

I should be glad

but I'm afraid — oh God!

that Chropatna kissed your dusty eyes & made them
live?

Oh did you wake to life in Azkhar's arms?

But don't think & say I cannot stop.

My lips will go on kissing the phrase

that may not reach you —

"One day I shall come."

It did not matter what we said.

Or what we did, or wore.

It did not matter what we ate,

or if we drank or swore.

For habits were such things as part
from us eternal soul.

And now — all we worshipped was

simply, as a whole.

But now that we are twice as old

with youth's wild fervour spent,

we choose our hats with special care

and have a permanent,

and so on to see the modern youth