

## XI

lady you have written me a letter  
which i will never keep in a foolish vermilion  
box glad with possible dragons

but in a surer place, and in a better  
place and in a richer (and  
if sometimes i will take it out, to see  
how it is, perhaps you will understand  
perhaps you will know that a million

things happen richly in me.)  
And where i will put it away my lady  
you will understand, only if once  
(if leaning and with little breasts apart  
you quickly will look into the

dark box of my shutting heart