

Sometimes in the middle autumn days, George Orwell

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Sometimes in the middle autumn days,  
The windless days when the swallows have flown,  
And the sere elms brood in the mist,  
Each tree a being, rapt, alone,

I know, not as in barren thought,  
But wordlessly, as the bones know,  
What quenching of my brain, what numbness,  
Wait in the dark grave where I go.

And I see the people thronging the street,  
The death-marked people, they and I  
Goalless, rootless, like leaves drifting,  
Blind to the earth and to the sky;

Nothing believing, nothing loving,  
Not in joy nor in pain, not heeding the stream  
Of precious life that flows within us,  
But fighting, toiling as in a dream.

So shall we in the rout of life  
Some thought, some faith, some meaning save,  
And speak it once before we go  
In silence to the silent grave...

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THE END