

of gloom truly which syncopate
 some sunbeam's skilful fingerings;
 it is utterly to lull
 with foliate inscrutable
 sweetness my soul obedient;
 it is to stroke my being with
 numbing forests frolicsome,
 fleetly mystical, aroam
 with keen creatures of idiom
 (beings alert and innocent
 very deftly upon which
 indolent miracles impinge)
 —it is distinctly to confute
 my reason with the deep caress
 of every most shy thing and mute,
 it is to quell me with the twinge
 of all living intense things.

Never my soul so fortunate
 is (past the luck of all dead men
 and loving) as invisibly when
 upon her palpable solitude
 a furtive occult fragrance steals,
 a gesture of immaculate
 perfume—whereby (with fear aglow)
 my soul is wont wholly to know
 the poignant instantaneous fern
 whose scrupulous enchanted fronds
 toward all things intrinsic yearn,
 the immanent subliminal
 fern of her delicious voice
 (of her voice which always dwells
 beside the vivid magical
 impetuous and utter ponds
 of dream; and very secret food
 its leaves inimitable find
 beyond the white authentic springs,
 beyond the sweet instinctive wells,
 which make to flourish the minute
 spontaneous meadow of her mind)
 —the vocal fern, always which feels
 the keen ecstatic actual tread
 (and thereto perfectly responds)
 of all things exquisite and dead,
 all living things and beautiful.