

All time hath traveled to this rose;
 To the strange making of this face
Came agonies of fires and snows;
 And Death and April, nights and days
Unnumbered, unimagined throes,
 Find in this flower their meeting place.

Strange artist, to my aching thought
 Give answer: all the patient power
That to this perfect ending wrought,
 Shall it mean nothing but an hour?
Say not that it is all for nought
 Time brings Eternity a flower.