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vol.001

Life

Believe not be content to pass away?  
When low-hung fruit is hardly hugging,  
And golden Autumn passes by?

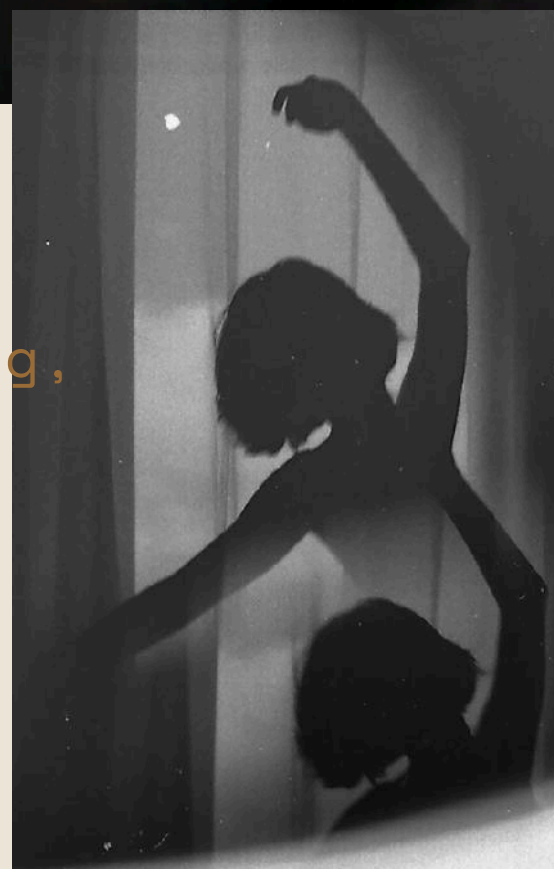
Beneath this delicate rose-gray sky,  
While sunset bells are faintly resonating,  
Believe not be content to pass away?

For wintry webs of mist on high  
Out of the muffled earth are skipping,  
And golden Autumn passes by?

O now when pleasures fade and fly,  
And Hope her southward flight is whizzing,  
Believe not be content to pass away?

Lest Winter come, with wailing cry  
His cruel icy bondage bringing,  
And golden Autumn passes by?

And thou, with many a tear and sigh,  
While life her wasted hands is wringing,  
Believe not be content to pass away?  
And golden Autumn passes by?



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