

## HE REVISITS HIS FIRST SCHOOL

I should not have shown in the flesh,  
I ought to have gone as a ghost;  
It was awkward, unseemly almost,  
Standing solidly there as when fresh,  
    Pink, tiny, crisp-curled,  
    My pinions yet furled  
    From the winds of the world.

After waiting so many a year  
To wait longer, and go as a sprite  
From the tomb at the mid of some night  
Was the right, radiant way to appear;  
    Not as one wanzing weak  
    From life's roar and reek,  
    His rest still to seek:

Yea, beglimpsed through the quaint quarried glass  
Of green moonlight, by me greener made,  
When they'd cry, perhaps, "There sits his shade  
In his olden haunt--just as he was  
    When in Walkingame he  
    Conned the grand Rule-of-Three

With the bent of a bee."

But to show in the afternoon sun,  
With an aspect of hollow-eyed care,  
When none wished to see me come there,  
Was a garish thing, better undone.

Yes; wrong was the way;

But yet, let me say,

I may right it--some day.