

Song of Poplars, Aldous Huxley

Song of Poplars

Shepherd, to yon tall poplars tune your flute:  
Let them pierce, keenly, subtly shrill,  
The slow blue rumour of the hill;  
Let the grass cry with an anguish of evening gold,  
And the great sky be mute.

Then hearken how the poplar trees unfold  
Their buds, yet close and gummed and blind,  
In airy leafage of the mind,  
Rustling in silvery whispers the twin-hued scales  
That fade not nor grow old.

"Poplars and fountains and you cypress spires  
Springing in dark and rusty flame,  
Seek you aught that hath a name?  
Or say, say: Are you all an upward agony  
Of undefined desires?

"Say, are you happy in the golden march  
Of sunlight all across the day?  
Or do you watch the uncertain way  
That leads the withering moon on cloudy stairs  
Over the heaven's wide arch?

"Is it towards sorrow or towards joy you lift  
The sharpness of your trembling spears?  
Or do you seek, through the grey tears  
That blur the sky, in the heart of the triumphing blue,  
A deeper, calmer rift?"

So; I have tuned my music to the trees,  
And there were voices, dim below  
Their shrillness, voices swelling slow  
In the blue murmur of hills, and a golden cry  
And then vast silences.

The end