

# Green Carnation, Alone

From childhood's hours I have not been  
As others were --- I have not seen  
As others saw --- I could not bring  
My passion from a common spring  
From the Same source I have not taken  
My sorrows; I could not awaken  
My heart to joy at the same tone;  
And all I loved, I loved alone.

Then --- In my childhood --- In the dawn  
Of a most stormy life --- was dawn  
From every depth of good and ill  
The mystery which binds me still:  
From the torrent or the fountain,  
From the red cliff of the mountain,  
From the sun that 'round me rolled  
In its autumn tint of gold---  
From the lightening in the sky  
As it passed me flaying by---  
From the thunder and the storm,  
And the clouds that took the form  
When the rest of Heaven was blue  
Of a demon in my view