

LOVE'S WISDOM

THERE is a sense of passion after death.
Passion for death, desire to kiss the scythe,
All know, whose limbs in envious glory writhe,
And lie exhausted, mingling happy breath.
“Could I end so—this moment!” Lingereth
The lazy gaze, half mournful and half blithe.
But there's another, when the body dieth—
Hast thou no knowledge what the carcase saith?

I watched all night by my dead lover's bed.
I saw the spirit; heard the motionless
Lips part in uttering a supreme caress:
“I care not nor for life or death;” they said,
“Only for love.” “What difference?” said I,
“Dead or alive, I love thee utterly.”