

## XLVII

until and i heard  
a certain a bird  
i dreamed i could sing  
but like nothing                      are the joys  
of his voice

until and who came  
with a song like a dream  
of a bird with a song  
like not anything  
under skies  
over grass

until and until  
into flame i can feel  
how the earth must fly  
if a truth is a cry  
of a whole  
of a soul

until i awoke  
for the beautiful sake  
of a grave gay brave  
bright cry of alive  
like until