The Works of Stefan George

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Published by The University of North Carolina Press

Marx, Olga and Ernst Morwitz.
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Today let us avoid the garden, for
As sometimes — unexplained and sudden — this
Elusive scent and lilting breath once more
Imbues us with a long forgotten bliss,

So that confronts us with reminding ghosts,
And grief that makes us tired and afraid.
Here from the window you can see how hosts
Of wind attacked the tree, how much is dead!

And from the gate whose iron lilies rust,
Birds light on lawns asleep in leafen stoles,
And others on the posts, in bitter frost,
Are sipping rain from empty flower-bowls.

I wrote it down: No more can I conceal
What, as a thought, no longer I can shun,
What I restrain, what you will never feel:
Our pilgrimage to joy is far from done!

And you, beside a tall and withered stalk,
Unfold my note. I stand apart and guess...
The sheet, which slipped from you, was white as chalk,
The loudest colour in the sallow grass.

Here in the spacious square of yellow stone
With fountains in the middle, though the day
Is gone, you still would like to talk and stay,
For brighter stars, you think, have never shone.

But keep from the basaltine bowl, it calls
For sepulture of faded bough and blade,
The wind is cooler where the moonlight falls
Than over there, where spruces throw their shade.