

## IX

supposing i dreamed this)  
only imagine,when day has thrilled  
you are a house around which  
i am a wind—

your walls will not reckon how  
strangely my life is curved  
since the best he can do  
is to peer through windows,unobserved

—listen,for(out of all  
things)dream is noone's fool;  
if this wind who i am prowls  
carefully around this house of you

love being such,or such,  
the normal corners of your heart  
will never guess how much  
my wonderful jealousy is dark

if light should flower:  
or laughing sparkle from  
the shut house(around and around  
which a poor wind will roam