

12.

now winging selves sing sweetly, while ghosts (there
and here) of snow cringe; dazed an earth shakes sleep
out of her brightening mind: now everywhere
space tastes of the amazement which is hope

gone are those hugest hours of dark and cold
when blood and flesh to inexistence bow
(all that was doubtful's certain, timid's bold;
old's youthful and reluctant's eager now)

anywhere upward somethings yearn and stir
piercing a tangled wrack of wishless known:
nothing is like this keen (who breathes us) air
immortal with the fragrance of begin

winter is over—now (for me and you,
darling!) life's star prances the blinding blue