

THE THIRTY-FIFTH DAY.

“I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it, but adieu.”
King Henry V.

THE third time bitterly came reason back.
Is it a fault in love when mornings find
The soul grown sober and rethroned the mind?
Or is it mere necessity to track
The candid chequer cross-wise to the black,
And love, not mutable, yet well inclined
To take his pleasure in becoming blind
After such sight mere day is wont to lack?

So we were angry with ourselves and said
We would not kiss—two days, and we would part.
And she prayed heaven that she might be dead,
And I cursed heaven and my foolish head.
I strove to turn towards old shapes of Art;
She, to some phantom faded from her heart.