I

There is a morning standing at my window, looking into my room, and saying:
"What will you do with me?
I am your slave
I will bring to you whatever you wish
Only tell me what you want me to do
And I will do it,
What you want me to bring to you
And it is yours."

And with a sudden rush of tears to my heart, I said:
"Oh, morning, I do not want anything.
There is something I want, oh, very much! But I do not know what it is exactly. Perhaps
to die—perhaps to live—"

II

I am not afraid of my own heart.
I am not afraid of what may be in the places where the shadows are piled.
I am not afraid—see, I walk straight in
And look everywhere.
I am not afraid—ah, what was that?

It is a dangerous place in which to walk—a heart.
Especially one's own.

III

Just to be young
Young enough to laugh when one should weep —

IV

There are three of us; the little girl I used to be, the girl I am, and the woman I am going to be.
We take counsel together concerning what colors we shall weave into the dream that we
are making.

Sometimes they say, she is day-dreaming,
They do not know that we are taking counsel together, the little girl, and the girl I am, and the woman that I am going to be.

There are many things that they do not know.

V

I was alone with just me, the other evening
The me that nobody else knows
The me that is the nicest person I have ever met.
(Oh, quite the nicest!)

I was alone with just me
We had much to talk over
We had never properly met before,
But only caught glimpses
(Sometimes we were sure we wanted to meet, and at other times we hoped that we never would)
We had all the years before to discuss and all the years after to talk about
And there were other things — ourselves, and what life was — Oh, we had much to talk over.
So we sat there, silently, and did not say a word.

VI

The little kiss is trembling on my lips
It will not leave its home, it is afraid.
"Go, go," I whisper, but it weeps and stays.

The little kiss is restless on my lips
"Nay, I must go," it whispers, "I must go,"
"Ah, wait a little, wait," I counsel, "wait"—

VII

A turn of a stranger's head
Sometimes brings you very near to me.
A color,
A sound,
And I hear your breathing;
I feel your eyes upon mine.
A room darkened for the death of a day,
And I weep for you;
A bird crying out its song against its neighbors',
A flower new-born, startled—
And my heart beats with joy of you —
You whom I never knew
Whom I only loved.

VIII

I am going to die too, flower, in a little while
Do not be so proud —