

COLOPHON.

The Poet seeks refuge in his Garden from the Disorders of his Time: meditating, he foretells a Return to Natural Things, and the Spring of the Spirit: and to a renewed worship of Youth and Love.

The Poem, as the Book, ends in the complete Assurance of a New Age, and of a Rebirth of Beauty.

COLOPHON.

The tall flowers
Of the hollyhocks
Are not yet won :
But we get
Wall-flowers,
And the silver locks
Of mignonette
Will come anon.

April grows May,
With a pale

Blue pavilion,
And a tale
Of vermillion
Polyanthus,
Or thus
They say.

The modern time
Is full of riot
And incoherent regret:
So one retires
For one's rime
To the quiet
Of a cigarette,
Cool amid the spring fires.

It is delicious,
Or so it seems
To me,
To leave the strange
Dreams
Of psychology
And of psycho-analysis
For the kiss
Of a quiet April sun:
And to range
Far away
From the vicious
Schemes
Of our day.

Soon
There will be won
A quiet moon

Above the pale green
Of the garden.
The soft hours
Harden
Their flowers
In the serene
Majesty
Of the clear
Year.

We
Shall return
—Or so it seems to me—
To learn
The original mystery
Of the birth
Of the year:
Of the earth,

That strange sphere
Of striped green:
Clear—
Speckled—
Lean—
Deckled
At the edges
—Like some books—
With ragged hedges.

And mysterious looks
Come out of the night:
And bright,
Strange
Sounds
Range
The grounds.
Strange eyes, too, peer

From the Spring
Of the year ;
Strange voices sing
As well ;
One can hear
As in a spell.
But no-one sees,
Except a few,
Like maybe,
You
And me,
The new
Mysteries,
That are,
I suppose
—O Silver Star!—
The things
That youth brings :
The song of the rose

Unborn, unsprung
That is sung
At the close
Of day
—The Yogin hour—
When the last ray
Of the sun
Closes like a flower
And all life seems done.

Let the pen run
Yet a little
Still
As it will:
Thought is so brittle;
Soon
It will break
Beneath

The starry wreath
Of the moon,
Whose hidden fire
(For the Poet's sake)
—For it is nearing noon—
May inspire
The words
I spill
In little rushes
From my quill,
As young thrushes,
Just-fledged birds,
Are shaken
From an elm

Thus doth thought awaken
To overwhelm
The mind.

But I
Find
At the moment
The pale sky
Kind:
So—without comment—
Here I close,
As suddenly as a rose
When the warm
Air portends
A storm
So
The song ends,
And I go.