

AT AN INN

When we as strangers sought
 Their catering care,
Veiled smiles bespoke their thought
 Of what we were.
They warmed as they opined
 Us more than friends -
That we had all resigned
 For love's dear ends.

And that swift sympathy
 With living love
Which quicks the world--maybe
 The spheres above,
Made them our ministers,
 Moved them to say,
"Ah, God, that bliss like theirs
 Would flush our day!"

And we were left alone
 As Love's own pair;
Yet never the love-light shone
 Between us there!

But that which chilled the breath

Of afternoon,

And palsied unto death

The pane-fly's tune.

The kiss their zeal foretold,

And now deemed come,

Came not: within his hold

Love lingered-numb.

Why cast he on our port

A bloom not ours?

Why shaped us for his sport

In after-hours?

As we seemed we were not

That day afar,

And now we seem not what

We aching are.

O severing sea and land,

O laws of men,

Ere death, once let us stand

As we stood then!