

TO MY BROTHER

J. F. C.

The shadow-play of which this tale is made
Is also yours. It moved before your mind
And mingled with the visible and stayed
Explanatory, mystic, there behind
All knowledge, always, powerful, a pit
Of ghosts from whom our being springs. They dwelt
Where you and I were born. Their lives are knit
With yours and mine, and what they did and felt
Dictates what you and I must feel and do
In our own shadow-play through which we move,
Hardly less ghosts than they. If they were true
We have our life and love that truth to prove.