

It's all I have to bring today—  
This, and my heart beside—  
This, and my heart, and all the fields—  
And all the meadows wide—  
Be sure you count— should I forget  
Some one the sum could tell—  
This, and my heart, and all the Bees  
Which in the Clover dwell.

A poor- torn heart- a tattered heart-  
That sat it down to rest-  
Nor noticed that the Ebbing Day  
Flowed silver to the West-

Nor noticed Night did soft descend-  
Nor Constellation burn-  
Intent upon the vision  
Of latitudes unknown.

The angels- happening that way-  
This dusty heart espied-  
Tenderly took it up from toil-  
And carried it to God-

There- sandals for the Barefoot-  
There- gathered from the gales-  
Do the blue havens by the hand-  
Lead the wandering Sails.

You love me– you are sure–  
I shall not fear mistake–  
I shall not cheated wake–  
Some grinning morn–  
To find the Sunrise left–  
And Orchards– unbereft–  
And Dollie– gone!

I need not start– you’re sure–  
That night will never be–  
When frightened– home to Thee I run–  
To find the windows dark–  
And no more Dollie– mark–  
Quite none?

Be sure you’re sure– you know–  
I’ll bear it better now–  
If you’ll just tell me so–  
Than when– a little dull balm grown–  
Over this pain of mine–  
You sting– again!

Poor little Heart!  
Did they forget thee?  
Then dinna care— Then dinna care!

Proud little Heart!  
Did they forsake thee?  
Be debonnaire! Be debonnaire!

Frail little Heart!  
I would not break thee  
Could'st credit me? Could'st credit me?

Gay little Heart  
Like Morning Glory!  
Wind and Sun— wilt thee array!

I can wade Grief–  
Whole Pools of it–  
I'm used to that–  
But the least push of Joy  
Breaks up my feet–  
And I tip– drunken–  
Let no Pebble– smile–  
'Twas the New Liquor–  
That was all!

Power is only Pain–  
Stranded, thro' Discipline,  
Till Weights– will hang–  
Give Balm– to Giants–  
And they'll wilt, like Men–  
Give Himmaleh–  
They'll Carry– Him!

You see I cannot see— your Lifetime—  
I must guess—  
How many times it ache for me— today— Confess—  
How many times for my far sake  
The brave eyes film—  
But I— guess guessing hurts—  
Mine— get so dim!

Too vague— the face—  
My own— so patient— covers—  
Too far— the strength—  
My timidness enfolds—  
Haunting the Heart—  
Like her translated faces—  
Teasing the want—  
It— only— can suffice!

How sick– to wait– in any place– but thine–  
I knew last night– when Someone tried to twine–  
Thinking– perhaps– that I looked tired– or lone  
Or breaking– almost– with unspoken pain–

And I turned– ducal–  
That right– was thine–  
One port– suffices– for a Brig– like mine–

Ours be the tossing– wild though the sea–  
Rather than a Mooring– unshared by thee  
Ours be the Cargo– unladen– here–  
Rather than the “spicy isles”–  
And thou– not there–

'Twas Love— not me—  
Oh punish— pray—  
The Real one died for Thee—  
Just Him— not me—

Such Guilt— to love Thee— most!  
Doom it beyond the Rest—  
Forgive it— last—  
'Twas base as Jesus— most!

Let Justice not mistake—  
We Two— looked so alike—  
Which was the Guilty Snake—  
'Twas Love's— Now Strike!



It might be lonelier  
Without the Loneliness—  
I'm so accustomed to my Fate—  
Perhaps the Other Peace—

Would interrupt the Dark—  
And crowd the little Room—  
Too scant— by Cubits— to contain  
The Sacrament— of Him—

I am not used to Hope—  
It might intrude upon—  
Its sweet parade— blaspheme the place  
Ordained to Suffering—

It might be easier  
To fail— with Land in Sight—  
Than gain— My Blue Peninsula—  
To perish— of Delight—

To love thee Year by Year—  
May less appear  
Than sacrifice, and cease—  
However dear,  
Forever might be short, I thought to show—  
And so I pieced it, with a Flower, now.

'Tis customary as we part  
A trinket- to confer-  
It helps to stimulate the faith  
When Lovers- be afar-

'Tis various- as the various taste  
Clematis- journeying far-  
Presents me with a Single Curl  
Of her Electric Hair-

I showed her Heights she never saw—  
“Would’st Climb,” I said?  
She said— “Not so”—  
“With me—” I said— With me?  
I showed her Secrets— Morning’s Nest—  
The Rope the Nights were put across—  
And now—“Would’st have me for a Guest?”  
She could not find her Yes—  
And then, I brake my life— And Lo,  
A Light, for her, did solemn glow,  
The larger, as her face withdrew—  
And could she, further, “No”?

