

II Nightfall

Setting - sensed - not the suburbs - still the farm?

Forty years, lived or dreamed; what memories pack them home. Now the Reason that Seemed incredible is come. Father and child, we stand in time's long promised land.

The father has tasted it all - nothing left to experience. On coming or approaching death

Since there's no more to taste ripeness is plainly all

Father, we pick our last fruits of the temporal. Eighty years old, you take this late walk for my sake.

The child wants one last walk.

metaphor - life is ripe or fulfilled. Earthly life or time is opposed to eternity.

Who can be what you were? rhetorical question

Link your dry hand in mine, my stick-thin comforter. Far distant suburbs shine with great simplicities.

describes the frailty of the father

Birds crowd in flowering trees,

Sunset exalts its known symbols of transience.

Your passionate face is grown to ancient innocence.

Let us walk for this hour as if death had no power

the stake or fact of lasting only for a short time.

descriptions of the father. The narrator hopes that death is no more than just sleep - one attempt to deny death and mortality.

or were no more than sleep.

Legacy Things truly named can never vanish from earth. You keep a child's delight for ever in birds, flowers, shivery-grass - I name them as we pass.

- you may be curious about life

Everything I know comes from you.

shows that this is an ode

"Be your tears wet?" You speak as if air touched a string near breaking-point. Your cheek brushes on mine. Old king, your marvelous journey's done. Your night and day are one

powerful imagery

is admired and held in high regard by the narrator end of his life.

as you find with your white stick the path on which you turn home with the child once quick to mischief, groan to learn what sorrows, in the end, no words, no tears can mend.

further reference to his frailty