

SONNETS—ACTUALITIES

I

a thing most new complete fragile intense,
which wholly trembling memory undertakes
—your kiss, the little pushings of flesh, makes
my body sorry when the minute moon
is a remarkable splinter in the quick
of twilight

 or if sunset utters one
unhurried muscled huge chromatic
fist skilfully modeling silence
—to feel how through the stopped entire day
horribly and seriously thrills
the moment of enthusiastic space
is a little wonderful, and say
Perhaps her body touched me; and to face

suddenly the lighted living hills