

I cannot live with You —  
It would be Life —  
And Life is over there —  
Behind the Shelf

The Sexton keeps the Key to —  
Putting up  
Our Life — His Porcelain —  
Like a Cup —

Discarded of the Housewife —  
Quaint — or Broke —  
A newer Sevres pleases —  
Old Ones crack —

I could not die — with You —  
For One must wait  
To shut the Other's Gaze down —  
You — could not —

And I — Could I stand by  
And see You — freeze —  
Without my Right of Frost —  
Death's privilege?

Nor could I rise — with You —  
Because Your Face  
Would put out Jesus' —  
That New Grace

Glow plain — and foreign  
On my homesick Eye —  
Except that You than He  
Shone closer by —

They'd judge Us — How —  
For You — served Heaven — You know,  
Or sought to —  
I could not —

Because You saturated Sight —  
And I had no more Eyes  
For sordid excellence  
As Paradise

And were You lost, I would be —  
Though My Name  
Rang loudest  
On the Heavenly fame —

And were You — saved —  
And I — condemned to be  
Where You were not —  
That self — were Hell to Me —

So We must meet apart —  
You there — I — here —  
With just the Door ajar  
That Oceans are — and Prayer —  
And that White Sustenance —  
Despair —