

III

into the strenuous briefness  
Life:  
handorgans and April  
darkness, friends

i charge laughing.  
Into the hair-thin tints  
of yellow dawn,  
into the women-coloured twilight

i smilingly  
glide. I  
into the big vermillion departure  
swim, sayingly;

(Do you think?) the  
i do, world  
is probably made  
of roses & hello:

(of solongs and, ashes)