

Dictated for Little Betty. The Bell Hotel. 16th August. '82.

When I am gone
Into the far and distant land
And you can no more take me
Or hold me by the hand-
This I wish
That you
Think of me
Sometime
In a glory of a sunset
At the rising of the sun
In the cold dark time
When the cold Moon shines
When autumn tears drip off the leaves
When early winters' tears are frozen
And you
And I
Cannot cry
Except to wait for Spring
And Ice Queen
And Snow Maiden
Pristine Purity
Snow flakes
Floating around us
Melting our bodies
Into Spring.

Wesley Sanders.