

UNCHANGED

BUT you are here unchanged. You say not so
In words, but when you placed your hands in mine;
But when I saw the same old glory shine
Within your eyes, I read it; and I know.
And when those hands ran up along my arm,
And rested on my shoulder for a space,
A sacred inquisition in your face,
To read my heart,—how could I doubt that charm,
That truth ineffable!—I set my soul
In hazard to a farthing, that you kept
The faith, with pride unspeakable, the whole
Course of those years in which communion slept.
Your soul flamed in your look; you read; I knew
How little worth was I, how heavenly you.