He common wind,  
Too strange to each other for misunderstanding,  
In concord at this intersection time  
Of meeting nowhere, no before and after,  
We trod the pavement in a dead patrol.  
I said: "the wonder that i feel is easy,  
Yet ease is cause of wonder. therefore speak:  
I may not comprehend, may not remember."  
And he: "I am not eager to rehearse"  
My thoughts and theory which you have forgotten.  
These things have served their purpose: let them be.  
So with your own, and pray they be forgiven  
By others, as I pray you to forgive  
Both bad and good. last season's fruit is eaten  
And the fullfed beast shall kick the empty pail.  
For last year's words belong to last year's language  
And next year's words await another voice.  
But, as the passage now presents no hindrance  
To the spirit unappeased and peregrine  
Between two worlds become much like each other,  
So I find words I never