

FOUR
X

you are like the snow only
purer fleeter, like the rain
only sweeter frailer you

whom certain
flowers resemble but trembling (cowards
which fear
to miss within your least gesture the hurting
skill which lives) and since
nothing lingers
beyond a little instant,
along with rhyme and with laughter
O my lady
(and every brittle marvelous breathing thing)

since i and you are on our ways to dust
of your fragility
(but chiefly of your smile,
most suddenly which is
of love and death a marriage) you give me
courage
so that against myself
the sharp days slobber in vain:

Nor am i afraid that
this, which we call autumn, cleverly
dies and over the ripe world wanders with
a near and careful
smile in his mouth (making
everything suddenly old and with his awkward eyes
pushing
sleep under and thoroughly
into all beautiful things)