

XII

love was—entire excellently steep

therefore(most deftly as tall dreams unleash
pale wish,between mirrors thoughts blundering
merge;softly thing forgets its name:
memories descending open—time reverses)
the million poets of our single flesh

gradually prepare to enter sleep

Around worldfully whom noises pour
carefully(exploding faintly)while(humbling

faintestly)among unminds go stumbling
cries bright whip-crash leaps lunge thundering
wheels and striving(are now faintestly)come
strutting such(wonderfully how through our

deepest hearts immensely strolling)horses.