

XIII

you said Is
there anything which
is dead or alive more beautiful
than my body, to have in your fingers
(trembling ever so little)?

Looking into
your eyes Nothing, I said, except the
air of spring smelling of never and forever.

...and through the lattice which moved as
if a hand is touched by a
hand (which
moved as though
fingers touch a girl's
breast,
lightly)

Do you believe in always, the wind
said to the rain
I am too busy with
my flowers to believe, the rain answered