

They begin munching the young tufts<sup>1</sup> of spring in the darkness. 15 I would like to hold the slenderer one  
in my arms, For she has walked over to me At home once more, And nuzzled my left hand. She is black  
and white, Her mane falls wild on her forehead, 20 And the light breeze moves me to caress her long  
ear That is delicate as the skin over a girl's wrist. Suddenly I realize That if I stepped out of my body I  
would break Into blossom.