

ON THE DOORSTEP

The rain imprinted the step's wet shine
With target-circles that quivered and crossed
As I was leaving this porch of mine;
When from within there swelled and paused
 A song's sweet note;
And back I turned, and thought,
 "Here I'll abide."

The step shines wet beneath the rain,
Which prints its circles as heretofore;
I watch them from the porch again,
But no song-notes within the door
 Now call to me
 To shun the dripping lea
 And forth I stride.

Jan. 1914.