

Life and art, Aldous Huxley

LIFE AND ART

YOU have sweet flowers for your pleasure;

    You laugh with the bountiful earth

In its richness of summer treasure:

    Where now are your flowers and your mirth?

Petals and cadenced laughter,

    Each in a dying fall,

Droop out of life; and after

    Is nothing; they were all.

But we from the death of roses

    That three suns perfume and gild

With a kiss, till the fourth discloses

    A withered wreath, have distilled

The fulness of one rare phial,

    Whose nimble life shall outrun

The circling shadow on the dial,

    Outlast the tyrannous sun.

The end