

i go to this window

FOUR  
XVIII

just as day dissolves  
when it is twilight (and  
looking up in fear

i see the new moon  
thinner than a hair)

making me feel  
how myself has been coarse and dull  
compared with you, silently who are  
and cling  
to my mind always

But now she sharpens and becomes crisper  
until i smile with knowing  
—and all about  
herself

the sprouting largest final air

plunges  
          inward with hurled  
downward thousands of enormous dreams