Love- thou art high-  
I cannot climb thee-  
But, were it Two-  
Who knows but we-  
Taking turns- at the Chimborazo-  
Ducal- at last- stand up by thee-

Love- thou art deep-  
I cannot cross thee-  
But, were there Two  
Instead of One-  
Rower, and Yacht- some sovereign Summer-  
Who knows- but we'd reach the Sun?

Love- thou art Veiled-  
A few- behold thee-  
Smile- and alter- and prattle- and die-  
Bliss- were an Oddity- without thee-  
Nicknamed by God-  
Eternity-

They put Us far apart–  
As separate as Sea  
And Her unsown Peninsula–  
We signified “These see”–

They took away our Eyes–  
They thwarted Us with Guns–  
“I see Thee” each responded straight–  
Through Telegraphic Signs–

With Dungeons– They devised–  
But through their thickest skill–  
And their opaquest Adamant–  
Our Souls saw– just as well–

They summoned Us to die–  
With sweet alacrity–  
We stood upon our stapled feet–  
Condemned– but just– to see–

Permission to recant–  
Permission to forget–  
We turned our backs upon the Sun–  
For perjury of that–

Not Either– noticed Death–  
Of Paradise– aware–  
Each other’s Face– was all the Disc–  
Each other’s setting– saw–

I had no time to Hate—  
Because  
The Grave would hinder Me—  
And Life was not so  
Ample I  
Could finish— Enmity—  
  
Nor had I time to Love—  
But since  
Some Industry must be—  
The little Toil of Love—  
I thought  
Be large enough for Me—

The Soul has Bandaged moments–  
When too appalled to stir–  
She feels some ghastly Fright come up  
And stop to look at her–

Salute her– with long fingers–  
Caress her freezing hair–  
Sip, Goblin, from the very lips  
The Lover– hovered– o'er–  
Unworthy, that a thought so mean  
Accost a Theme– so– fair–

The soul has moments of Escape–  
When bursting all the doors–  
She dances like a Bomb, abroad,  
And swings upon the Hours,

As do the Bee– delirious borne–  
Long Dungeoned from his Rose–  
Touch Liberty– then know no more,  
But Noon, and Paradise–

The Soul's retaken moments–  
When, Felon led along,  
With shackles on the plumed feet,  
And staples, in the Song,

The Horror welcomes her, again,  
These, are not brayed of Tongue–



Her sweet Weight on my Heart a Night—  
Had scarcely deigned to lie—  
When, stirring, for Belief's delight,  
My Bride had slipped away—

If 'twas a Dream— made solid— just  
The Heaven to confirm—  
Or if Myself were dreamed of Her—  
The power to presume—

With Him remain— who unto Me—  
Gave— even as to All—  
A Fiction superseding Faith—  
By so much— as 'twas real—

If I may have it, when it's dead,  
 I'll be contented— so—  
 If just as soon as Breath is out  
 It shall belong to me—

Until they lock it in the Grave,  
 'Tis Bliss I cannot weigh—  
 For tho' they lock thee in the Grave,  
 Myself— can own the key—

Think of it Lover! I and Thee  
 Permitted— face to face to be—  
 After a Life— a Death— We'll say—  
 For Death was That—  
 And this— is Thee—

I'll tell Thee All— how Bald it grew—  
 How Midnight felt, at first— to me—  
 How all the Clocks stopped In the World—  
 And Sunshine pinched me— 'Twas so cold—

Then how the Grief got sleepy— some—  
 As if my Soul were deaf and dumb—  
 Just making signs— across— to Thee—  
 That this way— thou could'st notice me—

I'll tell thee how I tried to keep  
 A smile, to show you, when this Deep  
 All Waded— We look back for Play,  
 At those Old Times— in Calvary.

Forgive me, If the Grave come slow—  
 For Coveting to look at Thee—  
 Forgive me, if to stroke thy frost  
 Outvisions Paradise!

