

XXXVII

we love each other very dearly
 ,more
 than raindrops need synbeams or snowflakes make
 possible mayflowers:

quite eyes of air
not with twilight's first thrushes may awake
more secretly than our(if disappear
should some world)selves

.No doing shall undo
(nor madness nor mere death nor both who is
la guerre)your me or simplify my you
,darling

sweet this creative never known
complexity was born before the moon
before God wished Himself into a rose

and even(we'll adventure the into
most immemorial of whens)before

each heartbeat which i am alive to kiss