

Our faces is slush, Our eyes meet & dwell
 in the novel depths of each others souls.
 We alone are immense in this crowd -
 we alone live in each others hearts.

XIX

Did I say I loved him?

Was it my voice in the dark soundly so strange
 Or was it the wind? - or my imagination?
 I love never not be breathed
 lest the fluttering curtains sweep &
 from my screen
 out into the night - alone -
 It would then be lost
 and would not end and swell
 like a mighty wind: so swayed
 his horse.

Down to the depths of human pain
 Down from the realms of hope you came
 shrouded in mystery - not a person
 dreamed applicable of your name.
 You were the one for whom I'd waited
 endlessly - in this world of fear.
 You were the one - I never doubted