

Awake!

By Walter de la Mare

Why hath the rose faded and fallen, yet these eyes have not seen?
Why hath the bird sung shrill in the tree—and this mind deaf and cold?
Why have the rains of summer veiled her flowers with their sheen
And this black heart untold?

Here is calm Autumn now, the woodlands quake,
And, where this splendour of death lies under the tread,
The spectre of frost will stalk, and a silence make,
And snow's white shroud be spread.

O self! O self! Wake from thy common sleep!
Fling off the destroyer's net. He hath blinded and bound thee.
In nakedness sit; pierce thy stagnation, and weep;
Or corrupt in thy grave—all Heaven around thee.