VII

if i believe in death be sure of this it is

because you have loved me, moon and sunset stars and flowers gold crescendo and silver muting

of seatides
i trusted not,
one night
when in my fingers

drooped your shining body when my heart sang between your perfect breasts

darkness and beauty of stars was on my mouth petals danced against my eyes and down

the singing reaches of my soul spoke the green-

greeting paledeparting irrevocable sea i knew thee death.

and when i have offered up each fragrant night, when all my days shall have before a certain

face become white perfume only,