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Page Ninety Four of The Family of Man

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Page Ninety Four of The Family of Man

by John Lambert

Graveyard...yes you. You with your
black bleated aura,
with your twisted, beaten
body of stones rising
from the ground in linear
deathless diagonals.

Graveyard, do you see
your silent sidewalk outline?
Do you see the children?

The children are dancing,
dancing round in circles,
dancing round in circles,
dancing on the ground.
Graveyard, they are dancing,
dancing round in circles.
Do you see them dancing,
Dancing round your navel
where they cut you off from life?

I have searched for a woman, I've dreamt yet to love
I have searched for a woman, I've dreamt yet to love
And although I'm not a woman, I've dreamt yet to love

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]