

"YOU WERE THE SORT THAT MEN FORGET"

You were the sort that men forget;

Though I--not yet! -

Perhaps not ever. Your slighted weakness

Adds to the strength of my regret!

You'd not the art--you never had

For good or bad -

To make men see how sweet your meaning,

Which, visible, had charmed them glad.

You would, by words inept let fall,

Offend them all,

Even if they saw your warm devotion

Would hold your life's blood at their call.

You lacked the eye to understand

Those friends offhand

Whose mode was crude, though whose dim purport

Outpriced the courtesies of the bland.

I am now the only being who

Remembers you

It may be. What a waste that Nature  
Grudged soul so dear the art its due!