

# Shadow

By Walter de la Mare

Even the beauty of the rose doth cast,  
When its bright, fervid noon is past,  
A still and lengthening shadow in the dust,  
Till darkness come  
And take its strange dream home.

The transient bubbles of the water paint  
'Neath their frail arch a shadow faint;  
The golden nimbus of the windowed saint,  
Till shine the stars,  
Casts pale and trembling bars.

The loveliest thing earth hath, a shadow hath,  
A dark and livelong hint of death,  
Haunting it ever till its last faint breath.  
Who, then, may tell  
The beauty of heaven's shadowless asphodel?