

XVIII.

We joy in thy brief tarrying, and beyond—  
The vanished road's end lies engulfed in snow  
Far on the mountains of a ~~grim~~ new morn.  
Craving the light, yet of the dark more fond,  
Abhorring and desiring do we go,—  
A cruse of tears, and love with leaven of scorn,  
Mingled for journey fare,—  
While in the vision of a harvest land  
We see thy river wind and, looming there,  
Death walk within thy shadow, proudly grim,  
A little dust and sleep in his right hand—  
The withered windflowers of thy forest dim.