

out of midsummer's blazing most not night  
as floats a more than day whose sun is moon,  
and our(from inexistence moving)sweet  
earth puts on immortality again

—her murdered selves exchanging swiftly for  
the deathlessness who's beauty:reoccurs  
so magically,farthest becomes near  
(one silent pasture,all a heartbeat dares;

that mountain,any god)while leaf twig limb  
ask every question time can't answer:and  
such vivid nothing as green meteors swim  
signals all some world's millionaire mind

never may partly guess—thus,my love,to  
merely what dying must call life are you