

### A Woman's Love-Letters.

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And looked forth for the Day-god who had  
blazed

His heart away and died at sundown. Far  
In the gray west faded a loitering star.

It seemed that I had wandered through  
long years,

A life of years, still seeking gropingly  
A thing I dared not name; now I could  
see

In the still dawn a hope, in the soft tears  
Of the deep-hearted violets a breath  
Of kinship, like the herald voice of Death.

Slow moved the morning; where the hill  
was bare

Woke a reluctant breeze. Dimly I knew  
My Day was come. The wind-blown  
blossoms threw

Their breath about me, and the pine-swept  
air

Grew to a shape, a mighty, formless  
thing,

A phantom of the wood's imagining.