You left me— Sire— two Legacies—  
A Legacy of Love  
A Heavenly Father would suffice  
Had He the offer of—

You left me Boundaries of Pain—  
Capacious as the Sea—  
Between Eternity and Time—  
Your Consciousness— and Me—

I think to Live– may be a Bliss  
To those who dare to try–  
Beyond my limit to conceive–  
My lip– to testify–

I think the Heart I former wore  
Could widen– till to me  
The Other, like the little Bank  
Appear– unto the Sea–

I think the Days– could every one  
In Ordination stand–  
And Majesty– be easier  
Than an inferior kind–

No numb alarm– lest Difference come–  
No Goblin– on the Bloom–  
No start in Apprehension's Ear,  
No Bankruptcy– no Doom–

But Certainties of Sun–  
Midsummer– in the Mind–  
A steadfast South– upon the Soul–  
Her Polar time– behind–

The Vision– pondered long–  
So plausible becomes  
That I esteem the fiction– real–  
The Real– fictitious seems–

How bountiful the Dream–  
What Plenty– It would be–  
Had all my Life but been Mistake  
Just rectified– in Thee–

I meant to find Her when I came—  
Death— had the same design—  
But the Success— was His— it seems—  
And the Surrender— Mine—

I meant to tell Her how I longed  
For just this single time—  
But Death had told Her so the first—  
And she had passed, with Him—

To wander— now— is my Repose—  
To rest— To rest would be  
A privilege of Hurricane—  
To Memory— and Me.

You said that I “was Great”– one Day–  
Then “Great” it be– if that please Thee–  
Or Small– or any Size at all–  
Nay– I’m the size suit Thee–

Tall– like the Stag– would that?  
Or lower– like the Wren–  
Or other heights of Other Ones–  
I’ve seen?

Tell which– It’s dull to guess–  
And I must be Rhinoceros  
Or Mouse  
At once– for Thee–

So say– If Queen it be–  
Or Page– please Thee–  
I’m that– or nought–  
Or other thing– if other thing there be–  
With just this Stipulus–  
I suit Thee–

The Luxury to apprehend—  
The Luxury 'twould be  
To look at Thee a single time—  
An Epicure of Me—

In whatsoever Presence makes  
Till for a further Food  
I scarcely recollect to starve  
So first am I supplied—

The Luxury to meditate—  
The Luxury it was—  
To banquet on thy Countenance—  
A Sumptuousness bestows—

On plainer Days, whose Table far  
As Certainty can see—  
Is laden with a single Crumb—  
The Consciousness of Thee—

I've none to tell me to but Thee  
So when Thou fail'st, nobody.  
It was a little tie—  
It just held Two, nor those it held  
Since Somewhere thy sweet Face has spilled  
Beyond my Boundary—

If things were Opposite— and Me  
And Me it were— that ebbd from Thee  
On some unanswering Shore—  
Would'st Thou seek so— just say  
That I the Answer may pursue  
Unto the Lips it eddied through—  
So— overtaking Thee—



Fitter to see Him, I may be  
 For the long Hindrance– Grace– to Me–  
 With Summers, and with Winters, grow,  
 Some passing Year– A trait bestow

To make Me fairest of the Earth–  
 The Waiting– then– will seem so worth–  
 I shall impute with half a pain–  
 The blame that I was chosen– then–

Time to anticipate His Gaze–  
 It's first– Delight– and then– Surprise–  
 The turning o'er and o'er my face–  
 For Evidence it be the Grace–

He left behind One Day– So less–  
 He seek Conviction, That– be This–  
 I only must not grow so new  
 That He'll mistake– and ask for me–

Of me– when first unto the Door–  
 I go– to Elsewhere go no more–  
 I only must not change so fair–  
 He'll sigh– “The Other– She– is Where?”

The Love, tho', will array me right–  
 I shall be perfect– in His Sight–  
 If He perceive the other Truth–  
 Upon an Excellenter Youth–

How sweet I shall not lack in Vain–  
 But gain– thro' loss– Through Grief– obtain–  
 The Beauty that reward Him best–  
 The Beauty of Demand– at Rest–

1290

The most pathetic thing I do  
Is play I heal from you—  
I make believe until my Heart  
Almost believes it too—

But when I break It with the news  
You knew it was not true—  
I wish I had not broken it—  
Goliath— so would you—

1637

Is it too late to touch you, Dear?  
We this moment knew  
Love Marine and Love terrene  
Love celestial too

1720

Had I known that the first was the last  
I should have kept it longer.

Had I known that the last was the first  
I should have drunk it stronger.

Cup, it was your fault,  
Lip was not the liar—  
No, lip, it was yours,  
Bliss was most to blame.

1726

If all the griefs I am to have  
Would only come today,  
I am so happy I believe  
They'd laugh and run away

If all the joys I am to have  
Would only come today,  
They could not be so big as this  
That happens to me now.

1729

I've got an arrow here—  
Loving the hand that sent it  
I the dart revere.

Fell, they will say, in “skirmish”!  
Vanquished, my soul will know  
By but a simple arrow  
Sped by an archer's bow.

1734

Oh, honey of an hour,  
I never knew thy power,  
Prohibit me  
Till my minutest dower,  
My unfrequented flower,  
Deserving be.