

XVI

i have found what you are like
the rain,

(Who feathers frightened fields
with the superior dust-of-sleep. wields

easily the pale club of the wind
and swirled justly souls of flower strike

the air in utterable coolness

deeds of green thrilling light
newfragile yellows with thinned

lurch and.press
—in the woods
which
stutter
and

sing
And the coolness of your smile is
stirringof birds between my arms;but
i should rather than anything
have(almost when hugeness will shut
quietly)almost,
your kiss