

if night's mostness (and whom did merely day
close)

opens

if more than silence silent are more
flowering than stars whitely births of mind

if air is throbbing prayers whom kneeling eyes
(until perfectly their imperfect gaze
climbs this steep fragrance of eternity)
world by than worlds immenser world will pray

so (unlove disappearing) only your
less than guessed more than beauty begins the
most not imagined life adventuring
who would feel if spring's least breathing should cause
a colour

and i do not know him

(and

while behind death's death whenless voices sing
everywhere your selves himself recognize)