

VII

yours is the music for no instrument
yours the preposterous colour unbeheld

—mine the unbought contemptuous intent
till this our flesh merely shall be excelled
by speaking flower
(if i have made songs

it does not greatly matter to the sun,
nor will rain care
cautiously who prolongs
unserious twilight)Shadows have begun

the hair's worm huge,ecstatic,rathe....

yours are the poems i do not write.

In this at least we have got a bulge on death,
silence,and the keenly musical light

of sudden nothing....la bocca mia "he
kissed wholly trembling"

or so thought the lady.