

ONCE MORE SEEING A *HAYSTACK AT*  
*SUNSET GIVERNY*

In The Museum Of Fine Arts Boston

Sorrow "is blind"

James Wrote In One

Of The Greatest Among His Letters To Grace  
Norton

"whereas we after a manner  
see"

Rose Pinks Lilacs Shadow Browns  
Flickering

What Perishes Almost  
Unarrestably

Lingers Here Caught Back And After A Manner Seen

Standing From Swiftmess While Long  
Night Drawn On

Nuance Beside Nuance Sorrowless Patient Watchings

Go Down From Light In To Light

Mown Grasses Colors Mown Eye's Sight Becoming Its  
Own Hastening