

XVII

but the other
day i was passing a certain
gate, rain
fell(as it will

in spring)
ropes
of silver gliding from sunny
thunder into freshness

as if god's flowers were
pulling upon bells of
gold i looked
up

and
thought to myself Death
and will You with
elaborate fingers possibly touch

the pink hollyhock existence whose
pansy eyes look from morning till
night into the street
unchangingly the always

old lady always sitting in her
gentle window like
a reminiscence
partaken

softly at whose gate smile
always the chosen
flowers of reminding