

FOUR you are not going to, dear. You are not going to and  
VI i but that doesn't in the least matter. The big  
fear Who held us deeply in His fist is

no longer, can you imagine it  
i can't which doesn't matter  
and what does is possibly this dear, that we may resume  
impact with the inutile collide

once more with the imaginable, love, and eat sunlight (do  
you believe it? i begin to and that doesn't matter) which

i suggest teach us a new terror always  
which shall brighten  
carefully these things we consider life.  
Dear i put my eyes into you but that doesn't matter  
further than of old

because you fooled the doctors, i touch you with hopes and  
words and with so and so: we are together, we will  
kiss or smile or move. It's different too isn't it

different dear from moving as we, you  
and i, used to move when i thought you were going to (but  
that doesn't matter)  
when you thought you were going to America.

Then

moving was a matter of not keeping still; we were  
two alert lice in the blond hair of nothing