

## LXIII

be unto love as rain is unto colour; create  
me gradually (or as these emerging now  
hills invent the air)

   breathe simply my each how  
my trembling where my still unvisible when. Wait

if i am not heart,because at least i beat  
—always think i am gone like a sun which must go  
sometimes,to make an earth gladly seem firm for you:  
remember(as those pearls more than surround this throat)

i wear your dearest fears beyond their ceaselessness

(nor has a syllable of the heart's eager dim  
enormous language loss or gain from blame or praise)  
but many a thought shall die which was not born of dream  
while wings welcome the year and trees dance (and i guess

though wish and world go down,one poem yet shall swim