FIVE

if i have made, my lady, intricate imperfect various things chiefly which wrong your eyes (frailer than most deep dreams are frail) songs less firm than your body's whitest song upon my mind—if i have failed to snare the glance too shy—if through my singing slips the very skillful strangeness of your smile the keen primeval silence of your hair

—let the world say "his most wise music stole nothing from death"—

you only will create (who are so perfectly alive) my shame: lady through whose profound and fragile lips the sweet small clumsy feet of April came

into the ragged meadow of my soul.