

The color of her eyes, her hair outspread  
In the moist wind that stifles ere it blows,  
Falls on unwatching eyes ; and no man knows  
The gracious odors that her garments shed.

**A**ND she, unwearied yet and not grown wise,  
Follows a little while her devious way  
Across the twilight ; where no voice replies

When her voice calls, bravely ; and where to-day  
Is even as yesterday and all days were.  
Great houses loom up swiftly, out of the gray.

Knocking at last, the gradual echoes stir  
The hangings of unhaunted passages ;  
Until she surely knows only for her

Has this House hoarded up its silences  
Since the beginning of the early years,  
And that this night her soul shall dwell at ease

And grow forgetful of its ancient fears  
In some long-kept, unviolated room.  
And so the quiet city no more hears  
Her footsteps, and the streets their dust resume.

**B**UT what have I to do with her and death  
Who hold these living grasses in my hands, —  
With her who liveth not, yet sorroweth ?