

## II

in the rain-  
darkness,        the sunset  
being sheathed i sit and  
think of you

the holy  
city which is your face  
your little cheeks the streets  
of smiles

your eyes half-  
thrush  
half-angel and your drowsy  
lips where float flowers of kiss

and  
there is the sweet shy pirouette  
your hair  
and then

your dancesong  
soul.        rarely-beloved  
a single star is  
uttered,and i

think  
      of you