

ACQUIESCENCE

WE acquiesce in all that is,
And wonder with a cold surprise,
That life should keep her promises
Or death decree things otherwise.

The miracles that yesterday
Hung far beyond our feeble reach,
Descend, as 'midst the boys at play
Falls down the over-ripened peach.

We acquiesce in all that is,
And question with a cold surprise,
When life unveils her mysteries,
" Shall Death unclothe our dreaming eyes? "

We hear of divers deeds and doubt
The realty that happens thus,
Then turn we softly and about—
They could not happen unto us!

When they do happen, through a mist
We see but dimly what is there ;
The bolt hath fallen—the god hath kissed—
And we are almost unaware.

We acquiesce in all that is,
And wonder with a cold surprise,
" Can it be I who suffers this,
Or dream I in another's guise? "