

Thalarion

"Quest"

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All beneath a wintering sky
Follow the wastrel butterfly
With vermilion leaf or bronze
Tatters of gorgeous gonfalons

With the winds that always hold
Echo of clarions lost and old
We must hasten, hasten on
Toward the azure world withdrawn.

We must wander, wander so
Where the ruining roses go
Where the poplar's pallid leaves
Drift among the gathered sheaves.

In that harvest none shall glean
Where the twisted willows lean
In their strange, tormented woe
Seeing, on the streamlet's flow

Half their fragile leaves depart
Where the secret pines at heart
High, funereal, vespertine
Guard eternal sorrows green
We shall follow, we shall find
Haply, ere the light is blind
The moulded place where beauty lay
Moon-beheld until the day.

In the woven windlestrae
Or the pool of tourmaline
Rimmed with golden reeds, that was
In the dawn a tiring-glass
For her undelaying mein
Ever wander, wander so
Where the ruining roses go
All beneath a wintering sky
Follow the wastrel butterfly
Follow the wastrel butterfly
All beneath a wintering sky
Ever wander, wander so

Where the ruining roses go.

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