

LXVIII

but if a living dance upon dead minds
why, it is love; but at the earliest spear
of sun perfectly should disappear
moon's utmost magic, or stones speak or one
name control more incredible splendor than
our merely universe, love's also there:
and being here imprisoned, tortured here
love everywhere exploding maims and blinds
(but surely does not forget, perish, sleep
cannot be photographed, measured; disdains
the trivial labelling of punctual brains...
—Who wields a poem huger than the grave?
from only Whom shall time no refuge keep
though all the weird worlds must be opened?
)**Love**