

A falling star

**The stars were never really falling down,
And what we saw in lines across the sky,
And too, these words from left to right in sound,
Require of myth what motion does of time,**

**And if dependent, each upon them each,
On time and other symbols to its past,
Then neither line, nor word, in whole or breach,
May stand, nor anything of love may last.**

**But neither to the instance of a flower,
Nor in between the wounding and the pain,
Nor in the dim translucence of an hour
That we have marked together as the same,**

**Does time nor myth require, nor you, nor I,
Too much to move itself across the sky.**

