

out of the mountain of his soul comes  
a keen pure silence) such hands can  
build a (who are like ocean patient) dream's

eternity (you feel behind this man  
earth's first sunrise) and his voice  
is green like growing (is miraculous like  
tomorrow) all around the self of this

being are growing stones (neither awake  
are goddesses nor sleeping) since he's young  
with mysteries (each truly his more than  
some eighty years through which that memory strolls)  
and every ours for the mere worshipping

(as calmly as if aristide maillols  
occurred with any ticking of a clock