

1-1-56

His cloak of darkness over the slumbering roses,
 With soft caressing hands he shuts each flower,
 Surrounds the world more tenderly every hour;
 Conspires the roses to shine & beckons
 The moon to play like radiance on the earth.
 I love him with his whispering, silky movements,
 For I was right when my delight had birth.

Unloved.

The invisible mockery of a lonesome eye -
 Oh! how it tells one's heart!
 'Twas the naked rights of grief
 Just tears met soul apart.
 And one looks without knowing
 Just to love & live & love
 And grasp with heart & soul
 A beautiful thing, which grasping
 Is nothing short of art.

(A Discovery.)



I think I have always loved you
 But never known till now -
 The sad, grey eyes & tired earthen brow.
 You played on my very heart - strings
 In a tender subtle strain,