

FORSAKEN AND FORLORN

THE house is silent, it is late at night, I am alone.

From the balcony

I can hear the Isar moan,

Can see the white

Rift of the river eerily, between the pines, under
a sky of stone.

Some fireflies drift through the middle air

Tinily.

I wonder where

Ends this darkness that annihilates me.

FIREFLIES IN THE CORN

She speaks.

Look at the little darlings in the corn!

The rye is taller than you, who think yourself

So high and mighty: look how the heads are

borne

Dark and proud on the sky, like a number of

knights

Passing with spears and pennants and manly scorn.

Knights indeed!--much knight I know will ride
With his head held high-serene against the sky!
Limping and following rather at my side
Moaning for me to love him!--Oh darling rye
How I adore you for your simple pride!

And the dear, dear fireflies wafting in between
And over the swaying corn-stalks, just above
All the dark-feathered helmets, like little green
Stars come low and wandering here for love
Of these dark knights, shedding their delicate
sheen!

I thank you I do, you happy creatures, you dears
Riding the air, and carrying all the time
Your little lanterns behind you! Ah, it cheers
My soul to see you settling and trying to
climb
The corn-stalks, tipping with fire the spears.

All over the dim corn's motion, against the blue
Dark sky of night, a wandering glitter, a
swarm
Of questing brilliant souls going out with their
true
Proud knights to battle! Sweet, how I warm

My poor, my perished soul with the sight of
you!