

LXIX

so standing,our eyes filled with wind,and the
whining rigging over us,i implore you to
notice how the keen ship lifts(skilfully
like some bird which is all birds but more fleet)
herself against the air—and whose do you
suppose possibly are certain hands,terse
and invisible,with large first new stars
knitting the structure of distinct sunset

driving white spikes of silence into joists
hewn from hugest colour

(and which night hoists
miraculously above the always
beyond such wheres and fears or any when
unwondering immense directionless
horizon)

—do you perhaps know these workmen?