

STEFAN GEORGE:
COME TO THE PARK THEY LEFT FOR DEAD

Come to the park they left for dead, and look:
The shimmer of the distant smiling beaches,
Bright clouds, and the unhoped-for blue that reaches
Above the flowered pathways and the brooks.

Come take the tender silver and deep gold
From birch tree and from beech. It is not cold.
A few late roses have not withered yet.
Take them, and as you wind the coronet,

Take too these asters, blooming at year's bottom,
The purple round the tendrils of wild vine.
And what remained of living green, entwine
Delicately around the face of autumn.