In the afternoons,

In the cool heated perturbations,

The distant skiffs outnumbering

Vagrant pebbles on the beach,

In the utmost verdant verging spring

And the sound of the light as it flickers outside my window,

In the door widely parted and the old clothes

Waiting for the seasons to nibble at their stitching,

In the rooms we live in, their odors,

The books and plants and tables and chairs,

In the indescribable soughings of the breeze-dallying leaves,

The yellowing greens moving every which way,

In the spreading of autumn’s hand, and the reluctant winter preparations,

And the colder months standing at the edge of the theater,

Waiting to walk in pale shrouds in,

In the violent rich immaculate life,

With all its trottings and dissemblings,

And all the various somnabulant wonderings,

Here in this edgewater blooming hierophantic space

A love song to Walt Whitman I sing.