

## I I

so many selves(so many fiends and gods  
each greedier than every)is a man  
(so easily one in another hides;  
yet man can,being all,escape from none)

so huge a tumult is the simplest wish:  
so pitiless a massacre the hope  
most innocent(so deep's the mind of flesh  
and so awake what waking calls asleep)

so never is most lonely man alone  
(his briefest breathing lives some planet's year,  
his longest life's a heartbeat of some sun;  
his least unmotion roams the youngest star)

—how should a fool that calls him “I” presume  
to comprehend not numerable whom?