

## III

my love  
thy hair is one kingdom  
    the king whereof is darkness  
thy forehead is a flight of flowers

thy head is a quick forest  
    filled with sleeping birds  
thy breasts are swarms of white bees  
    upon the bough of thy body  
thy body to me is April  
in whose armpits is the approach of spring

thy thighs are white horses yoked to a chariot  
    of kings  
they are the striking of a good minstrel  
between them is always a pleasant song

my love  
thy head is a casket  
    of the cool jewel of thy mind  
the hair of thy head is one warrior  
    innocent of defeat  
thy hair upon thy shouders is an army  
    with victory and with trumpets