

here's to opening and upward, to leaf and to sap  
and to your (in my arms flowering so new)  
self whose eyes smell of the sound of rain

and here's to silent certainly mountains; and to  
a disappearing poet of always, snow  
and to morning; and to morning's beautiful friend  
twilight (and a first dream called ocean) and

let must or if be damned with whomever's afraid  
down with ought with because with every brain  
which thinks it thinks, nor dares to feel (but up  
with joy; and up with laughing and drunkenness)

here's to one undiscoverable guess  
of whose mad skill each world of blood is made  
(whose fatal songs are moving in the moon)