

#### IV

my little heart is so wonderfully sorry  
lady, to have seen you on its threshold  
smiling, to have experienced the glory

of your slender and bright going, and it is so cold  
(nothing being able to comfort its grief)  
without you, that it would like i guess to die.  
Also my lady do i feel as if  
perhaps the newly darkening texture of my  
upon nothing a little clumsily closing  
mind will keep always something who has

fallen, who being beautiful is gone  
and suddenly. As if you will point at the evening

“in this particular place, my lover, the moon  
unspeakably slender and bright was”