

I

this(let's remember)day died again and
again;whose golden,crimson dooms conceive

an oceaning abyss of orange dream

larger than sky times earth:a flame beyond
soul immemorially forevering am—
and as collapsing that grey mind by wave
doom disappeared,out of perhaps(who knows?)

eternity floated a blossoming

(while anyone might slowly count to soon)
rose—did you see her?darling,did you(kiss
me)quickly count to never?you were wrong

—then all the way from perfect nowhere came

(as easily as we forget something)
livingest the imaginable moon