

# The New Criterion

## Poems

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### Color song

by [Josephine Jacobsen](#)

*from The Queen's Songs*

God gave us different colors, she said,  
That burn in the world alway,  
And some, she said, show best by night,  
And some by day.

White lieth the dust upon the road  
And moons, when they are new,  
Be white, and the shroud that a woman sewed  
May well be, too.

Red is the tip of the sharp green bud  
Where the small bright roses grow  
In the August sun, and fresh-spilled blood  
Is red also.

In the new-come dawn a pallid blue  
Be skies above the ships  
Of the fishing folk, and the same is true  
Of a dead man's lips.

Green be the eyes of beasts by dark,  
And bits of broken glass,  
Green grows the moss on the forest-bark,  
But greenest is grave-grass.

Josephine Jacobsen

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