

XIV

who's most afraid of death? thou art of him
utterly afraid, i love of thee
(beloved) this

and truly i would be
near when his scythe takes crisply the whim
of thy smoothness. and mark the fainting
murdered petals. with the caving stem.

But of all most would i be one of them
round the hurt heart which do so frailly cling....)
i who am but imperfect in my fear

Or with thy mind against my mind, to hear
nearing our hearts' irrevocable play—
through the mysterious high futile day

an enormous stride
(and drawing thy mouth toward
my mouth,steer our lost bodies carefully downward)