

# Up Into the Silence

I

up into the silence the green  
silence with a white earth in it

you will (kiss me) go

out into the morning the young  
morning with a warm world in it

(kiss me) you will go

on into the sunlight the fine  
sunlight with a firm day in it

you will go (kiss me)

down into your memory and  
a memory and memory  
i )kiss me (will go)

II

wretch to live  
straighter than a needle)

ask

her

ask

when

(ask and

ask

and ask

again and) ask a

brittle little

person fiddling

in

the

rain

(did you kiss

a girl with nipples

like pink thimbles)

ask

him

ask

who

(ask and

ask

and ask

ago and) ask a

simple

crazy

thing

singing

in the snow

III

these children singing in stone a  
silence of stone these  
little children wound with stone  
flowers opening for

ever these silently lit  
the children are petals  
their songs is a flower of  
always their flowers

of stone are  
silently singing  
a song more silent  
than silence these always

children forever  
singing wreathed with singing  
blowwoms children of  
stone with blossoming

eyes  
know if a little  
tree listens  
forever to always children singing forever  
a song made  
of silent as stone silence of  
stone

IV

Newlys of silence  
(both an only

moon the with star

one moving are twilight  
they beyond near)

girlst she slender

is cradling in joy her  
flower than now

(softlying wisdoms

enter guess)  
childmoon smile to

your breathing doll

V

If you can't eat you got to

smoke and we aint got  
nothing to smoke:come on kid

let's go to sleep  
if you can't smoke you got to

Sing and we aint got

nothing to sing:come on kid  
let's go to sleep

if you can't sing you got to  
die and we aint got

Nothing to die:come on kid

let's go to sleep  
if you can't die you got to

dream and we aint got  
nothing to dream(come on kid

Let's go to sleep)

VI

my father moved through dooms of love  
through sames of am through haves of give,  
singing each morning out of each night  
my father moved through depths of height  
\*

Lifting the valleys of the sea  
my father moved through griefs of joy;  
praising a forehead called the moon  
singing desire into begin

joy was his song and joy so pure  
a heart of star by him could steer  
and pure so now and now so yes  
the wrists of twilight would rejoice  
\*

and should some why completely weep  
my father's fingers brought her sleep:  
\*

so naked for immortal work  
his shoulders marched against the dark  
\*

My father moved through theys of we,  
singing each new leaf out of each tree  
(and every child was sure that spring  
danced when she heard my father sing)  
\*

because my father lived his soul  
love is the whole and more than all

(\* denotes deleted lines)

VII

may my heart always be open to little  
birds who are the secrets of living  
whatever they sing is better than to know

and if men should not hear them men are old  
may my heart stroll about hungry  
and fearless and thirsty and supple  
and even if it's sunday and I may be wrong  
for whenever men are right they are not young

and may myself do nothing usefully  
and love yourself so more than truly  
there's never been quite such a fool who could  
fail  
pulling all the sky over him with one smile