enter no(silence is the blood whose flesh is singing)silence:but unsinging. In spectral such hugest how hush, one

dead leaf stirring makes a crash

—far away(as far as alive)lies april;and i breathe-move-and-seem some perpetually roaming whylessness—

autumn has gone: will winter never come?

o come, terrible anonymity; enfold
phantom me with the murdering minus of cold
—open this ghost with millionary knives of wind—
scatter his nothing all over what angry skies and

gently
(very whiteness:absolute peace,
never imaginable mystery)
descend