

## XLVII

when rain whom fear  
not children but men  
speaks(among leaves Easily  
through voices womenlike telling

of death love earth dark)

and thousand  
thrusts squirms stars  
Trees,swift each with its

Own motion deeply to wickedly

comprehend the innocently Doomed  
brief all which somewhere is

fragrantly,

arrive  
    (when  
Rain comes;  
predicating forever,assuming  
the laughter of afterwards—  
i spirally understand

What

touching means  
or What does a hand  
with your hair  
in my imagination