

## NONENTITY

THE stars that open and shut  
Fall on my shallow breast  
Like stars on a pool.

The soft wind, blowing cool  
Laps little crest after crest  
Of ripples across my breast.

And dark grass under my feet  
Seems to dabble in me  
Like grass in a brook.

Oh, and it is sweet  
To be all these things, not to be  
Any more myself.

For look,  
I am weary of myself!