

"Thoughts, fancies, hopes, desires,
All must be yours;
Sweetest my memories still
Of our past hours."

I can say more than this
Now, lover mine,—
Here can I feel your kiss
Warmer than wine,

Feel your arms folding me,
Know that quick breath
That aye my soul would stir
Even in death.

'Tis not a memory, Love,
Thoughts of the past,
Fleeting remembrances
Which may not last,—

But, as I shut my eyes
Know I the sign
That you are here, yourself,
Bodily, mine.—

So, Love, I cannot say
"My spirit flies
Over the widening space,
Under dull skies,

To where *your* spirit is,"—
Though I may know
Seas part us, earth divides,
It is not so

Here to me, now, for you
Lean on my heart.
Who says that you and I
Ever can part?—