

does yesterday's perfection seem not quite

so clever as the pratfall of a clown
(should stink of failure more than wars of feet

all things whose slendering sweetness touched renown)
suddenly themselves if all dreams unmake
(when in a most smashed unworld stands unslain

he which knows not if any anguish struck
how thin a ghost so deep and he might live)
yes, partly nor some edgeless star could give
that anguish room; but likes it only this

eternal mere one bursting soul
why, then

comes peace unto men who are always men
while a man shall which a god sometimes is

I the lost shoulders S the empty spine