

XI

Let us lie here in the disturbing grass,
And slowly grow together under the sky
Sucked frail by Spring, whose meat is thou, and I,
This hurrying tree, and yonder pausing mass
Hitched to time scarcely, eager to surpass
Space: for the day decides; O let us lie
Receiving deepness,
Hearing, over

The poised, rushing night ring in the brim
Of Heaven; then, perpendicular odors stealing
Through curtains of new loosened dark; and one—
As the unaccountable bright sun
Becomes the horizon—
Bird, nearly lost, lost; wheeling, wheeling.