

## X

a thing most new complete fragile intense,  
which wholly trembling memory undertakes  
—your kiss, the little pushings of flesh, makes  
my body sorry when the minute moon  
is a remarkable splinter in the quick  
of twilight

....or if sunset utters one  
unhurried muscled huge chromatic  
fist skilfully modeling silence  
—to feel how through the stopped entire day  
horribly and seriously thrills  
the moment of enthusiastic space  
is a little wonderful, and say  
Perhaps her body touched me; and to face

suddenly the lighted living hills