

BEAUTY

I saw you first when dawn rose in the East,
Upon the blue Laurentians years ago,
And even now in looking back I see
That sudden rich and all-pervading glow

Your spirit breathed upon a magic lake,
Where mirrored lights gleamed tiny points of flame.
I heard you when the wind, in accents soft,
Hung like a benediction on her name.

O dear veiled face forever turned from me
Like austere marble shaped by hands divine.
I knew you ere youth's first transcendent flush
Had known how bitter are the dregs of wine.

Ottawa August 1919