

*The veritable night  
of wires and stars  
the moon is in  
the oak tree's crotch  
and sleepers in  
the windows cough  
athwart the round  
and pointed leaves  
and insects sting  
while on the grass  
the whitish moonlight  
tearfully  
assumes the attitudes  
of afternoon -  
But it is real  
where peaches hang  
recalling death's  
long promised symphony  
whose tuneful wood  
and stringish undergrowth  
are ghosts existing  
without being  
save to come with juice  
and pulp to assuage  
the hungers which  
the night reveals  
so that now at last  
the truth's aglow  
with devilish peace  
forestalling day  
which dawns tomorrow  
with dreadful reds  
the heart to predicate  
with mists that loved  
the ocean and the fields -  
Thus moonlight  
is the perfect  
human touch*