If only from my care you do not rove
Before the sharp effulgence dies away,
And placable and grave, the evening grove
Again affords you refuge in its grey.”

It seemed as if another sky unfurled
When we had broken off the dream of old,
And smiling life permitted us to hold
The only thing we wanted in this world.

And all at once the meaning of our days
Was: tensely to entreat the crowning hour
That knits us close together and devours
Phantasmal shapes and forces with its blaze.

Learn how to lavish even priceless gains!
Like plants consumed with long and searing drought,
So you, who live in regions of delight,
Shall cool your thirsty limbs in slender rains.

Know, while you take the loveliest that grows,
While sweet and sultry stars begin to burn,
While blaze and darkness ravish you in turn,
That you have had what fulness fate allows.

And nurse no foolish qualms because you woo
An image still a figment of your heart,
And always are impelled to keep apart
The kiss a dream accords you and the true.

When cool and early morning blows the wet
Down from the leaves of oak against our cheeks,
Beneath our feet the pointed gravel creaks
And pricks remembrance, ready to abate.
Your very voice sounds violent to you
When in the kindred pulse which presses near,
You recognize the quicker thud of fear...
And passionless embrace dispels the dew.

These trees be praised, this earth of many hues!
They taught us how to touch a rapture doled
In passing, one that left its residues
Like bloom of ripened fruit within our hold.

The pennant flies! There is no stop nor stay!
The tears will brim from hours of farewell,
And doubting a return, you go away
Immersed in mournfulness you cannot quell.

But I shall listen through the dusk, if there
The last call of a bird will tell me of
The sleep which yields a wakening fresh and fair
In flowered field — the satin sleep of love.

SUPERSCRIPTIONS AND DEDICATIONS

Friends, I cannot yet beget
Songs as I would have my songs,
Only shyly have I set
Rhymes like these in fleeting throngs,

To be proffered, to be told
Under silent roofs or green
Vines, to ease the winter's cold,
Make the fallow spring serene.

These are what I won from peace
After years of savage strife,
And from youth's abundant bliss
Salvage over into life.