

if in beginning twilight of winter will stand

(over a snowstopped silent world)one  
spirit serenely truly himself;and

alone only as greatness is alone—

one(above nevermoving all nowhere)  
goldenly whole,prodigiously alive  
most mercifully glorying keen star

whom she-and-he-like ifs of am perceive

(but believe scarcely may)certainly while  
mute each inch of their murdered planet grows  
more and enormously more less:until  
her-and-his nonexistence vanishes

with also earth's

—“dying” the ghost of you  
whispers “is very pleasant” my ghost to