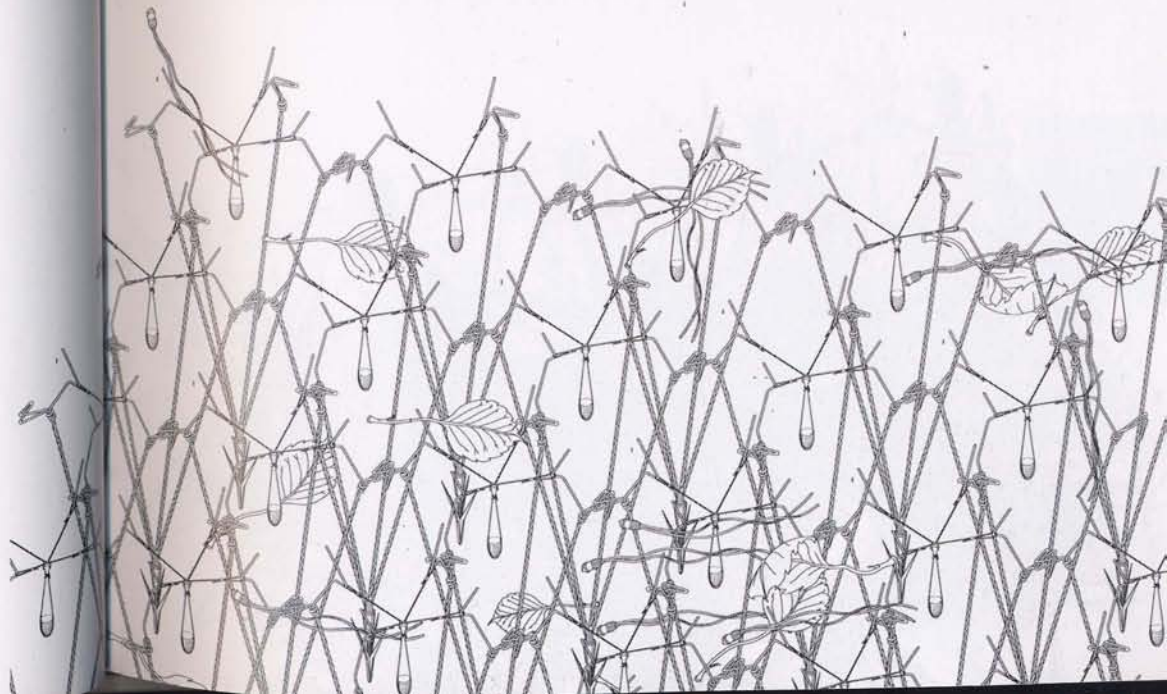


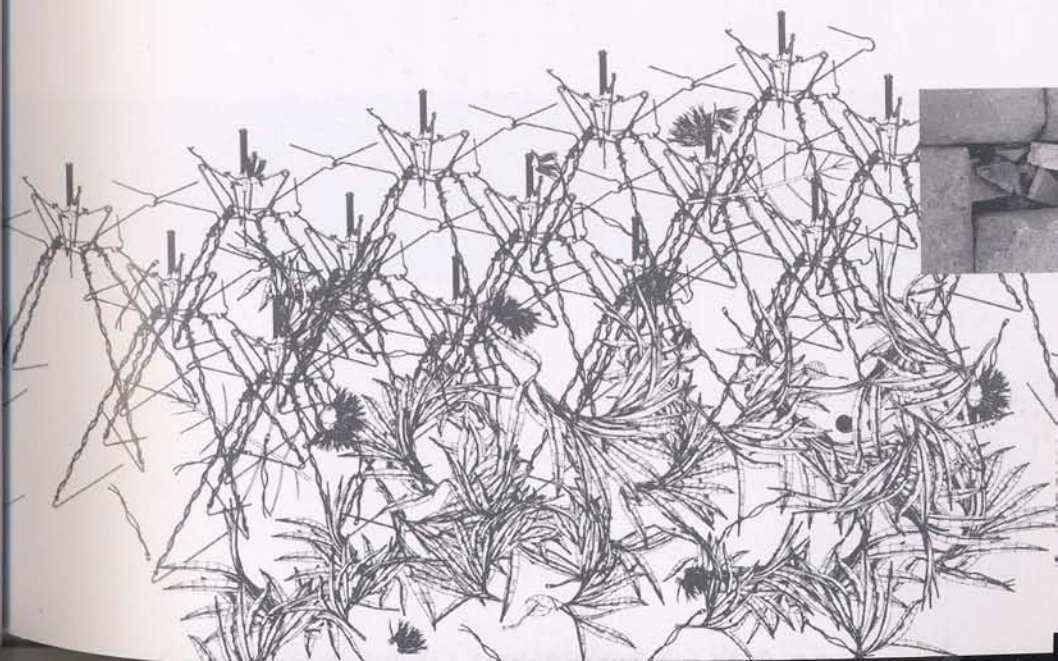
