

XXXIV

nothing false and possible is love
(who's imagined, therefore limitless)
love's to giving as to keeping's give;
as yes is to if, love is to yes

must's a schoolroom in the month of may:
life's the deathboard where all now turns when
(love's a universe beyond obey
or command, reality or un-)

proudly depths above why's first because
(faith's last doubt and humbly heights below)
kneeling, we—true lovers—pray that us
will ourselves continue to outgrow

all whose mosts if you have known and i've
only we our least begin to guess