

SOLVERTO.

My Lost Heliotrope.

*Noctem maestum nunc relinquo
Ad solem libenter verto—SEA SHELL.*

THE snow lay deep, the clouds hung low,
Earth seemed asleep beneath the snow,
No stream might flow, nor storm-cloud weep,
No flowers grow, nor insect creep.
I plodded, gowned in flowing sable,
At physics, trig, and classic fable,
Rejoicing that I had been able
To keep one flower on my table.

II

Why did you die, my Heliotrope?
Why should I sigh and vainly hope!
Why must I mope with moistened eye?
Why blindly grope, neath midnight sky?
You modest, fair, sweet-perfumed flower,
I loved you long in Beauty's bower;
I longed to think you in my power,
And sit beside you hour by hour.

III

No coin of mine for you I gave,
Then wherefore whine above your grave?
For you I gave my strength and time,
A willing slave to dig or climb!
But how can one whose mind is reeling
Arrange, or modulate, his squealing?
My meter checks my flow of feeling
A freer movement might be healing?