

A THOUGHT IN TWO MOODS

I saw it--pink and white--revealed

    Upon the white and green;

The white and green was a daisied field,

    The pink and white Ethleen.

And as I looked it seemed in kind

    That difference they had none;

The two fair bodiments combined

    As varied miens of one.

A sense that, in some mouldering year,

    As one they both would lie,

Made me move quickly on to her

    To pass the pale thought by.

She laughed and said: "Out there, to me,

    You looked so weather-browned,

And brown in clothes, you seemed to be

    Made of the dusty ground!"