

# Requiescat

Oscar Wilde

Tread lightly, she is near  
Under the snow,  
Speak gently, she can hear  
The daisies grow.  
All her bright golden hair  
Tarnished with rust,  
She that was young and fair  
Fallen to dust.  
Lily-like, white as snow,  
She hardly knew  
She was a woman, so  
Sweetly she grew.  
Coffin-board, heavy stone,  
Lie on her breast,  
I vex my heart alone  
She is at rest.  
Peace, Peace, she cannot hear  
Lyre or sonnet,  
All my life's buried here,  
Heap earth upon it.