

1967

La Change Sans Change

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Recommended Citation

(1967). La Change Sans Change. *Lights and Shadows*, 12 (1). Retrieved from <https://ir.una.edu/lightsandshadows/vol12/iss1/17>

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LA CHANGE SANS CHANGE

All words are retold, rewritten, reread.
Change alone is left with youth.
Friends grow old with trees and dreams.
The poets' verse prolongs the call;
His rhyme unrhymed -- the song unsung.
The artist's sketch awaits the claim;
The frame unfilled -- the sea of life before the shore.
Fancy beneath the sky burns;
The golden laurel pines; --
Seasons tear between the boughs.
The sun retreats behind a cloud
And hides its face from the stream, --
The mirror of an omni-seen visage.
Then sulks the rain.
Still upon a smoothen lake
Scarcely caught the fleeing image seen --
The moon at noon
Easing her arms to slip by eras passed.
There glows the glory of Michaelangelo;
There shine the pillars of Delphi's stone;

There dies Duncan on his nest!

All these, and the serenity that is St. Paul's dome,

Seem to fade into an aurora of allusion, --

Dulled by disillusion.

Here experience's chores are complete

And the falling Star meets no sun

Rising by the curve.

Here, granite, wood, marble, stone, all see

The sculptor,

And the tools held in

The immortal hand.

Into the valley,
 wondering, walking, waiting the somber hours --
 I shall seek out my last refuge, my last childhood,
 Then to drink from the quietude of Lethe,
 While time of life drifts here then there in forgetfulness.

Into the valley,
 where Chiron grew the wiser
 And Amalthea blessed her milk --
 where the air is fresh and filled with the voice of the one
 who waits;
 where she waits.

Into the valley,
 Alas, I go, not like they who pass her byward,
 They who come in sleep, remain in sleep.
 Her tenderness, her love, the bosom of the earth
 Cradles that moment --
 That moment that finds us in eternity.