

RED FLOWER O' LIFE

LIFE's vision yet shall win its crowning hour!
Yet, Flower o' crimson bloom!
It took the cycle of the changing year
To bring thee from the mould;
Grey days and gold
Went to thy velvet's making;
Hot sun, and cold,
The hours of drifting rain,
Yet found the utmost gain,
When, from the calyx gloom
Flamed the rich flower.

Why doubt the unconscious aim—the ultimate goal?
Red Flower o' my life's heart!
Sheathed in the bud—to open as a star—
The May's white ecstasy
Shall live in thee—
Though her swift feet have passed,
And thoughts of bliss to be
In summer's slumber song
Poured her sweet aisles along—
Each rapture but a part
Of one great whole.

Though died the regal autumn's vine-crowned hour!
Red Flower o' my life's bloom—
Gold leaves—ripe fruit—and underneath, dead dreams—
Thou shalt bring back the gold,
The dreams of old,
The winter's loveliness,
Her fallen stars a-cold,
The purity aglow
Of the deep drifted snow—
Life's memories from the tomb,
O! Life's Red Flower!