

VI

willing pitifully to bewitch
the nude worm of my reaching mind, to tease
its gropings curiously i remark these
frivolous slowlywinking lives which
(like four or three pretty flies) the
very and tremulous architecture
of frail light suddenly will capture.
And i think

 (as if perhaps a tree
should remember how Spring touched it) of your
deep kiss which constructs faintly
in me an upward country (on whose new shores
the first day has not come, but it is quaintly
always morning and silence) always where

hang, in the morning, wistful corpses of stars.