

I lived for self, and all I asked was given,  
I have had all, and now am sick of bliss,  
No other punishment designed by Heaven  
Could strike me half so forcibly as this.

I feel no sense of aught but enervation  
In all the joys my selfish aims have brought,  
And know no wish but for annihilation,  
Since that would give me freedom from the thought

Oh, blest is he who has some aim defeated ;  
Some mighty loss to balance all his gain.  
For him there is a hope not yet completed ;  
For him hath life yet draughts of joy and pain.

But cursed is he who has no balked ambition,  
No hopeless hope, no loss beyond repair,  
But sick and sated with complete fruition,  
Keeps not the pleasure even of despair.

## THE COQUETTE

**A**LONE she sat with her accusing heart,  
That, like a restless comrade, frightened sleep,  
And every thought that found her left a dart  
That hurt her so, she could not even weep.

Her heart that once had been a cup well filled  
With love's red wine, save for some drops of gall,  
She knew was empty ; though it had not spilled  
Its sweets for one, but wasted them on all.