

TO A LADY

OFFENDED BY A BOOK OF THE WRITER'S

Now that my page uncloses, doomed, maybe,  
Never to press thy cosy cushions more,  
Or wake thy ready Yeas as heretofore,  
Or stir thy gentle vows of faith in me:

Knowing thy natural receptivity,  
I figure that, as flambeaux banish eve,  
My sombre image, warped by insidious heave  
Of those less forthright, must lose place in thee.

So be it. I have borne such. Let thy dreams  
Of me and mine diminish day by day,  
And yield their space to shine of smugger things;  
Till I shape to thee but in fitful gleams,  
And then in far and feeble visitings,  
And then surcease. Truth will be truth always.