

Death and Love

TO-DAY I passed the field that holds my dead,
And mourned not. What hath chanced, O heart,
to thee,
Death's victim once, and spoiled relentlessly
Of every dream and hope that thou hadst wed
To them alone? Now, worldly longings bred
Calmly, as April rain falls calm and free,
Waking the roses and the fruiting tree
Ere the year dieth, rule in Sorrow's stead.
O Love, dost thou play false with mortal life,
And thine imperial image fade away,
As fades a sceptered king in minted gold,
By touch on touch? Refashioned in earth's strife,
Recrowned, Love hears his dead, newborn, who
say,
Attain life's best before life's tale is told.