

THE LURE OF EARTH

To flesh and blood, to change,—
Once more a wife!

I cannot see for glare
Of golden ray;
My white lips move in prayer,—
“O for earth’s day,
Earth’s night and cooling air,
Earth’s love—alway!”

At dusk, beyond the heath,
A widowed soul
Stands by my grave beneath,
Human and whole,
And lifts the lily wreath,
And reads the scroll.

O taste of bygone bliss!
There, ’mid earth’s dead,
My smiling lips he’ll kiss,
Re-vermeiléd,
And take my hand, nor miss
Old words we said.