

reason let others give and realness bring—
ask the always impossible of me
and shall who wave among your deepening
thighs a greedier wand than even death's

what beneath breathing selves transported **are**
into how suddenly so huge a home
(only more than immeasurable dream
wherelessly spiralling) beyond time's sky

and through this opening universe will wraiths
of doom rush (which all ghosts of life became)
and does our fatally unshadowing fate
put on one not imaginable star

:then a small million of dark voices sing
against the awful mystery of light