

Twelve months the colors set
In gladness or regret.

Youth's fairy castles rise
'Midst sheen of angels' eyes.

Manhood molds plastic clay
While Hope's sweet harpers play.

Age standeth all alone,
His life-work silent stone.

Each world that sweeps the skies
Was born in Paradise,

Its orbit mystery,
Its goal reality.

End of all time and sense,
Eternal permanence.