

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 mold
 Lovers defend their hold,
 Old couples hearing whisperings
 Touch in a handclasp, quivering.

For you sang out aloud
 Arching the silent wood
 To stretch itself, tiptoe,
 Above the crowd...

You hold the word

Unspoken.