

# 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.