

MY WIFE DIES.

THE sun of love shone through my love's deep eyes
And made a rainbow of her tender tears,
And on her cheeks I saw a blush arise
When her lips opened to say, loverwise,
 "I love"—and light broke through the cloud of
 fears
That hid her eyes.

The storm of passion woke in her red lips,
 When first they clung to mine and rested there ;
Lightnings of love were eager to eclipse
That earlier sunshine, and her whole soul clips
 My soul—I kissed out life, within her hair
Upon her lips.

We parted lips from lips and soul from soul
 To new strange passions in unholy lands,
Where love's breath chars and scorches like a coal.
So she is dead to-day—the sweet bells toll
 A lost, lost soul, a soul in Satan's bands,
A lost, lost soul!
Wife