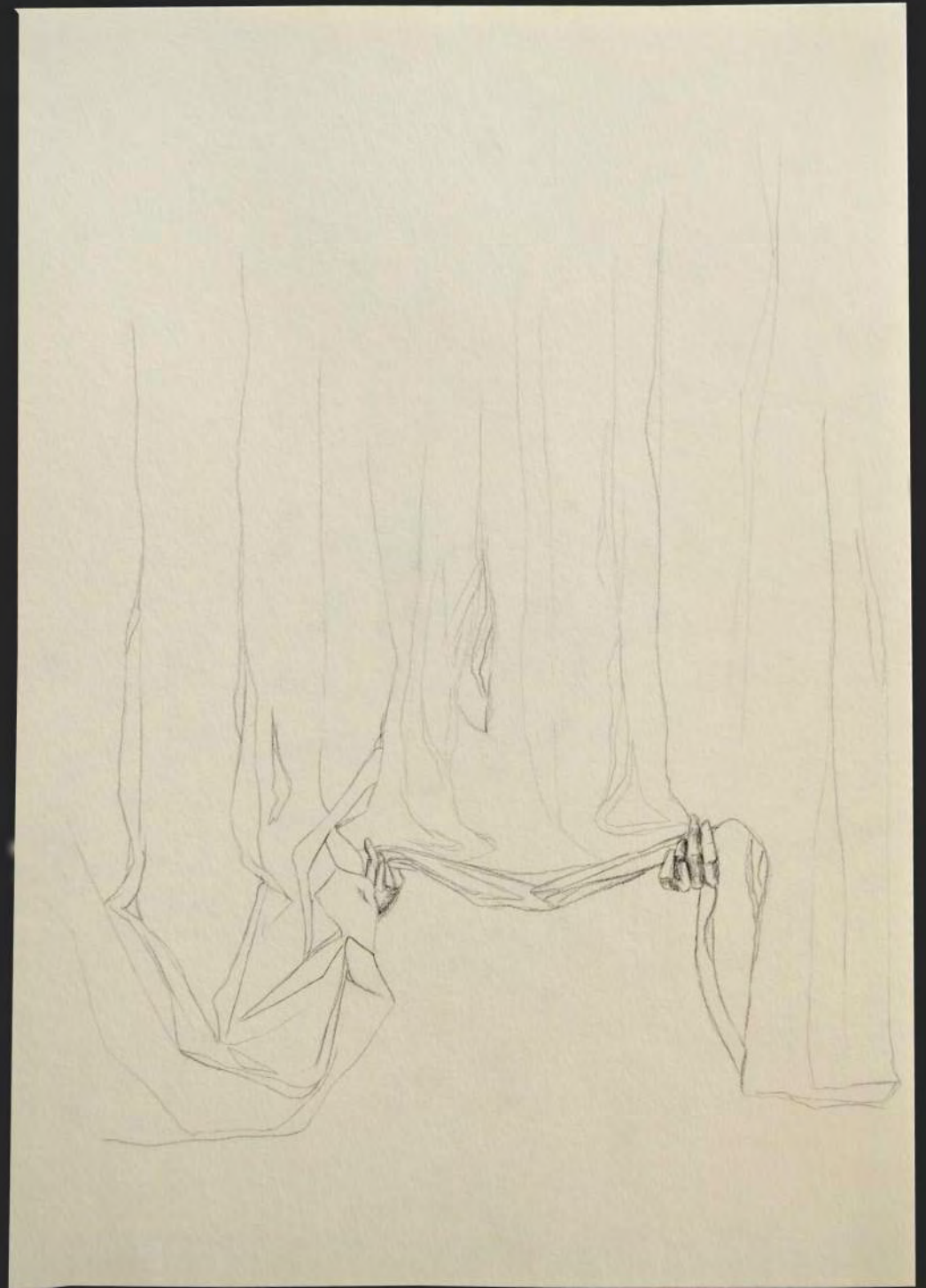
There's been talk

for so long

came spring

and everything indoor began looking unspeakably

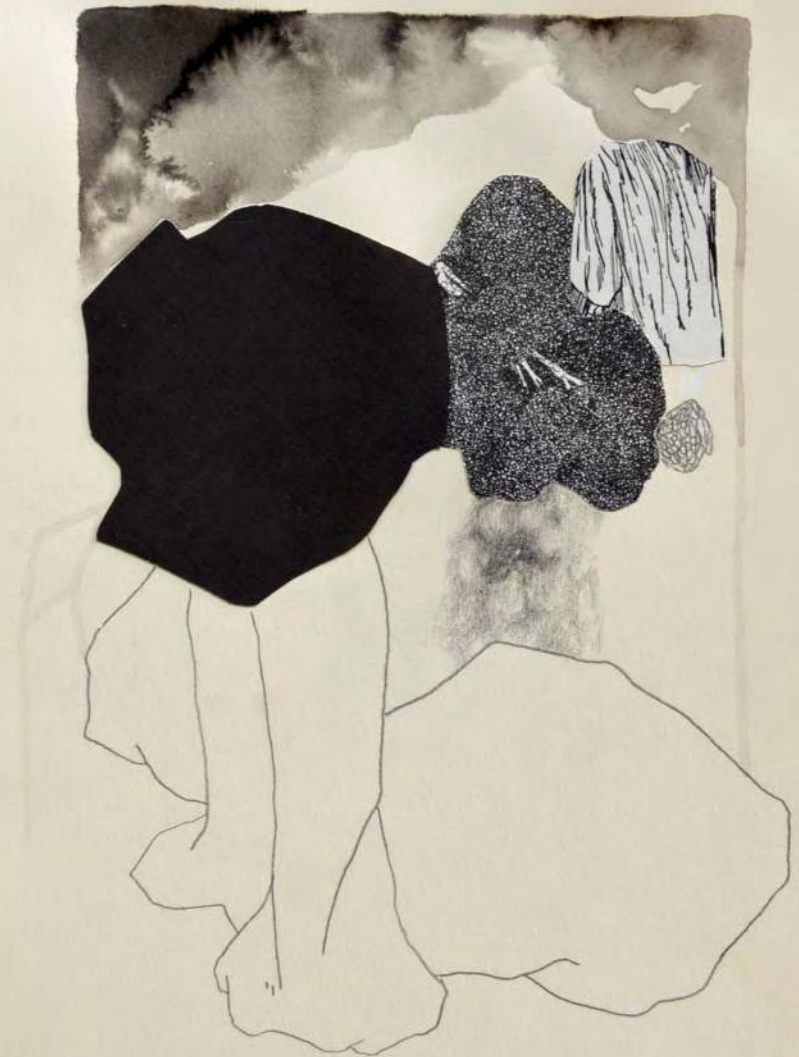
Then along



casting aside

a crooked little

life



fear

still lies in ruins, as you left it,
grass already covers

the

rumours that seemed at first no more than
imaginings.





silence.

that gossipy black bird

be lost in

this wretched island
You couldn't wait for a chance to





What had begun as a simple matter
turned grave.

the underbrush

whipped back

a shadow within a shadow.

the air.

its hinges.

burst from



Llyr

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Poems drawn from erasing Lloyd Alexander's *The Castle of Llyr*

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