

it is so long since my heart has been with yours

FOUR  
XIV

shut by our mingling arms through  
a darkness where new lights begin and  
increase,  
since your mind has walked into  
my kiss as a stranger  
into the streets and colours of a town—

that i have perhaps forgotten  
how, always (from  
these hurrying crudities  
of blood and flesh) Love  
coins His most gradual gesture,

and whittles life to eternity

—after which our separating selves become museums  
filled with skilfully stuffed memories