

They Diminish and Disappear – a Found Poem
William Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying*

The path runs straight as a plumb-line, (p. 3)
 The quilt drawn up to her chin. (p. 8)
They descend the hill in a series of
 spine-jolting jumps, (p. 13)
to face the Great Unknown, (p. 22)
poised like a bloody egg, (p. 40)
 bones and flesh beginning to part and open upon the alone. (p.62)
Motionless in tall and soaring circles,
 they diminish and
 disappear. (p. 104)
Safe things are just the things that folks have been doing so long they have
 worn the edges off. (p. 132)
What had once been a flat surface was now a succession of
 troughs and hillocks. (p. 147)
 A fellow might call it lucky. (p. 163)
Get ready to stay dead a long time. (p. 169).
They have all gone home to bed - (p. 250)
 that unmistakable air of definite and imminent departure - (p. 254)
This world is not his world. (p. 261)

NOTE: I have not added any words. Inserted words must not exceed 10% of the poem's length. PLEASE bracket [] inserted words.

LENGTH REQUIREMENT: 15-20 lines (Poems must NOT be *longer* or *shorter*.)