

VI

I love you
For your little, startled, thoughtless ways,
For your ponderings, like soft dark birds,
And when you speak 'tis a sudden sunlight.

I love you
For your wide child eyes, and fluttering hands,
For the little divinities your wrists,
And the beautiful mysteries your fingers.

I love you.
Does the blossom study her day of life?
Is the butterfly vexed with an hour of soul?
I had rather a rose than live forever.