

X V

("fire stop thief help murder save the world")

what world?

is it themselves these insects mean?
when microscopic shriekings shall have snarled
threads of celestial silence huger than
eternity, men will be saviours

—flop

grasshopper, exactly nothing's soon;
scream, all ye screamers, till your if is up
and vanish under prodigies of un)

"have you" the mountain, while his maples wept
air to blood, asked "something a little child
who's just as small as me can do or be?"
god whispered him a snowflake "yes: you may
sleep now, my mountain" and this mountain slept

while his pines lifted their green lives and smiled