

morsel miraculous and meaningless

secret on luminous whose selves and lives
imperishably feast all timeless souls

(the not whose spiral hunger may appease
what merely riches of our pretty world
sweetly who flourishes,swiftly which fails

but out of serene perfectly Nothing hurled
into young Now entirely arrives
gesture past fragrance fragrant;a than pure

more signalling of singular most flame
and surely poets only understands)
honour this loneliness of even him

who fears and eyes lifts lifting hopes and hands
—nourish my failure with thy freedom:star

isful beckoningly fabulous crumb