

Go and Gather Me Flowers

by [Michael Shindler](#) (September 2019)



Gathering Flowers at Twilight, John Singer Sargent, 1883

Go and gather me flowers from afar:
From the land where shines yet a blue-black star.

When the days are cold, when the nights are warm,
Listen and follow, listen and follow
To the dying sound, which crickets hallow:
A song of the wind, once sung in the storm.

Go and gather me flowers from afar;
Where once was a wound, there is yet a scar.

A white owl watches in the moonlit grove
Where yet the mosses grow from green to gold.
Go to the tree where yet three threads are wove,
Climb with the vines, but let them not take hold.

Where once was a wound, there is yet a scar;
Go and gather me flowers from afar.

A thorn on the stalk; a bloom on the stalk.
Smell not of the flowers nor let them drop,
Go to the valley where lost children walk,
Can you see the fire on the mountaintop?

From the land where shines yet a blue-black star,
Go and gather me flowers from afar.

The new dawn rides near; the low-clouds are red:
There has been a death, there has been a birth,
Though the flowers lie dead upon the earth,
White flowers stand in the land of the dead.

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Michael Shindler is a writer living in Washington, DC. His work has appeared in publications including *The American Conservative*, *The American Spectator*, *National Review Online*, *New English Review*, *University Bookman*, and *Providence*. Follow him on Twitter