

now what were motionless move(exists no

miracle mightier than this:to feel)

poor worlds must merely do,which then are done;

and whose last doing shall not quite undo

such first amazement as a leaf—here's one

more than each creature new(except your fear

to whom i give this little parasol,

so she may above people walk in the air

with almost breathing me)—look up:and we'll

(for what were less than dead)dance,i and you;

high(are become more than alive)above

anybody and fate and even Our

whisper it Selves but don't look down and to

-morrow and yesterday and everything except love