

AGAINST THE TIDE

I KILLED my wife—not meaning to, indeed—
Yet knew myself the sheer necessity :
For I too died that miracle-hour—and she,
She also knew the immedicable need.
She sighed, and laughed, and died. How loves exceed
In that strange fact! Yet robbed (you say) are we
Of God's own purpose of fecundity.
Exactly! You have read the golden rede.

That is the pity of all things on earth :
That all must have its consequence again.
Life ends in death and loving ends in birth.
All's made for pleasure : man's device is pain.
And in that pain and barrenness men find
Triumph on God ; and glory of the mind.