

Yet all that I have ever known of thee
Lies here. What has gone out from thee this
hour

That leaveth thee, unstirred by word from me,
Low lying, like a fallen scentless flower?

Hadst thou a soul which through the drifting
years

My earth-bound vision was too dull to see?
And didst thou know the weight of unshed
tears?

Hadst thou a spirit straining to be free?

A heart that knew regret and all desire,
And envy and that malice men call hate,
And saw with fear the slow consuming fire
Of life, and learned to be compassionate?