

## The Garden

I Monster

There's an ancient, ancient garden that I see sometimes in dreams,  
Where the very Maytime sunlight plays and glows with spectral gleams;  
Where the gaudy-tinted blossoms seem to wither into grey,  
And the crumbling walls and pillars waken thoughts of yesterday  
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There are vines in nooks and crannies, and there's moss about the pool,  
And the tangled weedy thicket chokes the arbour dark and cool:  
In the silent sunken pathways springs an herbage sparse and spare,  
Where the musty scent of dead things dulls the fragrance of the air.

There is not a living creature in the lonely space around,  
And the hedge-encompass'd quiet never echoes to a sound.  
As I walk, and wait, and listen, I will often seek to find  
When it was I knew that garden in an age long left behind;

I will oft conjure a vision of a day that is no more,  
I gaze upon the grey, grey scenes I feel I knew before.  
Then a sadness settles o'er me, and a tremor seems to start:  
For I know the flow'rs are shrivell'd hopes—the garden is my heart!