

### XIII

if learned darkness from our searched world

should wrest the rare unwisdom of thy eyes,  
and if thy hands flowers of silence curled

upon a wish, to rapture should surprise  
my soul slowly which on thy beauty dreams  
(proud through the cold perfect night whisperless

to mark, how that asleep whitely she seems

whose lips the whole of life almost do guess)

if god should send the morning; and before  
my doubting window leaves softly to stir,  
of thoughtful trees whom night hath pondered o'er  
—and frailties of dimension to occur

about us

and birds known, scarcely to sing

(heart, could we bear the marvel of this thing?)