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Pierrot

. . . . Too soon, alas ! too soon our summer swooned  
To bitter winter . . . . and against the lace  
Of tossed white pillows lay a reckless face,  
With feverish parched mouth like a red wound. . . .

Yet still was our brave love not overthrown,  
And I would nestle at your side and see  
Your large sad eyes grow passionate for me. . . .  
Love ! wake and speak . . . . I cannot live alone. . . .

Blue as blue flame is the great sky above . . . .  
The earth is wonderful and glad and green ;  
But shut the sunlight out . . . . for I have seen  
Forgetfulness upon the face of love.