

Browned and brooded the twilight,
 And sank down through the calm,
 Till it seemed for some human sorrows
 There could not be any balm.

IV.

Then I knew that up a staircase,
 Which untrod will yet creak and shake,
 Deep in a distant chamber,
 A ghost was coming awake.

In the growing darkness growing—
 Growing till her eyes appear,
 Like spots of a deeper twilight,
 But more transparent clear—

Thin as hot air up-trembling,
 Thin as sun-molten crape,
 The deepening shadow of something
 Taketh a certain shape ;

A shape whose hands are unlifted
 To throw back her blinding hair ;
 A shape whose bosom is heaving,
 But draws not in the air.

And I know, by what time the moonlight
 On her nest of shadows will sit,
 Out on the dim lawn gliding
 That shadow of shadows will flit.

V.

The moon is dreaming upward
 From a sea of cloud and gleam ;
 She looks as if she had seen us
 Never but in a dream.

Down that stair I know she is coming,
 Bare-footed, lifting her train ;
 It creaks not—she hears it creaking,
 For the sound is in her brain.

Out at some side door she's coming,
 With a timid glance right and left ;
 Her look is hopeless yet eager,
 The look of a heart bereft.

Across the lawn she is flitting,
 Her eddying robe in the wind,
 Her fair feet bending the grasses,
 Her hair half-lifted behind.

VI.

Shall I stay to look on her nearer ?
 Would she start and vanish away ?
 Oh, no ! she will never see me,
 If I stand as near as I may.