

W.H.W., JR.
In Memory of "A House of Pomegranates"

Speak to me friend! Or is the world so wide
That souls may easily forget their speech,
And the strong love that binds us each to each
Who have stood together watching God's white tide
Pouring, and those bright shapes of dreams which ride
Through darkness; we who have walked the silent beach
Strown with strange wonders out of ocean's reach
Which the next flood in her great heart shall hide?

Do not forget me, though the sands should fall,
And many things be swept away in deep,
And a new vision uttered to the shore,—
If after days bespeak me not at all,
Nor other's praise awake my song from sleep,
Nor Poetry remember, anymore.