

Late Poems 1930-62

I

I.

this(a up green hugestness who and climbs)

alive this crumb(infinitesimal
this chip of being))jump does twenty times
easily unitself

making my soul
wholly rejoice (and my only heart so full
of amazing god, each every bounce of blood
perfectly equals several trillion ams)

this(now rewandering one grassblade)how

occult particle of vitality did
totally transform the—and i mean
(sans blague)totally—universe with one
gesture.

Thanks,colossal acrobat!
stupendous artist,feeble i salute

spontaneous insuperable you