

## VIII

the glory is fallen out of  
 the sky the last immortal  
 leaf  
 is

dead and the gold  
 year  
 a formal spasm  
 in the

dust  
 this is the passing of all shining things  
 therefore we also  
 blandly

into receptive  
 earth, O let  
 us  
 descend

take  
 shimmering wind  
 these fragile splendors from  
 us crumple them hide

them in thy breath drive  
 them in nothingness  
 for we  
 would sleep

this is the passing of all shining things  
 no lingering no backward-  
 wondering be unto  
 us O

soul, but straight  
 glad feet fearruining  
 and glorygirded  
 faces

lead us  
 into the  
 serious  
 steep

darkness