LOVE PO	EMS	
ı I	have looked upon thee—and I have loved thee,	914
II F	REVERIE	91
m 7	Thy face is a still white house of holy things,	916
ıv V	What is thy mouth to me?	917
v r	DEDICATION	918
vi I	love you	910
vii A	After your poppied hair inaugurates	920
VIII N	Moon-in-the-Trees,	921
ıx V	When thou art dead, dead, and far from the splendid sin,	922
x Y	You are tired,	923
xi I	Let us lie here in the disturbing grass,	924
FRIENDS		
I I	. A.M.	925
II S	.F.D.	926
III S	Softly from its still lair in Plympton Street	927
IV S	.т.	928
LATE POI	EMS	
1 7	They have hung the sky with arrows,	929
11 A	painted wind has sprung	930
	ou shall sing my songs, O earth.	931
IV I	n Healey's Palace I was sitting—	932
EXPERIM	IENTS, 1916-17	
тТ	The awful darkness of the town	933
	GIRL'S RING	934
	ogeorge	751
	lo	
	wellifitisn't eddy how's the boy	935
IV w	ree people	755
• • • •	dwelling	936
v tł	ne sky	937
	eyond the stolid iron pond	938
	nr. smith	939
	on't get me wrong oblivion	940
IX W		942
	naker of many mouths	943
REFLECT	ΓΙΟΝS, 1918	
ı a	long the justexisting road to Roupy	944
	nrough the tasteless minute efficient room	945
	ny deathly body's deadly lady	946
	rst she like a piece of ill-oiled	947
	The moon falls thru the autumn Behind prisons she	717
	grins,	948