

Resurrection

By George Sylvester Viereck

Away, away, ghost of my dead desire,
Stir not again the ashes in my breast,
Of all my loves I had made one great fire,
And burned thine image even as the rest!

Now from his grave Love casts the covering,
And once again there rises through the night,
Like sudden water from a perished spring,
The murdered music of my slain delight!