

FROHNLEICHNAM

You have come your way, I have come my way;  
You have stepped across your people, carelessly,  
hurting them all;  
I have stepped across my people, and hurt them  
in spite of my care.

But steadily, surely, and notwithstanding  
We have come our ways and met at last  
Here in this upper room.

Here the balcony  
Overhangs the street where the bullock-wagons  
slowly  
Go by with their loads of green and silver birch-  
trees  
For the feast of Corpus Christi.

Here from the balcony  
We look over the growing wheat, where the jade-  
green river  
Goes between the pine-woods,  
Over and beyond to where the many mountains  
Stand in their blueness, flashing with snow and the  
morning.

I have done; a quiver of exultation goes through  
me, like the first

Breeze of the morning through a narrow white  
birch.

You glow at last like the mountain tops when they  
catch

Day and make magic in heaven.

At last I can throw away world without end, and  
meet you

Unsheathed and naked and narrow and white;

At last you can throw immortality off, and I see you

Glistening with all the moment and all your  
beauty.

Shameless and callous I love you;

Out of indifference I love you;

Out of mockery we dance together,

Out of the sunshine into the shadow,

Passing across the shadow into the sunlight,

Out of sunlight to shadow.

As we dance

Your eyes take all of me in as a communication;

As we dance

I see you, ah, in full!

Only to dance together in triumph of being together

Two white ones, sharp, vindicated,

Shining and touching,

Is heaven of our own, sheer with repudiation.