

GOLD LEAVES

Lo! I am come to autumn, When all the leaves are gold; Grey hairs and golden leaves cry out The year and I are old.

In youth I sought the prince of men, Captain in cosmic wars, Our Titan, even the weeds would show Defiant, to the stars.

But now a great thing in the street Seems any human nod, Where shift in strange democracy The million masks of God.

In youth I sought the golden flower Hidden in wood or wold, But I am come to autumn, When all the leaves are gold.