

## X

after five  
times the poem  
of thy remembrance  
surprises with refrain

of unreasoning summer  
that by responding  
ways cloaked with renewal  
my body turns toward

thee  
again      for the stars have been  
finished in the nobler trees and  
the language of leaves repeats

eventual perfection  
while east deserves of dawn.  
i lie at length, breathing  
with shut eyes

the sweet earth where thou liest