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without the mercy of
your eyes your
voice your
ways(o very most my shining love)

how more than dark i am,
no song(no
thing)no
silence ever told;it has no name—

but should this namelessness
(completely
fleetly)
vanish,at the infinite precise

thrill of your beauty,then
my lost my
dazed my
whereful selves they put on here again

—to livingest one star
as small these
all these
thankful(hark)birds singing wholly are