

## XLVIII

come a little further—why be afraid—  
here's the earliest star(have you a wish?)  
touch me,  
before we perish  
(believe that not anything which has ever been  
invented can spoil this or this instant)  
kiss me a little:  
the air  
darkens and is alive—  
o live with me in the fewness of  
these colours;  
alone who slightly  
always are beyond the reach of death  
  
and the English