

Resolved, determined, strong of heart, I cried  
I will restore, return or else destroy.  
And all the while my beauteous flower would smile,  
And perfume all my bower, my soul beguile.  
I breathed its fragrance, drank its pure sweet charm,  
Yet knew it was not mine. Why reckon? What harm?  
In one strong passionate moment of resolve  
I plucked my beauty, threw it far away,  
And then I mourned—mourned sadly all the day;  
I watched it fade and wither slow away.

The spell was broken now and I could rest,  
And yet my heart was sore; I could not bear  
To see it slowly die and perish there.  
I sought it quickly, placed it on my breast,  
Faded and stained and soiled but e'en as sweet  
As in its perfect bloom. My tears fell fast  
In pity deep and vain regret and gloom;  
I could not place my beauty in the tomb,—  
I loved it far too well to see it die.  
Withered and wan, my tears its lip bedewed:  
It slow revived, and smiled in life renewed.

My blossom lives to-day; the flower soul, thrilled  
By crystal drops of soul-life twice distilled,  
Drinks of my love and smiles its love again,  
And fills me with a rapture that is pain.  
Betimes it fades, and oft so nearly dies,  
A fainter fragrance gives, or, all but dead,  
In lingering hope it hangs a drooping head,

Waiting the silent grief drops of my eyes.  
I feed my sorrow still; I cherish, tend,  
E'en love the sweet regret, the spirit pain,  
That holds me spell-bound by a magic charm.  
Break, break, thou mystic thread! Flee, coy alarm:  
Ye heart-strains, far remove! Sweet peace, again  
Return! Incense of gratitude, ascend!

O. N. E.