

QUITE FORSAKEN

WHAT pain, to wake and miss you!

To wake with a tightened heart,
And mouth reaching forward to kiss you!

This then at last is the dawn, and the bell

Clanging at the farm! Such bewilderment
Comes with the sight of the room, I cannot tell.

It is raining. Down the half-obscure road

Four labourers pass with their scythes
Dejectedly;--a huntsman goes by with his load:

A gun, and a bunched-up deer, its four little feet

Clustered dead.--And this is the dawn
For which I wanted the night to retreat!