

LXV

but being not amazing:without love
separate,smileless—merely imagine your

sorrow a certain reckoning demands...

marvelling And what may have become of
with his gradual acute lusting glance
an alert clumsily foolishwise

(tracking the beast Tomorrow by her spoor)
over the earth wandering hunter whom you
knew once?

what if(merely suppose)

mine should overhear and answer Who
with the useless flanks and cringing feet
is this(shivering pale naked very poor)
creature of shadow,that among first light

groping washes my nightmare from his eyes?