

birds meet above the new Moon
 an instant: drooping, describe suddenly
 arcs of craziness; chasing each
 other, disappear wisely into the texture of twilight....

She is as slender as an accident
 and seems to notice nothing—
 perhaps
 what is worthy of her comprehension
 does not exist
 (or else

in her mute way this portion of a circumference
 understands all mysteries)

—birds crying to each other
 faintly whirl and
 pivot in thickening air; now is the melted moment of terror and of
 dreams but the earth rising imperceptibly merging with the
 lost sea bends inward and
 entirely, subtly vanishes.