

The Sun.

The sun-god is a hungry god,
 he kisses the flowers
 with yearning heart;
 he exhausts the nations
 and sucks up the moisture
 that goes to make life fixable.

Why?

Why do you say that the world is grey,
 that has never ^{Tap on} ~~stagnant~~ quiet windows-pane?

Why do you say that life is old,

that sympathy stiles, face is bold?

Why do you say that the world is grey?

For spring, hell heaven is here again.

Why do you say that the sun is deep,
 that God is serpentine & black is the sun?

Why do you say that beauty has left,
 that ebonness Dickens & you are best?

For a world of flowers has just begun.

Why do you say that the sun is deep