

As the slow shadows of the pointed grass
Mark the eternal periods, its pangs pass,
Slow, ever-moving, making moments be
As mine seem,—each an immortality ;

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“ That you had never seen me ! never heard
My voice ! and more than all had ne’er endured
The deep pollution of my loathed embrace ;
That your eyes ne’er had lied love in my face !
That, like some maniac monk, I had torn out
The nerves of manhood by their bleeding root
With mine own quivering fingers ! so that ne’er
Our hearts had for a moment mingled there,
To disunite in horror ! These were not
With thee like some suppressed and hideous thought,
Which flits athwart our musings, but can find
No rest within a pure and gentle mind—
Thou sealedst them with many a bare broad word,
And sear’dst my memory o’er them,—for I heard
And can forget not—they were ministered,
One after one, those curses. Mix them up
Like self-destroying poisons in one cup ;
And they will make one blessing, which thou ne’er
Didst imprecate for on me—death !