

Whisper me of things forgot
That shall be again."

"Mortal, we are kinsmen, led
By a hope beyond our reach.
Know you not the word unsaid
Is the flower of speech?"

All the snowy blossoms faded,
While the scarlet berries grew;
And all summer they evaded
Anything they knew.

"Cornel, cornel, green and red
Flooring for the forest wide,
Whither down the ways of dread
Went my starry-eyed?"

"Mortal, mortal, is there found
Any fruitage half so fair
In the dim world underground
As there grows in air?"

"Wilding cornel, you can guess
Nothing of eternal pain,
Growing there in quietness
In the sun and rain."