

LIFE AND I.

Life and I are lovers, straying
Arm in arm along :
Often like two children Maying,
Full of mirth and song.

Life plucks all the blooming hours
Growing by the way ;
Binds them on my brow like flowers ;
Calls me Queen of May.

Then again, in rainy weather,
We sit *vis-à-vis*,
Planning work we'll do together
In the years to be.

Sometimes Life denies me blisses,
And I frown or pout ;
But we make it up with kisses
Ere the day is out.

Woman-like, I sometimes grieve him,
Try his trust and faith,
Saying I shall one day leave him
For his rival Death.