

## LIX

my darling since  
 you and  
 i are thoroughly haunted by  
 what neither is any  
 echo of dream nor  
 any flowering of any

echo(but the echo  
 of the flower of

Dreaming)somewhere behind us  
 always trying(or sometimes trying under  
 us)to is it  
 find somehow(but O gracefully)a  
 we,entirely whose least

breathing may surprise  
 ourselves

—let's then  
 despise what is not courage my

darling(for only Nobody knows  
 where truth grows why  
 birds fly and  
 especially who the moon is.