... carven profiles on pale stone, dull gold, in floating scarves, night winds and faint magnolia and stars; idols quaint, of cloudy orient jade, and bells to hold the morning wind...

For A Pianist

Light as a robin's song falling
Were yet too heavy . . . too heavy . . .
Lighter than a falling peach petal's push against air,
Lighter than the petal's sleep on grass
All these were far too heavy and too fair.

The ringing was sweet for ringing's sake
And the snow sailed down from the sky

Eden: Exit This Way

The night surged with stars, And the snow quivered With a diamond light

Brushing the dark green branches, Hurtling through the purple shadows, Lurching like a drunken moon

Poet

Hills have a longing for the sky and stars.

Though the winds and rains with insidious caress

Wear down their reaching and their dark distress,

Still do they surge into the night sky

Patiently waiting for a star to pass them by

Hills

The trees drip . . . drip, and clutch at wasted stars,
The night is full of murmur and the wind
The piteous wind, the whimpering wind,
The night is full of murmur of the branches in the wind
And the stars fall slowly through the mist.

Thaw in Winter

There is no end to anything; Plains rise to mountains, mountains shoot up into sky, sky blossoms into stars, And the stars to worlds that swing Beyond the circle of your eye.

Go to your new love and sing:
There is no end, no end to anything!
Song for Someone

## 4. Finale: Mere Tones That Bind















