

conceive a man, should he have anything
would give a little more than it away

(his autumn's winter being summer's spring
who moved by standing in november's may)
from whose (if loud most howish time derange

the silent whys of such a deathlessness)
remembrance might no patient mind unstrange
learn (nor could all earth's rotting scholars guess
that life shall not for living find the rule)

and dark beginnings are his luminous ends
who far less lonely than a fire is cool
took bedfellows for moons mountains for friends

—open your thighs to fate and (if you can
withholding nothing) World, conceive a man