

# Good-Bye

By Walter de la Mare

The last of last words spoken is, Good-bye—  
The last dismantled flower in the weed-grown hedge,  
The last thin rumour of a feeble bell far ringing,  
The last blind rat to spurn the mildewed rye.

A hardening darkness glasses the haunted eye,  
Shines into nothing the watcher's burnt-out candle,  
Wreathes into scentless nothing the wasting incense,  
Faints in the outer silence the hunting-cry.

Love of its muted music breathes no sigh,  
Thought in her ivory tower gropes in her spinning,  
Toss on in vain the whispering trees of Eden,  
Last of all last words spoken is, Good-bye.