

The Moon.

I haven't entered enough
Even yet
Into sleep; or laid the rough
Will to bed.
I tell myself to let
Die my will
To persuade;
I would slowly glide
Through the waters
Of the earth
Leaving no trail
Until they said
I had no breath
And must be dead
And left me one by one
In white integrity;
Then my shaky quarters
Would stand alone
In the wind,
The leaves would touch
Them without pain
Or wile,
The queen-moon slowly reach

Her height among the stars
In sweet eternity;
And I would set
In all my life
No course but hers.