

if a cheerfulest Elephantangelchild should sit

(holding a red candle over his head
by a finger of trunk, and singing out of a red

book) on a proud round cloud in a white high night

where his heartlike ears have flown adorable him
self tail and all (and his tail's red christmas bow)
—and if, when we meet again, little he (having flown
even higher) is sunning his penguin soul in the glow

of a joy which wasn't and isn't and won't be words

while possibly not (at a guess) quite half way down
to the earth are leap and swooping tinily birds
whose magical gaiety makes your beautiful name—

i feel that (false and true are merely to know)
Love only has ever been, is, and will ever be, So