

## XVII

will suddenly trees leap from winter and will

the stabbing music of your white youth  
wounded by my arms' bothness  
(say a twilight lifting the fragile skill  
of new leaves' voices, and sharp lips of spring  
simply joining with the wonderless  
city's sublime cheap distinct mouth)

do the exact human comely thing?

(or will the fleshless moments go and go

across this dirtied pane where softly preys  
the grey and perpendicular Always—  
or possibly there drift a pulseless blur  
of paleness;

                    the unswift mouths of snow  
insignificantly whisper....