Along the path that wandered out
Uncertainly to meet the road.
She stooped to pluck some sturdy weed
That hid a timid Mayflower's head,
And raised her eyes now west now east
To scan the home-turned laborers.
Her Cousin Matthew lingered on
Until his men had passed along,
And then came toward her with a step
That told his weariness. For him
The turning furrow covered in
The sere and withered foliage
That touched with life the former spring.
His steady hand upon the plow
Felt stronger that the past should lie
Beneath the soil, enriching it.
For these immortal tyrannies —
The pains that search the mystery
Of hope, of longing and despair —
We call them sorrows to be shunned

Till we have suffered, then are they
The sources of a patient joy.
They walked together under trees
Whose branches held the lingering sun
That streaked the purple shadow forms
Beneath with labyrinths of light.
And as it reddened on the rim
The purples sobered into green
And blended with the coming night.
Her silent presence rested him,
Her instinct equalled all his years.
'T was not the movement of an arm,
Or shadow 'neath a wave of hair,
Or haunting rhythm of a word,
For these were hers; but he had found
Her noiseless figure by his side
An all-pervading influence.
At last they spoke of planting time,
The barley sowed, the fence repaired
That circled with its rails the field;