

## XVI

one's not half two. It's two are halves of one:  
 which halves reintegrating, shall occur  
 no death and any quantity; but than  
 all numerable mosts the actual more

minds ignorant of stern miraculous  
 this every truth—beware of heartless them  
 (given the scalpel, they dissect a kiss;  
 or, sold the reason, they undream a dream)

one is the song which fiends and angels sing:  
 all murdering lies by mortals told make two.  
 Let liars wilt, repaying life they're loaned;  
 we (by a gift called dying born) must grow

deep in dark least ourselves remembering  
 love only rides his year.

All lose, whole find