

THOUGHTS OF PHENA  
AT NEWS OF HER DEATH

Not a line of her writing have I,  
Not a thread of her hair,  
No mark of her late time as dame in her dwelling, whereby  
I may picture her there;  
And in vain do I urge my unsight  
To conceive my lost prize  
At her close, whom I knew when her dreams were upbrimming with light,  
And with laughter her eyes.

What scenes spread around her last days,  
Sad, shining, or dim?  
Did her gifts and compassions enray and enarch her sweet ways  
With an aureate nimb?  
Or did life-light decline from her years,  
And mischances control  
Her full day-star; unease, or regret, or forebodings, or fears  
Disennoble her soul?

Thus I do but the phantom retain  
Of the maiden of yore  
As my relic; yet haply the best of her--fined in my brain

It maybe the more  
That no line of her writing have I,  
Nor a thread of her hair,  
No mark of her late time as dame in her dwelling, whereby  
I may picture her there.

March 1890.