

# I am the Reaper

By William Ernest Henley

I am the Reaper.  
All things with heedful hook  
Silent I gather.  
Pale roses touched with the spring,  
Tall corn in summer,  
Fruits rich with autumn, and frail winter blossoms—  
Reaping, still reaping—  
All things with heedful hook  
Timely I gather.

I am the Sower.  
All the unbodied life  
Runs through my seed-sheet.  
Atom with atom wed,  
Each quickening the other,  
Fall through my hands, ever changing, still changeless.  
Ceaselessly sowing,  
Life, incorruptible life,  
Flows from my seed-sheet.

Maker and breaker,  
I am the ebb and the flood,  
Here and Hereafter,  
Sped through the tangle and coil  
Of infinite nature,  
Viewless and soundless I fashion all being.  
Taker and giver,  
I am the womb and the grave,  
The Now and the Ever.