

## THE RETURN

BY BEATRICE REDPATH

UNTRODDEN is the grass before the door,  
Where green reeds gather whispering each to each  
Of thee and how thou shalt come here no more,  
Nor thy pale hands the raining blossoms reach,  
So like a sigh the breeze now seems to be,  
Or dost thou whisper softly unto me?

Where shadows falling seek to closely shade  
All things that were full dear to thee and me,  
The echoes of my footsteps slowly fade,  
Like slow vibrations of a soulless sea;  
Or is it that thy feet do follow mine  
And echoes sounding are the beat of thine?

So soft, so slow the summer rains descend  
Upon the flowering spaces of the ground,  
Where seems the languid, Lenten lilies bend,  
As swayed by one who passes without sound;  
The grasses tremble 'neath the drops they bear—  
Are they thy tears just fallen lightly there?

So wanly now the white moths, stirring, rise,  
Their silver wings as frail as were thy hands,  
Which at the last caressed my face, my eyes,  
'Ere thou went forth to seek for hidden lands.  
Oh, art thou here, or where then mayst thou be?  
Thou seemest far and yet so close to me.

