

all worlds have halfsight, seeing either with

life's eye (which is if things seem spirits) or  
 (if spirits in the guise of things appear)  
 death's: any world must always half perceive.

Only whose vision can create the whole

(being forever born a foolishwise  
 proudhumble citizen of ecstasies  
 more steep than climb can time with all his years)

he's free into the beauty of the truth;

and strolls the axis of the universe  
 —love. Each believing world denies, whereas  
 your lover (looking through both life and death)  
 timelessly celebrates the merciful

wonder no world deny may or believe