

ERNEST DOWSON

“The Garden of Shadow” (1893)

Love heeds no more the siding of the wind
Against the perfect flowers: by Gardens close
Is grown a wilderness, where none shall find
One strayed, last battle of one last years Rose.

O bright, bright hair! O mouth like a ripe fruit!
Can famine be so nigh to harvesting?
Love, that was songful, with a broken lute
In grass of graveyards go with murmuring.

Let the wind blow against the perfect flowers,
And all thy garden change and glow with spring:
Love is grown blind with no more count of ours,
Nor part in seed-time nor in harvesting.