

VANITY

A wan sky greener than the lawn, A wan lawn paler than the sky. She gave
a flower into my hand, And all the hours of eve went by.

Who knows what round the corner waits To smite? If shipwreck, snare, or
slur Shall leave me with a head to lift, Worthy of him that spoke with her.

A wan sky greener than the lawn, A wan lawn paler than the sky. She gave
a flower into my hand, And all the days of life went by.

Live ill or well, this thing is mine, From all I guard it, ill or well. One tawdry,
tattered, faded flower To show the jealous kings in hell.