

## ✓ I Bring Pale Flowers.

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 I bring pale flowers  
 that catch the moon's white light  
 and glimmer in the shadows of your night;  
 pale silver flowers  
 that live a little day,  
 before with drooping heads they fade away.

Such solid things  
 as books or ornaments  
 catch not in cups the waxy firmaments,  
 but merely sit  
 phlegmatic as the good  
 in simple attitudes of cloth and wood.

I bring pale flowers  
 that say so subtly  
 that for to-day I love you utterly  
 with dying tongues  
 they whisper that I do,  
 but I may chafe, so I bring flowers to you