

swim so now million many worlds in each

least less than particle of perfect dark—  
 how should a loudness called mankind unteach  
 whole infinite the who of life's life(hark

what silence)?” “Worlds? o no:i'm certain they're  
 (look again)flowers.” “Don't worlds open and  
 worlds close?” “Worlds do,but differently;or

as if worlds wanted us to understand  
 they'd never close(and open)if that fool  
 called everyone(or you or i)were wise.”

“You mean worlds may have better luck,some day?”  
 “Or worse!poor worlds;i mean they're possible  
 —but” lifting “flowers” more all stars than eyes

“only are quite what worlds merely might be