

Flashes in the London lights with a power  
And brilliancy we never dreamed of when  
We all kept holiday among the Hills.  
I say, we, when I should say, I. How do  
I know how far your dream went? Her eyes, those  
Clear-orbed hazel, wear a look sometimes that  
Strikes me like the cry of some lone bird lost  
In the night and storm. I find it only  
Comes in moments when the sentinel is  
Off his guard. I saw it come one day as she  
Turned from a picture rest that held a view  
Of Lauterbrunnen, but the rare brave mouth  
Did never once betray or swerve from its  
Sweet steadfastness; and that live color that I  
Used to call up with the mention of one  
Name, now keeps its place as calmly as some  
Painted dowager's. Wendal, to you I write  
Without a mask. You gave me once your manly  
Confidence, and I know that for you she bore  
In her white hand the olive branch that told  
Of the subsiding waters in your strong  
Unrestful soul, vexing itself while others  
Sat and smoked, with dropping line and plummet  
In unanswering depths; and if I ever saw  
A woman whom love touched newly like a glad  
Surprise, I saw her in Valoria Mooer.  
We are bought and sold in this world's mart,  
And sell our royal birthright for a mess  
Of pottage that turns out the merest stew,  
That when one finds a real diamond  
Among the paste, he is as glad as was  
The one of old who found the Pearl of Price.  
The question haunts me, What has come between  
The light of your two souls, that should now be  
Shedding on each other their soft splendor?  
I shall confess my thoughts turn quite direct