


Did she open? Doth she? Will she?
 So, as wondering we behold,
 Grows the picture to a sign,
 Pressed upon your soul and mine;
 For in every breast that liveth
 Is that strange, mysterious door;—
 Though forsaken and betangled,
 Ivy-gnarled and weed-bejangled,
 Dusty, rusty, and forgotten;—
 There the pierced hand still knocketh,
 And with ever-patient watching,
 With the sad eyes true and tender,
 With the glory-crowned hair,—
 Still a God is waiting there.

Sent  May 23/69
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