

THE LOVER

James Feichthaler

Creation labeled me a fool,
And Nature stamped me on the brow
With passions never fit to rule,
Nor industry to bear the plow;
*But marvel must I at the wind and rain
And listen to the birds in vain.*

Each spring I am a bud in bloom;
Each autumn, flowers on the tomb,
And every winter I must trust
That I'll return to dust:
*So listen to the wind and rain
And hear me sing in vain.*

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