

“summer is over  
—it’s no use demanding  
that lending be giving;  
it’s no good pretending  
befriending means loving”  
(sighs mind:and he’s clever)  
“for all,yes for all  
sweet things are until”

“spring follows winter:  
as clover knows,maybe”  
(heart makes the suggestion)  
“or even a daisy—  
your thorniest question  
my roses will answer”  
“but dying’s meanwhile”  
(mind murmurs;the fool)

“truth would prove truthless  
and life a mere pastime  
—each joy a deceiver,  
and sorrow a system—  
if now than forever  
could never(by breathless  
one breathing)be” soul  
“more” cries:with a smile