

SO, THOU ART GONE

So, thou art gone; and I am left to wear
Thy memory as a golden amulet
Upon my breast, to sing a chansonnette
Of winter tones, when summer time is here.
And yet, my heart arises from the dark,
Where it fell back in silence when you went
To seaward, and a sprite malevolent
Sat laughing in the white sails of thy barque.
'Twas not moth-wings dashing against the flame,
Burning in love's arcanum; 'twas a cry
Struck from soul-crossing chords, that, separate,
frame
Life's holy calm, or wasting agony.
But now between the warring strings there grows
A space of peace, as 'tween truce-honoured foes.