

Let love melt into memory, and pain into songs.
Let the flight through the sky end in the folding of
wings over the nest.

Let the last touch of your hands be gentle, like the
flower of the night.

Stand still, O Beautiful End, for a moment, and say
your last words in silence.

I bow to you, and hold up my lamp to light you on
your way.

He did not cry out, he did not flinch. He
looked upon her calmly, with a love which
equalled her demand of him. He stood above
her, so, many minutes, then he whispered:—

“Belovéd, I bow to you and hold up my lamp
to light you on your way!”

THE END