

X

you are like the snow only  
purer fleeter, like the rain  
only sweeter frailer you

whom certain  
flowers resemble but trembling (cowards  
which fear  
to miss within your least gesture the hurting  
skill which lives) and since

nothing lingers  
beyond a little instant,  
along with rhyme and with laughter  
O my lady  
(and every brittle marvelous breathing thing)

since i and you are on our ways to dust

of your fragility  
(but chiefly of your smile,  
most suddenly which is  
of love and death a marriage) you give me

courage  
so that against myself  
the sharp days slobber in vain:

Nor am i afraid that  
this, which we call autumn, cleverly  
dies and over the ripe world wanders with  
a near and careful  
smile in his mouth (making

everything suddenly old and with his awkward eyes  
pushing  
sleep under and thoroughly  
into all beautiful things)

winter, whom Spring shall kill