

LOVE THE MONOPOLIST

(Young Lover's Reverie)

The train draws forth from the station-yard,

And with it carries me.

I rise, and stretch out, and regard

The platform left, and see

An airy slim blue form there standing,

And know that it is she.

While with strained vision I watch on,

The figure turns round quite

To greet friends gaily; then is gone . . .

The import may be slight,

But why remained she not hard gazing

Till I was out of sight?

"O do not chat with others there,"

I brood. "They are not I.

O strain your thoughts as if they were

Gold bands between us; eye

All neighbour scenes as so much blankness

Till I again am by!

"A troubled sighing in the breeze
And the sky overhead
Let yourself feel; and shadeless trees,
Ripe corn, and apples red,
Read as things barren and distasteful
While we are separated!

"When I come back uncloak your gloom,
And let in lovely day;
Then the long dark as of the tomb
Can well be thrust away
With sweet things I shall have to practise,
And you will have to say!"

Begun 1871: finished -