Order and Fruitfulness

Louis Second

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ORDER AND FRUITFULNESS

The light of the morning on her good complexion, on her blue eyes that stuck out and on her little chin—She was brought up simply.

"... a fundamental rule, to be courageous, firm and honest as you have been," Victoria's uncle wrote to her, when she was eighteen just before she became Queen.

After the Coronation she ran upstairs at home and changed her clothes and washed her dog, Dash.

Victoria — Goethe — The different countrysides where each lived had parks and formal gardens and animals with graceful claws and horns and diaphanous-finned, diaphanous-tailed fishes.

When Goethe was eighty he wrote, "No more on silken page I write symmetrical verse, no more framing them in golden tendrils..." Courtlife was good for him, the regularity. When he was about eighty he also wrote, "We must not try to get behind phenomena: they themselves are the lesson."

In the morning foggy light his old hand hardly touches the paper, from emotion and sensual lightness, as he writes.

LOUIS SECOND

THE MEANINGS OF CONSENT

Even in winter air his voice is choral of comrade crew And reaps the full tone from the seed of sound The nighthawk with its wing-dip dropped Into the furrowed, loam-soft sky.

Surely himself, he passes at evening Under the red-reined control of the returning road And gives his greeting that is flushed Cheerful with the subject of the heart.