

## VIII

cruelly, love  
 walk the autumn long;  
 the last flower in whose hair,  
 thy lips are cold with songs

for which is  
 first to wither, to pass?  
 shallowness of sunlight  
 falls and, cruelly,  
 across the grass  
 Comes the  
 moon

love, walk the  
 autumn  
 love, for the last  
 flower in the hair withers;  
 thy hair is acold with  
 dreams,  
 love thou art frail

—walk the longness of autumn  
 smile dustily to the people,  
 for winter  
 who crookedly care.