LXI

if you and i awakening

discover that(somehow in the dark)this world has been Picked,like a piece of clover,from the green meadow of

time

lessness; quietly

turning

toward me the guessable mirrors which your eyes are

You will communicate a little

more than twice all that so gently while we were asleep while we were each other disappeared:but i

slightly

smiling, gradually shall reenter the

singular kingdom

(sleep)

.while some

thing else kisses busily

a

memory, which how exquisitely flutters in

the cornerless tomorrow