

FOUR
XI

because
you go away i give roses who
will advise even yourself, lady
in the most certainly (of what we
everywhere do not touch) deep
things;

remembering ever so
tinily these, your crisp
eyes actually shall contain new faeries

(and if your slim lips are amused, no wisest

painter of fragile
Marys will understand
how smiling may be made as
skilfully.) But carry
also, with that indolent and with
this flower wholly whom you do
not ever fear,

me in your heart

softly; not all
but the beginning

of mySelf