

## IV

i am going to utter a tree, Nobody  
shall stop me

but first  
earth      , the reckless oral darkness  
raging with thin impulse

i will have

a

dream

i

think it shall be roses and  
spring will bring her  
worms rushing through loam.

(afterward i'll  
climb  
by tall careful muscles

into nervous and accurate silence . . . . But first

you)

press easily  
at first, it will be leaves