

PARTED

Return to your cowslip meadows
And I will take the ridge;
A gulf there is fixed between us—
A gulf that we may not bridge.

Your path is flower-sprinkled
And mine is pricked with hate;
Leave me for your luscious bowers—
Leave me to my course serrate.

We clasp across the fastness
The fluttered last 'good-bye,'
But never a trembled token,
Nor the strangle of a sigh.

Then haste to your ruby bowers—
I take the pebbly ridge;
You have fixed the gulf between us—
I do not ask to bridge.