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## **Farewell, Sweet Dust**

Now I have lost you, I must  
scatter  
All of you on the air henceforth;  
Not that to me it can ever matter  
But it's only fair to the rest of the  
earth.  
Now especially, when it is winter  
And the sun's not half as bright  
as it was,  
Who wouldn't be glad to find a  
splinter  
That once was you, in the frozen  
grass?  
Snowflakes, too, will be softer  
feathered,  
Clouds, perhaps, will be whiter  
plumed;  
Rain, whose brilliance you  
caught and gathered,  
Purer silver have resumed.  
Farewell, sweet dust; I never was  
a miser:  
Once, for a minute, I made you  
mine:  
Now you are gone, I am none the  
wiser  
But the leaves of the willow are  
as bright as wine.