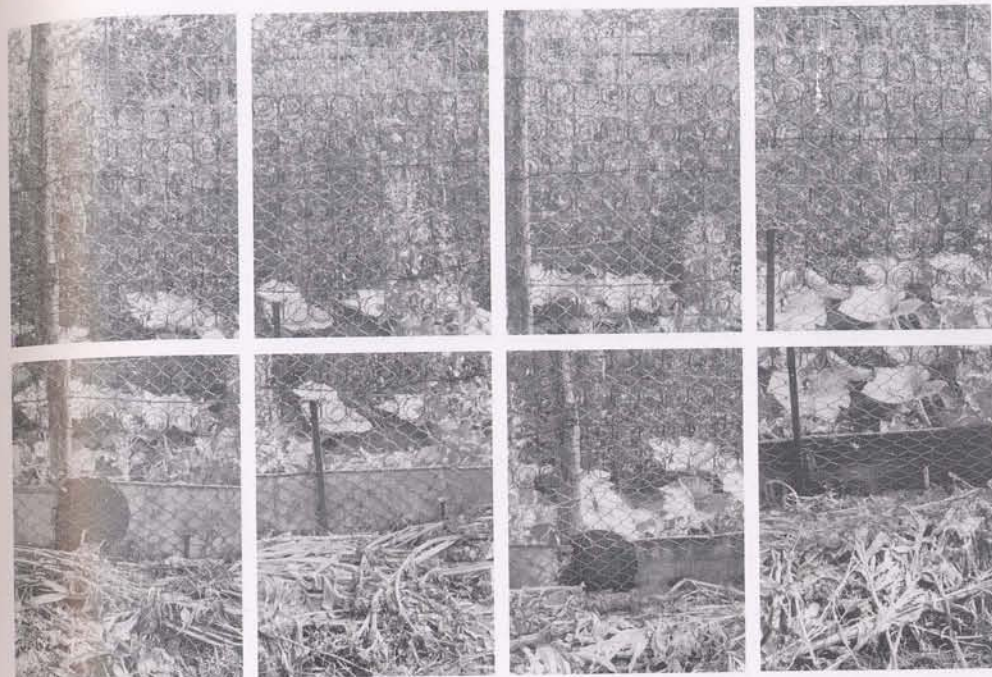
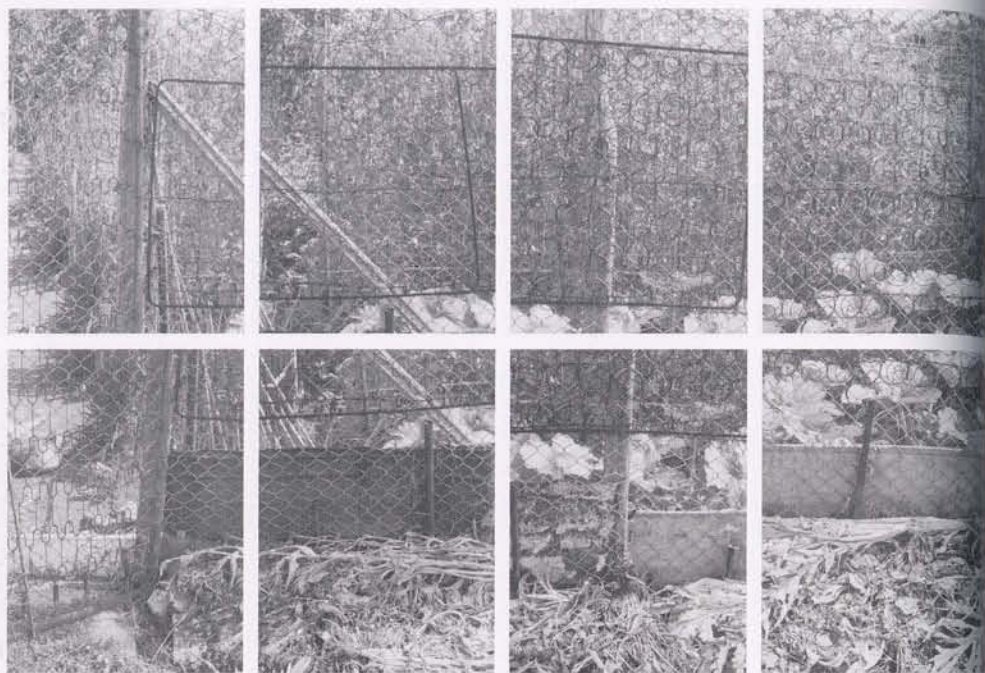
Boundary

