LADY OF THE GARDEN

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

Only move ever so, and I
Will ever watch, will never tire
Of watching you, sweet woman gowned in scarlet fire,
Crossing your lawn, stooping to tend your flowers;
The while a tawny slant of evening gold
Lights up your every poise and fold,
And your black spaniel rippling by
Drips dazzle like basalt in sunny showers.

Only move ever so, and I
Will ever watch, be unaware
How your pale purple lilac, crowned
With the still flawless jewel of the air,
Even in its perfecting, heaves
Small omens of decay to ground.
Those million heart-shaped lyres, its leaves
Shall not betray a single muted sound.

Only move ever so, and I
Will ever watch and ask no more
Why lilacs rust and heads grow hoar.
It is enough that, while you move,
Perfection holds itself at stay;
I have no wish at all to probe and prove
The secret in mosaics of the may.
It is sufficient that I look and love
Without a single meaning why.