
A M A N ' S L A S T W O R D

"What hast thou seen
In one life's small demesne,
Fairer than these?"
I said, "That supple body of Marie's."

He said, "Once more:
Of all men labour for,
Battle and yearn,
And spend their blessed days without return —

"Leisure or wealth,
Or power or sun-tanned health,
A bruited name,
Or the sad solace of a little fame —

"What hast thou known,
In one life's narrow zone,
Dearer than these?"
I said, "One little love-kiss of Marie's."