

XLII

might these be thrushes climbing through almost (do they

beautifully wandering in merciful
 miracles wonderingly celebrate day
 and welcome earth's arrival with a soul)

sunlight? yes

(always we have heard them sing
 the dark alive but)

look: begins to grow
 more than all real, all imagining;

and we who are we? surely not i not you
 behold nor any breathing creature this?
 nothing except the impossible shall occur

—see! now himself uplifts of stars the star
 (sing! every joy)—wholly now disappear
 night's not eternal terrors like a guess.

Life's life and strikes my your our blossoming sphere