

the great advantage of being alive  
 (instead of undying) is not so much  
 that mind no more can disprove than prove  
 what heart may feel and soul may touch  
 —the great (my darling) happens to be  
 that love are in we, that love are in we

and here is a secret they never will share  
 for whom create is less than have  
 or one times one than when times where—  
 that we are in love, that we are in love:  
 with us they've nothing times nothing to do  
 (for love are in we am in i are in you)

this world (as timorous itsters all  
 to call their cowardice quite agree)  
 shall never discover our touch and feel  
 —for love are in we are in love are in we;  
 for you are and i am and we are (above  
 and under all possible worlds) in love

a billion brains may coax undeath  
 from fancied fact and spaceful time—  
 no heart can leap, no soul can breathe  
 but by the sizeless truth of a dream  
 whose sleep is the sky and the earth and the sea.  
 For love are in you am in i are in we