

## THE SUNSHADE

Ah--it's the skeleton of a lady's sunshade,  
Here at my feet in the hard rock's chink,  
Merely a naked sheaf of wires! -  
Twenty years have gone with their livers and diers  
Since it was silked in its white or pink.

Noonshine riddles the ribs of the sunshade,  
No more a screen from the weakest ray;  
Nothing to tell us the hue of its dyes,  
Nothing but rusty bones as it lies  
In its coffin of stone, unseen till to-day.

Where is the woman who carried that sun-shade  
Up and down this seaside place? -  
Little thumb standing against its stem,  
Thoughts perhaps bent on a love-stratagem,  
Softening yet more the already soft face!

Is the fair woman who carried that sunshade

A skeleton just as her property is,  
Laid in the chink that none may scan?  
And does she regret--if regret dust can -  
The vain things thought when she flourished this?

SWANAGE CLIFFS.