

And, as into a tunnel_x the voyage starts
Only, as I said, to be continued. The eyes of those left standing on the dock are wet
But ours are dry. Into the secretive, vaporous night with all of us!
Into the unknown, the unknown that loves us, the great unknown!

So man nightly
Sparingly descends
The birches and the hay all of him
Pruned, erect for vital contact. As the separate mists of day slip
Uncomplainingly into the atmosphere. Loving you? The question sinks into

That easy business
About writing or to have read it in some book
To silently move away. At Gonnofanadiga the pumps
Working, argent in the thickening sunset, like boys' shoulders

And you return to the question as to a calendar of November
Again and again consulting the surface of that enormous affair
I think not to have loved you but the music
Petting the enameled slow-imagined stars

A concert of dissatisfaction whereby gutter and dust seep
To engross the mirrored image and its landscape:
~~City in dirt, favorable birth.~~

As when through darkness and mist the pole-bringer
demandingly watches
I am convinced that these things are of some importance.

Firstly, it is a preparing to go outward
Of no planet limiting the enjoyment
Of motion--hips free of embarrassment etc.

The figure 8 is a perfect symbol
Of the freedom to be gained in this kind of activity
The perspective lines of the barn are another and different kind of example
(Viz. "Rigg's Farm, near Aysgarth, Worsleydale," or the "Sketch at Norton")
In which we escape ourselves--putrafying mass of prevarications etc.--
In remaining close to the limitations imposed.

Another example is this separate dying
Still keeping in mind the coachmen, servant girls, duchesses, etc. (cf. Jeremy Taylor)
Falling away, rhythm of too-wet snow, but parallel
With the kind of rhythm substituting for "meaning."