

But be it that they dwell afar,
Beyond the range of sun or star;
And visit never more this pleasant spot
We walked together, it is not forgot :
Their image starts from every niche ; 'tis
there,
Daguerreotyped upon the golden air.

From flower and tree
They look at me,

Low falls the sun, and paler grows
The air, dark-thickened as he goes,
'Till earth is blotted out beneath my
gaze,
And not an object past my vision strays ;
And sense of losing, unsought visitant,
Hov'ring around each vacant space and
haunt,
Would break some spell,
Yet is it well.

Gary Nelson
Archibald
Memorials