

XLIII

if there are any heavens my mother will(all by herself)have
 one. It will not be a pansy heaven nor
 a fragile heaven of lilies-of-the-valley but
 it will be a heaven of blackred roses

my father will be(deep like a rose
 tall like a rose)

standing near my

swaying over her
 (silent)
 with eyes which are really petals and see

nothing with the face of a poet really which
 is a flower and not a face with
 hands
 which whisper
 This is my beloved my

(suddenly in sunlight

he will bow,

& the whole garden will bow)