

advance & vanish on the evening air
with some sweet sness of swooning destiny.

My mind grasping for the morning,

gropes with fingers blind,

Swirls & whirls with the ethereal

Tide after one last rush of keen despair

- Is mingled with the playthm of your arms.

* Good-bye.

has't she remembered? I only know
the night was dark - within, without.

The party over, we had gone

to get us cars & home.

I only know the night was dark;

your face was there

as though a light descended from above
fell on it.

We had been gay that evening

(and my hat was perched upon the tucble of my hair
at some absurd new angle)

I had laughed,

for such a night it was,

when tears were nearer to the heart
than laughter.

That made me laugh & laugh,