

8.

when

(day's amazing murder with)

perhaps

those mountains turn into these dreams who are
becauselessly themselves; alive and steps

one if (precisely nowhere from) of star,

what more than mere most spaceless and untimed
actual perfectly existences
through me have you eternally and roamed

—but still our you and i resemble us!

being without attempt each miracle
more isful than believe, how should we try
(like fictional poor minds whom fact can fool)
to live so ludicrous as death a lie?

only some silence called a thrush dares sing
(ours is a truth so beautifully young)