

LOOKING AT A PICTURE ON AN ANNIVERSARY

But don't you know it, my dear,

 Don't you know it,

That this day of the year

(What rainbow-rays embow it!)

We met, strangers confessed,

 But parted--blest?

Though at this query, my dear,

 There in your frame

Unmoved you still appear,

You must be thinking the same,

But keep that look demure

 Just to allure.

And now at length a trace

 I surely vision

Upon that wistful face

Of old-time recognition,

Smiling forth, "Yes, as you say,

 It is the day."

For this one phase of you

Now left on earth
This great date must endue
With pulsings of rebirth? -
I see them vitalize
Those two deep eyes!

But if this face I con
Does not declare
Consciousness living on
Still in it, little I care
To live myself, my dear,
Lone-labouring here!

Spring 1913.