

## VI

i like  
to think that on  
the flower you gave me when we  
loved

the far-  
departed mouth sweetly-saluted  
lingers.

if one marvel

seeing the hunger of my  
lips for a dead thing,  
i shall instruct  
him silently with becoming

steps to seek  
your face      and i  
entreat, by certain foolish perfect  
hours

dead too,  
if that he come receive  
him as your lover sumptuously  
being