

shaking in a cushioned chair
 While she smoothed her wind-blown hair.
 Had you known her you would see
 her promise was sturdily
 & happier. She cast a spell
 of hopefulness. Ah you could tell
 she came from some fear-distant spot
 which knew not tears or fear. Knew not
 the bitterness of death-bands life,
 the weariness of constant strife.
 Last time she came her gentle smile
 was touched with softness all the while.
 She talked to me & held my hand
 and tried to make me understand
 this was not all I was expected
 and most of all I wanted next.
 She kissed me as she shut the door.
 But now — she's gone. She comes no more.

Loneliness.

How odd it is to help the soul
 To soon expand & grow
 But loneliness is rather thick's
 The soul's Death Blow.