

## II

when unto nights of autumn do complain  
earth's ghastlier trees by whom Time measured is  
when frost to dance maketh the sagest pane  
of littler huts with peerless fantasies  
or the unlovely longness of the year

droops with things dead athwart the narrowing hours  
and hope(by cold espoused unto fear)  
in dreadful corners hideously cowers—

i do excuse me,love,to Death and Time

storms and rough cold,wind's menace and leaf's grieving:  
from the impressed fingers of sublime  
Memory,of that loveliness receiving  
the image my proud heart cherished as fair.

(The child-head poised with the serious hair)