

XXXIII

open green those
 (dear)
 worlds of than great
 more eyes, and what
 were summer's beside their
 glories

downward if they'll
 or
 goldenly float
 so(dreaming out
 of dreams among)no year
 will fall

this than, a least
 dare
 of snow less quite
 is nothing but
 herself, and than this(mere
 most)breast

spring's million(who
 are
 and do not wait)
 buds imitate
 upward each first flower
 of two