

IX

i like
to think that on
the flower you gave me when we
loved

the far-
departed mouth sweetly-saluted
lingers.

if one marvel

seeing the hunger of my
lips for a dead thing,
i shall instruct
him silently with becoming

steps to seek
your face and i
entreat, by certain foolish perfect
hours

dead too,
if that he come receive
him as your lover sumptuously
being

kind
because i trust him to
your grace, and for
in his own land

he is called death.