

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.

AND 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.

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