

noone'' autumnal this great lady's gaze

enters a sunset "can grow(gracefully or
otherwise)old. Old may mean anything
which everyone would rather not become;
but growing is" erect her whole life smiled

"was and will always remain:who i am.

Look at these(each serenely welcoming
his only and illimitably his
destiny)mountains!how can each" while flame
crashed "be so am and i and who?each grows"

then in a whisper,as time turned to dream

"and poets grow;and(there—see?)children" nor
might any earth's first morning have concealed
so unimaginably young a star