

## XV

come nothing to my comparable soul  
which with existence has conversed in vain,  
O scrupulously take thy trivial toll,  
for whose cool feet this frantic heart is fain;  
try me with thy perfumes which have seduced  
the mightier nostrils of the fervent dead,  
feed with felicities me wormperused  
by whom the hungering mouth of time is fed:  
and if i like not what thou givest me  
to him let me complain, whose seat is where  
revolving planets struggle to be free  
with the astounding everlasting air—  
but if i like, i'll take between thy hands  
what no man feels, no woman understands.