

Some feelings in the shadowy depths of my heart
 call to me like melodies sung ten fathoms under
 the sea. They are melodies contemplated and fed
 upon, but never heard. Echoes they have none; yet
 so sweet is their harmony; always dying and falling
 never emerging to auricular distinctness.

They bring me ~~times~~ sometimes sorrows.— forgotten
 sorrows, buried in far-off time when I was not.

They come like visitors from another world, bringing
 the faint recollection of the dreamy past in memory
 dim and forlorn. They come like a voice in the
 air so strange yet once so familiar, which shakes
 my single state with something too powerful to
 resist. They come like clouds on distant
 mountains ready to melt and fade and indistinguishable
 in the deep recess of my consciousness.

K. N.

Upon the boundaries of Day & night
He stretched himself, w/ grief & radiance faint.

I

Day	noisy place
	sudden noise
sudden flash	

II

night	silence
sudden flash	sudden noise

wounded shell

faint upper shells