

# Shadow

*Karl Sandberg*

No more constant lover in the spring was there.  
I see thee when the blossoms break  
the bounds of loveliness,  
when streamlets sing.  
Bound to thee am I in sleep and wake.  
I see thee beyond the joy which hours inspire.  
In the rose's sky I feel thy breath.  
And ever in the restless moment of desire  
I sense thy face behind me,  
Mr. Death.