Under the lily shadow

***by F. S. Flint (1885-1960)***

Under the lily shadow

And the gold

And the blue and mauve

That the whin and the lilac

Pour down on the water,

The fishes quiver.

Over the green cold leaves

And the rippled silver

And the tarnished copper

Of its neck and beak,

Toward the deep black water

Beneath the arches,

The swan floats slowly.

Into the dark of the arch the swan floats

And the black depth of my sorrow

Bears a white rose of flame.