Your beauty while you mourn, my loyalty
Compel me to remain and cherish you.
That I may share your grief more perfectly
I try devoutly to be mournful too.

With tender words I never shall be met.
Up to the latest hour that holds us twined,
I must accept with stoical regret
The bitter destiny of winter's find.

The flower in its pot of sallow clay,
Against my window, sheltered from the frost,
Sags on its stalk as though it died away
And ill repays the loving care it cost.

To free my mind from memories of bloom
And lavish destinies it had before,
I take a whetted blade and cut the stem
Of the pale flower with the ailing core.

Why shall I keep what only serves to pain!
I long to have it vanish from my sight...
And now I lift my empty eyes again,
And empty hands into the empty night.

Your magic broke when veils of azure blew
From green of graves and certainty of grace.
Now let me — gone so soon — a little space,
As to the heart of sorrow, pray to you.

To rapid parting you must needs agree,
For riven is the water's frozen rind,
Perhaps a bud will be tomorrow's find!
I cannot take you into spring with me.
Where the sunrays swiftly slash  
Palls of death on naked land,  
Waters in the furrows stand,  
In the sodden mires flash

And to rivers run united,  
I have lighted pyres for you  
And for memories of too  
Brittle joys which now are blighted.

And I leave the blazing shrines  
For my boat, and take an oar,  
There a brother on the shore  
Spreads his flag and gayly signs.

Thawing wind is swept in powered  
Gusts across the fallow plain,  
With the withered souls the lane  
Shall again be overflowered.

TRIUMPH OF SUMMER

The air, astir as though with coming things,  
The sullen clouds which screen a fiery core,  
The surging sound of homeward-pointed wings  
Apprize me of adventure still in store

With you, who furred my faith these many years,  
Who were my sun where silent leaves attest  
The alternating flux of hopes and fears.  
For can delight — I ask — be manifest

To us, if such a night of stars and spells,  
In gardens fresh with green, does not betray it,  
If hosts of blooms with divers-coloured bells,  
If burning winds do not convey it?