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THE LEAST OF LOVE

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Painted hills shall not allure me,  
Mirrored in the painted stream;  
Having loved them, I shall leave them,  
Busy with the vaster dream.

Only let one dear dark woman  
Mourn for me when I am dead,  
I shall be content with beauty  
And the dust above my head.

Yet when I shall make the journey  
From these earthly dear abodes,  
I have four things to remember  
At the Crossing of the Roads.

How her hand was like a tea-rose;  
And her low voice like the South;  
Her soft eyes were tarns of sable;  
A red poppy was her mouth.