

TWO BOYS

They kissed their brother as he came,
Two little boys. They lingered there
Beside the train; and then a flame
Of red --- a collie, swift to dance
About and on them. Thus alone,
Arms locked, the three were quickly gone.

Somewhere their father slept in France,
Perhaps; but why was it they met
With tender lip and hand and glance,
These three, no more? What unseen debt
Of grief was paid among them then?
What mystery of fame or name
Was theirs --- what tragic necromance
Lay hid within their greetings, when
They kissed their brother as he came?