

# Question

By May Swenson

Body my house  
my horse my hound  
what will I do  
when you are fallen

Where will I sleep  
How will I ride  
What will I hunt

Where can I go  
without my mount  
all eager and quick  
How will I know  
in thicket ahead  
is danger or treasure  
when Body my good  
bright dog is dead

How will it be  
to lie in the sky  
without roof or door  
and wind for an eye

With cloud for shift  
how will I hide?

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