

With memories of Swinburne's Forsaken Garden

Where the paths in the Park, cool and shady, extending  
Far down past the fountain, the driveway meet,  
High-raised, 'gainst a back-ground of greens, soft-blending,  
A stateman's statue fronts the street.  
The eyes of the tourist briefly linger  
On the set, stern face of the man long gone  
As the guide points up with careless finger,  
"There's Sir John."

Not a hint of the smile that has been hovers  
Round the mouth now shut in a line so grim,  
And the eyes gaze far o'er the whispering lovers  
Who stroll at his feet with no thought for him,  
The tourist goes on to his next inspection,  
The lovers pass from sight at last,  
But the statesman is left to his long reflection  
On the Past.