

yet what am i that such and such
 mysteries very simply touch
 me, whose heart-wholeness overmuch
 Expects of your hair pale,
 a terror musical?

while in an earthless hour my fond
 soul seriously yearns beyond
 this fern of sunset frond on frond
 opening in a rare
 Slowness of gloried air...

The flute of morning stilled in noon—
 noon the implacable bassoon—
 now Twilight seeks the thrill of moon,
 washed with a wild and thin
 despair of violin