

## II

when life is quite through with  
and leaves say alas,  
much is to do  
for the swallow, that closes  
a flight in the blue;

when love's had his tears out,  
perhaps shall pass  
a million years  
(while a bee dozes  
on the poppies, the dears;

when all's done and said, and  
under the grass  
lies her head  
by oaks and roses  
deliberated.)