

XIII

Why do you sigh like the slender birch tree
prespiring in the breeze?

Why do you clasp your hands when you alone
seeking for release?

You, who is crowds walk with a gay abandon,
you, who is crowds talk with an easy grace
to all those near you, why when I am with you
do the crowd hands seek your face?

A moment's sunshiny conversation there our pale moon
glimpsing in us open stridable ~~but~~ blue.

You, who is crowds laugh as tho' life were happy
when not a crowd's half smile & yet half cry.
When winter comes if you are still in torment,
be like the birch tree, shed all your leaves & die.

Sharp thin needles in my face
and I love him;

Sharp thin needles & the moon
up above him.

The taste of the wind is bitter

But the feel of the wind is fresh

And in the moonlight's glitter

I wince as I touch his flesh.