The Works of Stefan George

Marx, Olga, Morwitz, Ernst

Published by The University of North Carolina Press

Marx, Olga and Ernst Morwitz.
The Works of Stefan George.

For additional information about this book
https://muse.jhu.edu/book/75740
BLESSING FOR NEW QUESTS

When hope still lured me to a distant zone,
In sleep that was not sleep I dreamed a bride,
And then the very hour I descried
You as her herald, I became your own.

When I renounced, when peace was almost won,
When flames of greed for her had slowly died,
Confess: Was destiny my proper guide,
Now that once more to mine your eyes are drawn?

I pace the nave and reach the middle throne,
On golden tripods myrrh and sandal smoke,
I sing as if an organ buoyed the tone.

For unction let me give my fiery blood.
Where shall I ever find my pilgrim’s cloak
Again and where retrieve my pilgrim’s hood?

Would that on mountain trails alone
And far away he bathed in sun,
And listened long to stream and leaf
Until they drowned the drone of grief.
Would he were steeled by stabbing wind
And then serenely sought his kind.

But in the wake of what curses and malice
Was he impelled to a marsh one night,
Where a resilient stalk seemed to buoy
Lightly a lily? Flutter of slight
Wings in the heart of a milky chalice!
Angel of evil! Angelic decoy!
The wanderer faltered on the road,
A mutter from the rushes flowed.
He errs through elms, a spectral maze,
There is no balm for his despair,
The darkness blurs his frantic gaze,
And storms are tangled in his hair.

The gravel slowly dries in morning rays
Too young to mingle blaze with their caress,
In gardens which their mistress loves on days
When she is pleased with cool and tranquility.

Blue-flowered vines are wreathed around the door.
She strolls through asters, pinks, and mignonette.
As in the past, will they assert once more:
"In realms of bloom you are the coronet?"

Her ribbons veer the butterflies aside,
And in the wind a pair of palm trees quake.
Almost resentfully she scents the pride
Of things that only grow for flowering’s sake.

JOURNEYS OF LONG AGO

I

Through the wood, across the valley,
On we trudged with serious word,
Flushed and childish overrated
Trespasses — our trifling tally —
Longed to have our doubts abated
At the shrine where prayers are heard.

Silent hope and higher power
Eased the burden of our going,
Oh, and then the sacred towers
Filled our hearts to overflowing.

38