

after all white horses are in bed

FIVE

I

will you walking beside me, my very lady,  
if scarcely the somewhat city  
wiggles in considerable twilight

touch (now) with a suddenly unsaid

gesture lightly my eyes?  
And send life out of me and the night  
absolutely into me. . . . a wise  
and puerile moving of your arm will  
do suddenly that

will do  
more than heroes beautifully in shrill  
armour colliding on huge blue horses,  
and the poets looked at them, and made verses,  
through the sharp light cryingly as the knights flew.