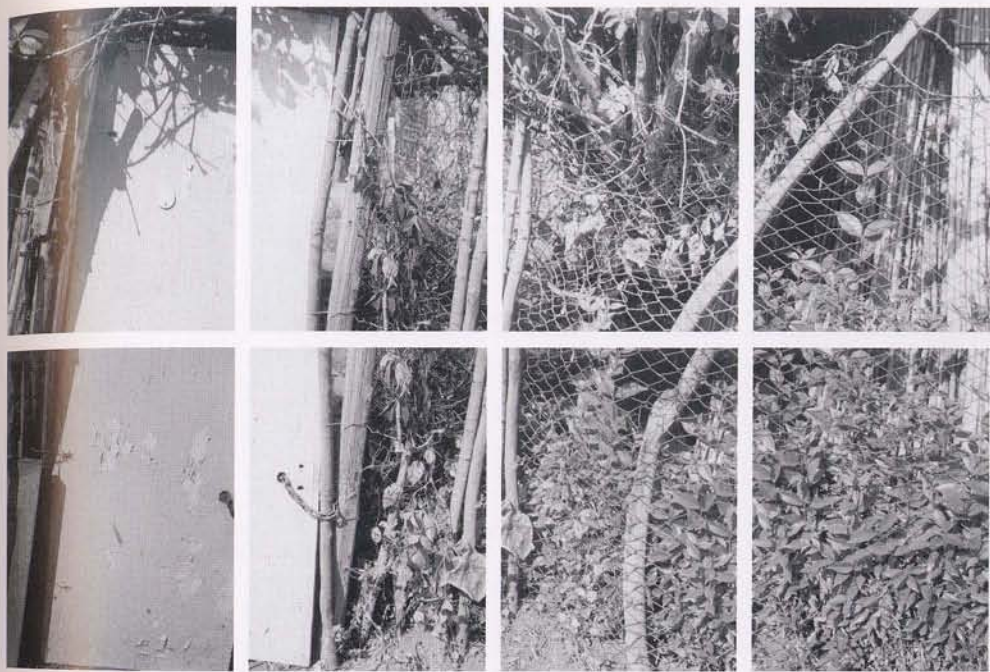
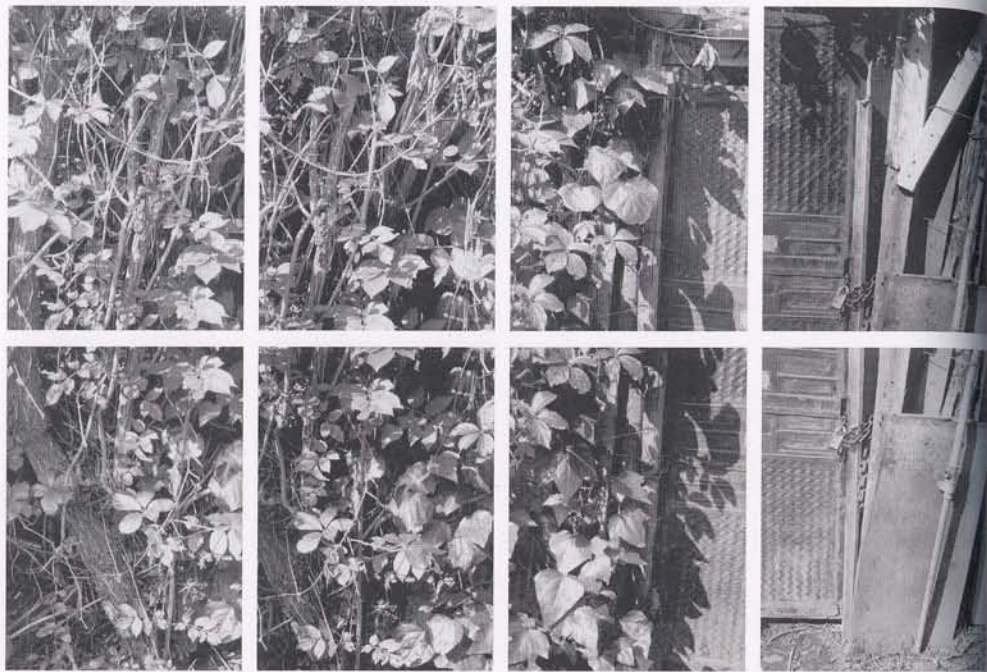


Burial

*...the first psyche loved Eros who was with her, and poured her blood upon him and upon the earth
Then from that blood the rose first sprouted upon the earth out of the thorn bush
'On the Origin of the World' II 97, Nag Hammadi*







*They buried us without shroud or coffin
And in August the barley grew up out of the grave*

Seamus Heaney, from *Requiem for the Croppies*

