

TO AN UNFINISHED PORTRAIT BY PAGE.

Thou, so far off of late, art near me now,
Distinct and palpable in living guise ;
I read thy thoughts beneath that even brow,
I see thy soul out-looking from those eyes,
And almost hear the unuttered speech that lies
Pausing upon the threshold of thy lips.
The thought born at thy death itself now dies,
For death no longer holds thee in eclipse.
Blessings forever rest upon his head
Whose genius, setting time and space at naught,
Hath to grief-blinded eyes this image brought
Radiant with the immortal spark which fled
Ere yet the artist's hand had wholly wrought
This link between the living and the dead !