

COLLOQUE SENTIMENTAL

In the ancient frozen solitary park
Two figures passed anon—now mark!

Their eyes are dead, their lips are soft and grey;
One scarce can hear the words they say.

In the ancient frozen solitary part
Two ghosts evoke the past—oh hark!

“Dost thou remember our old ecstasy?”
“Why do *you* wish to remind *me*?”

“Does thy heart beat still at my name, and glow?
“Seest thou my soul in dreams, dear?” “No.”

“Ah! the fair days of joyaunce and of gree
“When our mouths kissed, ah kissed!” “Maybe!”

“How blue the sky was, as our hope was clear!”
“Hope has gone down to Hell’s nadir.”

So in the foolish alleys they conferred,
And only midnight overheard.