

how generous is that himself the sun

—arriving truly, faithfully who goes
(never a moment ceasing to begin
the mystery of day for someone's eyes)

with silver splendors past conceiving who

comforts his children, if he disappears;
till of more much than dark most nowhere no
particle is not a universe—

but if, with goldenly his fathering

(as that himself out of all silence strolls)
nearness awakened, any bird should sing:
and our night's thousand million miracles

a million thousand hundred nothings seem
—we are himself's own self; his very him