

If you were living now
This cliffside tree
With its embracing bough
Would speak to me.

If you were speaking now
The waves below
Would be the organ stops
For breath to blow.

And if your rigid head
Flung back its hair
Gulls in a sickle flight
Would circle there.

You make the flight
Unshaken.

You are alive!
O grass flash emerald sight
Dash of dog for ball
And skipping rope's bright blink,
Lashing the light!

High in cloud
The sunset fruits are basketed
And fountains curl their plumes
On statue stone.
In secret thicket mould
Lovers defend their hold,
Old couples hearing whisperings
Touch in a handclasp, quivering.