

The basin seems the pool, and its edge
 The hard smooth face of the brook-side ledge,
 And the leafy pattern of china-ware
 The hanging plants that were bathing there.

'By night, by day, when it shines or lours,
 There lies intact that chalice of ours,
 And its presence adds to the rhyme of love
 Persistently sung by the fall above.
 No lip has touched it since his and mine
 In turns therefrom sipped lovers' wine.'

1914

The Walk

You did not walk with me
 Of late to the hill-top tree
 By the gated ways,
 As in earlier days;
 5 You were weak and lame,
 So you never came,
 And I went alone, and I did not mind,
 Not thinking of you as left behind.

I walked up there to-day
 10 Just in the former way:
 Surveyed around
 The familiar ground
 By myself again:
 What difference, then?
 15 Only that underlying sense
 Of the look of a room on returning thence.

1912-13

1914

The Voice

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,
 Saying that now you are not as you were
 When you had changed from the one who was all to me,
 But as at first, when our day was fair.

5 Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then,
 Standing as when I drew near to the town
 Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then,
 Even to the original air-blue gown!

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness
 10 Travelling across the wet mead° to me here, *meadow*
 You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness,° *inattention*
 Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; faltering forward,
 Leaves around me falling,
 15 Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward,° *northward*
 And the woman calling.

Dec. 1912

1914

During Wind and Rain

They sing their dearest songs—
 He, she, all of them—yea,
 Treble and tenor and bass,
 And one to play;
 5 With the candles mooning° each face. . . . *lighting*
 Ah, no; the years O!
 How the sick leaves reel down in throngs!

They clear the creeping moss—
 Elders and juniors—aye,
 10 Making the pathways neat
 And the garden gay;
 And they build a shady seat. . . .
 Ah, no; the years, the years;
 See, the white storm-birds wing across.

15 They are blithely breakfasting all—
 Men and maidens—yea,
 Under the summer tree,
 With a glimpse of the bay,
 While pet fowl come to the knee. . . .
 20 Ah, no; the years O!
 And the rotten rose is ript from the wall.

They change to a high new house,
 He, she, all of them—aye,
 Clocks and carpets and chairs
 25 On the lawn all day,
 And brightest things that are theirs. . . .
 Ah, no; the years, the years;
 Down their carved names the rain-drop ploughs.

1917