

XLIII

if(among
silent skies
bluer than believing)a
little gay
earth opening
is all the flowers of his eyes
:april's they

this if now
or this(young
trembling any)into flame
twig or limb
explodes and o
each living ablaze greenly thing
;may has come

love(by yes
every new
bird no bigger than to sing)
leaf is wing
and tree is voice
more leastfully than i am you
,we are spring