Mischa Willett

SEE, I NEVER LEFT MY HANDS OF MY WORKS After A Line By Julian Of Norwich

How much descent, how down this dove, this now I know comes in the hush and how arrived the night backs, summits grade, the pent and meddlesome winds shaken as from a purse take their place, and sea stills.

If so, if this low, if inmost,

then I am hemmed and all beclothed, even gross ghost, even nude decent, even still sent.