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*The rose-leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,*
*paved the turf and the moss below.*
*The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan,*
*like the head and the skin of a dying man.*

*And Indian plants, of scent and hue*
*the sweetest that ever were fed on dew,*
*leaf by leaf, day after day,*
*were massed into the common clay.*

*And the leaves, brown, yellow, and gray, and red,*
*and white with the whiteness of what is dead,*
*like troops of ghosts on the dry wind passed;*
*their whistling noise made the birds aghast.*

*And the gusty winds waked the winged seeds*
*out of their birthplace of ugly weeds,*
*till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem,*
*which rotted into the earth with them.*

*The water-blooms under the rivulet*
*fell from the stalks on which they were set;*
*and the eddies drove them here and there,*
*as the winds did those of the upper air.*

*Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks*
*were bent and tangled across the walks;*
*and the leafless network of parasite bowers*
*massed into ruin; and all sweet flowers.*

*Between the time of the wind and the snow*
*all loathliest weeds began to grow,*
*whose coarse leaves were splashed with many a speck,*
*like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.*