

VI

you are not going to, dear. You are not going to and
i but that doesn't in the least matter. The big
fear Who held us deeply in His fist is

no longer, can you imagine it
i can't which doesn't matter
and what does is possibly this dear, that we may resume
impact with the inutile collide

once more with the imaginable, love, and eat sunlight (do
you believe it? i begin to and that doesn't matter) which

i suggest teach us a new terror always
which shall brighten
carefully these things we consider life.
Dear i put my eyes into you but that doesn't matter
further than of old

because you fooled the doctors, i touch you with hopes and
words and with so and so: we are together, we will
kiss or smile or move. It's different too isn't it

different dear from moving as we, you
and i, used to move when i thought you were going to (but
that doesn't matter)
when you thought you were going to America.

Then

moving was a matter of not keeping still; we were
two alert lice in the blond hair of nothing