

THE morning sun climbed silently
The hidden slopes that face the sea,
While all the woodland sweep to west
Was shrouded deep in night. And she,
With eyes awaiting day, slept on,
Her cheek upon her bended arm,
Which held at bay the surge of pink
That trembled round the disk of snow

Its impress made, and rioted
Out to her very finger-tips.
But when the sun had reached the dawn
It broke, running in myriad ways
Like golden ripples through the world.
It tinged the leaves, it warmed the buds,
It pierced with fire the river's heart.
Then through her lashes one by one
It sought the cradle of her eyes
And whispered that the day was come.
She sighed a very little then,
And smiled and opened wide her eyes,
And said so softly that the sound
Echoed between her parted lips:
"He will not go to her again."
So all that day upon the stairs
And through the hall there swept a low
Sweet voice attuned between her joy
And his distress.

At night she walked