The Works of Stefan George

Marx, Olga, Morwitz, Ernst

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Marx, Olga and Ernst Morwitz.
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Smoulder of sunrays guttering downward,
Down from the cloudless cupola of heaven.

He is lonely. They fall on his shoulders and hair
Ceaselessly, and he feels them with boundless delight,
For he fled from the chamber's fragrant coolness,
Seeking counter-blaze for destroying blazes,
Until faintness reprieves him. He yields and sinks
Down-sliding close to a column's base.

Smoulder of sunrays guttering downward.

AN ENCOUNTER

The longer shadows summoned milder glows,
The drooping body on which noon encroached
Was urging to the lips of fresher flows —
And then, between the pillars, you approached.

My glances drew me from the path I seek,
But brief and shy they only dared to yearn
On white, on velvet white of brow and cheek.
Unanswered they were driven to return.

And crazed with magic, mad to clasp, they trailed
The slender bow sweet limbs in walking curved,
And wet with longing, then, they fell and failed
Before into your own they boldly swerved.

Oh, that your whim restored you to my sight!
Let not a newer form obliterate
The past! It was my task through endless night
To conjure you devoutly, trait by trait.

In vain! A steady rain of bitter lye
Mists and obscures what painfully I scored.
It pales. How was your hair and how your eye?
It pales and trembles in a dying chord.