

WHAT I WOULD.

ERE I leave this world of wonder, summoned
to this vaster clime,
I would gather me a garland wrought in all
the tints of time;
Bear it thither fondly clasping, tether-like, one precious link,
Then my step might be less timid when, at first, I
touch the brink.

But I roam in vain the regions. Poets, knowing secret sway,
Ranging long through bower and open, ye have pil-
laged every way—
Wooded the flowers, lured the life-glows, claimed the
mold, and sought the sun,
Wiled the winds, beguil'd the waters, wist-wings of
the morning won!
Listing in the summer stillness, with the waving of
your wand
Ye have borne e'en broken echoes from the border-
shore beyond!

Would that I had culled my garland, looped it with
autumnal sheen,
Held it ready-wreathed, or ever ye had, spying, left
no glean!
Is there but one rainbow-ribbon as a girdle for my
shroud,
To remind me 'mid the shadows how the colors lit
the cloud?
Nearing now the marvel-margin, lowered life's fa-
miliar bars,
Soon I wander—surely lingering—'neath the torch-
way of the stars.
Must I go forlorn of nature—nought of token that
may tell
To the severed stranger-Spirit of the earth-home
home loved so well—