

let's, from some loud unworld's most rightful wrong

climbing, my love (till mountains speak the truth)
enter a cloverish silence of thrushsong

(and more than every miracle's to breathe)

wounded us will becauseless ultimate
earth accept and primeval whyless sky;
healing our by immeasurable night

spirits and with illimitable day

(shrived of that nonexistence millions call
life, you and i may reverently share
the blessed eachness of all beautiful
selves wholly which and innocently are)

seeming's enough for slaves of space and time
—ours is the now and here of freedom. Come