

AS A WOUNDED BIRD—

As a wounded bird whom some fell fowler snares
With morsels all laid warily to lure
His eager feet into a prison dure,
But who, by chance, escaped thence, back fares
In weariness to his dear mate who shares
His secret home amongst the boughs secure
Of some lone tree upon a lonely moor,
And nestling soft twits forth his dolorous cares,—
So I, my soul struck sore by the invidious dart
Of evil hate and counterfeiting tongue,
Turn faint and darkling home to thee, Dear Heart,
Where I, all mute, may hear thy sweetest song
Of love, and feel thy tender kiss impart
The healing balm to wounds of foulest wrong.