

my father moved through dooms of love
 through sames of am through haves of give,
 singing each morning out of each night
 my father moved through depths of height

this motionless forgetful where
 turned at his glance to shining here;
 that if(so timid air is firm)
 under his eyes would stir and squirm

newly as from unburied which
 floats the first who,his april touch
 drove sleeping selves to swarm their fates
 woke dreamers to their ghostly roots

and should some why completely weep
 my father's fingers brought her sleep:
 vainly no smallest voice might cry
 for he could feel the mountains grow.

Lifting the valleys of the sea
 my father moved through griefs of joy;
 praising a forehead called the moon
 singing desire into begin

joy was his song and joy so pure
 a heart of star by him could steer
 and pure so now and now so yes
 the wrists of twilight would rejoice

keen as midsummer's keen beyond
 conceiving mind of sun will stand,
 so strictly(over utmost him
 so hugely)stood my father's dream

his flesh was flesh his blood was blood:
 no hungry man but wished him food;
 no cripple wouldn't creep one mile
 uphill to only see him smile.

Scorning the pomp of must and shall
 my father moved through dooms of feel;
 his anger was as right as rain