

THE FORTY-NINTH DAY.

“Let me twine  
Mine arms about that body.”  
*Coriolanus.*

I STOLE her money, even then to prove  
She had no wings to fly with: but I knew  
What to her hateful duty there was due,  
And how the hateful system stank thereof:  
I let her go, both weeping, both enough  
Heart-broken: no farewell went ever through—  
Words came not: only ever: “I love you!”  
With broken kisses and stained cheeks of love.

So all day long and half the night we wandered  
Down deep lanes and in gardens, like lost souls.  
Strong kisses that had surfeited a score  
Of earthly bridals in an hour we squandered;  
And tears like fire, and looks like burning coals,  
Without a word passed on for evermore.