

## **Ait Burn and Worm's Turn**

Ait burn and worm's turn  
flames my discontent.

Land of nothing, unprimed canvas,  
mere lumps in the ocean end.

(time passes)

Unfenced, unchangeable  
and unkind clears

(it surely passes)

ache for the plough  
for trees unplanted.

Hard home, I can't look back  
in anger or affection:  
You've got nothing going for you cat!  
I'll be back.