

THE TWO EMOTIONS.

HOW barren is the Valley of Delight!
Swift the gaunt hounds that nose the warm
close trail

Of all my love's content; in vain I veil
My secret of remorse; from their keen sight
And scent my poor deception takes to flight.
I borrow perfume from young loves waxed pale;
I borrow music from the nightingale.
In vain: she knows me, that I hate her quite.

Not altogether: in my patchwork brain
Some rag of passion tears its woof asunder.
Strange, that its own insatiable pain
Should find an opiate in her eyes of wonder!
Yes, though I hate her well enough to kill,
I know that then my soul would love her still.