



THE CONVENTIONAL

O withering lily
 Who pales on the stem!
 Where go those white petals?
 What happens to them?
 I cannot believe
 As I see them each fall,
 They really cease living,
 It can't be at all.

O withering lily!
 Your perfume must rise,
 To be caught by the Angels
 Beyond the blue skies.
 I know that your passing
 Each year from this earth,
 Means reincarnation—
 Yea—Heavenly Birth.