

4.

Lady

i pray to what is unimaginable,
 to your smile
 which will not even allow even my pencil
 nearer than a thousand miles.

i pray to your eyes
 whose niceness decides my pen
 it is a thick fool.

my brushes go big and stupid
 and their colour(s) turns to paint before
 your laughter, to which i kneel.

i worship at your tears
 i approach your tears with my best chisels
 (but in your least tear there is nothing
 conceivable)
 my chisels stutter and wobble.

But chiefly i entreat your timidity
 (i mean that aspect of you which so easily can
 explore completely and enjoy the occult textures,
 consult wholly and continually the invisible edges, of that and this:
 distinguish swiftly and exquisitely

in all things what entirely is alive.)