

being(just a little)
 too tired from kissing
 for thinking or anything
 except dreaming,
 let us suppose

O my lady:at dusk
 between the earth and the sea

ourselves,you and i together mysteriously and always floating,

moving;absorbing mysteriously(or as desire absorbs
 a dream)and(as if we were dream or dreams)mysteriously
 engulfed by fatal immensities of twilight—O imagine(softly as
 we,our minds,mysteriously together moving float always

between the ocean and the world)that,smiling,i remark to
 you:of these five waves the wave

which waits is most great;

(of these nine roses,you
 reply seriously,she who chiefly hides
 herself is deepest)