

THE FORTY-EIGHTH DAY.

“Let us return
And strain what other means is left to us
In our dear peril.”

Timon of Athens.

OUR love takes on a tinge of melancholy,
The six months glory of life past on earth
About to yield to Hades' bridal birth,
The world's sad sympathy with Persephone.
Yet I myself, while tuning to her key
My sighs of sorrow, mused in secret mirth:
“I am convinced at last of money's worth,
For lack of which she cannot cross the sea.”

I told her, like a fool, a day too soon.
She went and told her story to the priest;
She wept, and borrowed money of the beast.
She told me she would go: June fell from June.
I, left in limbo; she, to front the elate
Cockoldy lawyer in the Lone Star State.