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when hair falls off and eyes blur And
 thighs forget (when clocks whisper
 and night shouts) When minds
 shrivel and hearts grow brittle every
 Instant (when of a morning Memory stands,
 with clumsily wilted fingers
 emptying youth colour and what was
 into a dirtied glass) Pills for Ills
 (a recipe against Laughing Virginity Death)

then dearest the
 way trees are Made leaves
 open Clouds take sun mountains
 stand And oceans do Not sleep matters
 nothing; then (then the only hands so to speak are
 they always which creep budgingly over some
 numbered face capable of a largest nonglance the
 least unsmile
 or whatever weeds feel and fish think of)