Suffolk.   "If I depart from thee I cannot live.
Margaret.   "let me hear from thee,
       For whereso'er thou art in this
            world's globe
       I have an Iris that shall find thee
            out."
                 2 *King Henry VI.*

I.

At noon she sailed for home, a weeping bride
    Widowed before the honeymoon was done.
    Always before the rising of the sun
    I swore to come in spirit to her side
And lie like love ; and she at eventide
    Swore to seek me and gather one by one
    The threads of labyrinthine love new spun,
    Cretan for monstrous shadows serpent-eyed.

So the last kiss passed like a poison-pain,
    Knowing we might not ever kiss again.
    Mad tears fell fast : "Next year !" in cruel distress
We sobbed, and stretched our arms out, and despaired,
    And—parted. Out the brute-side of truth flared ;
    "Thank God I've finished with that foolishness !"

II.

Ah ! there be two sides to all shapes of truth !
    I might indeed go back to bitter toil,
    Prune the mind's vine, and gather in the spoil

Rough-conquered from books, men, fields, without
      ruth
Pillaging Nature, pawning strength and youth
    For some strange guerdon (or its counter-foil)
    Gainless or not-to-be-gained, priestly or royal,
    Profane, canaille—I know not, in good sooth!

I might do this: or else I might repose
    Wrapped in the urned leaves of my love's blown
        rose,
    Seek her in spirit, and commune, and wait
Her freedom and the rapture to enclose
    In my own house her beauty intimate.
    I am a fool, tossing a coin with fate.

III.

Is love indeed eternal? Otherwise
    Is evolution an eternal plan?
    Must I move upward in the stream of Man,
    God-ward: my life as Christ to sacrifice,
As Buddha to repress: to grow so wise,
    Space, time shall lie within my finger-span?
    I know not which I wish: either I can;
    Not both, unless all meditation lies.

I am not sure: if love as great as ours
    May not be God to part of us at least,
    Leaving the rest to find its heights and powers
In other spheres; that, night's enamoured priest;
    This, on the lake the dewy lotus-flowers
    That lift their jewelled hearts toward the East.