

2.

love is a guess
that deepens
(time is a rose
which opens)
 your eyes, my
darling, are two
young worlds of dew

never yet named
a stillness
(wholly undreamed
what frailness)
 not quite may
twilight's until
rival your smile

truer how much
than yearning
(newer to touch
than morning)
 your life is
only like one
star after rain