

27 March 2019

I have withdrawn from the world
for the world's own good,
I have bound my own hands.

But not with the usual cords
and knots,
not well-fashioned marriage bands.

I come for the darkness,
and whisper it slow:
that this is where all the young tulips go

Which have failed to grow
in dead soil.

—

Whence comes new song,
and will it be long?

The embers are dwindling,
the hearth has grown cold,
and the vagabonds grow old.

I say only this,
that is this not sure bliss,
to belong, to behold, and to bless?