

III

Always before your voice my soul
 half-beautiful and wholly droll
 is as some smooth and awkward foal,
 whereof young moons begin
 the newness of his skin,

so of my stupid sincere youth
 the exquisite failure uncouth
 discovers a trembling and smooth
 Unstrength, against the strong
 silences of your song;

or as a single lamb whose sheen
 of full unsheared fleece is mean
 beside its lovelier friends, between
 your thoughts more white than wool
 My thought is sorrowful:

but my heart smote in trembling thirds
 of anguish quivers to your words,
 As to a flight of thirty birds
 shakes with a thickening fright
 the sudden fooled light.

it is the autumn of a year:
 When through the thin air stooped with fear,
 across the harvest whitely peer
 empty of surprise
 death's faultless eyes

(whose hand my folded soul shall know
 while on faint hills do frailly go
 The peaceful terrors of the snow,
 and before your dead face
 which sleeps, a dream shall pass)

and these my days their sounds and flowers
 Fall in a pride of petaled hours,
 like flowers at the feet of mowers
 whose bodies strong with love
 through meadows hugely move.