

III

yours is the music for no instrument
yours the preposterous colour unbeheld

—mine the unbought contemptuous intent
till this our flesh merely shall be excelled
by speaking flower

(if i have made songs

it does not greatly matter to the sun,
nor will rain care

cautiously who prolongs
unserious twilight) shadows have begun

the hair's worm huge, ecstatic, rathe

yours are the poems i do not write.

In this at least we have got a bulge on death,
silence, and the keenly musical light

of sudden nothing la bocca mia "he
kissed wholly trembling"

or so thought the lady.