

Classic Poetry Series

**Georges Rodenbach**  
**- poems -**

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# Georges Rodenbach()

# Deceased Are The Patrician Mansions

Deceased are the patrician mansions,  
And eternally enfolded in silence  
Lost in the frozen quarters of ancient cities,  
Where the pinions, caught in a motionless night,  
Mourn their lost treasures in diaphanous evenings,  
Which descend upon them from the fading sunlight;  
Thus, to adorn the tears of these ancient dwellings,  
Which are like the dismal tombs of vanished things,  
At the quarter hour the carillon bell languidly strews  
Its heavy flowers of iron upon the void of the streets.

Georges Rodenbach

## Silence: It Is The Voice That Trails...

Silence: it is the lady that trails, wearily,  
Of the lady of my Silence, with very gentle step,  
Shedding the white lilies of her complexion in the mirror;  
Barely convalescent, she watches everything in the distance,  
The trees, a passerby, the bridges, a stream,  
Where wander the great clouds of daylight,  
But who, still too feeble, is suddenly struck  
With the tedium of living and a feeling of loathing,  
And more subtle, being ill and half-exhausted,  
She says: 'The noise hurts me; have the windows closed...'

Georges Rodenbach

# The Indolent Mist Of Autumn

The indolent mist of autumn at last dispersed...  
It hovers between the towers, like the incense full of dreams  
That will linger in the naves after the most solemn Mass;  
And it sleeps like cloth spread on the dejected, grey ramparts.

It comes unfolded then folds back on itself, like a wing  
In imperceptible motion, yet incessant, in the fog;  
All is shaded to a blur and turns slightly divine,  
As beneath the pallid brushing, all is vague and lost in dreams.

All is a shade of grey, cloaked in the colour of fog:  
The sky with its ancient pinions, the water and the poplars,  
Old friends, reconciled, so easily, with the haze of the past autumn,  
Like all things that will soon be nothing but the faintest memory.

The victorious mist, against the pale depth of air,  
Has diluted even the accustomed towers,  
Whose grey thoughts are now gone forever,  
Like some vague dream, or a geometry of vapour.

Georges Rodenbach