

# The Gardener 85

By Rabindranath Tagore

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Who are you, reader, reading my poems an hundred years hence?  
I cannot send you one single flower from this wealth of the spring, one single streak of gold  
from yonder clouds.

5 Open your doors and look abroad.

From your blossoming garden gather fragrant memories of the vanished flowers of an hundred  
years before.

10 In the joy of your heart may you feel the living joy that sang one spring morning, sending its  
glad voice across an hundred years.