

THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

“I’ll have her: but I will not keep her long.”
Richard III.

It was impossible that she should come
Over the leagues of summer-coloured sea
Alone with love and laughter and tears and me
To the toy land of the chrysanthemum,
Where all the flowers lack scent, the birds are dumb,
The fruits are tasteless: where the jewelled lea
And the many-leaved greenery
Is dwarf: French gem-work on a baby’s thumb.

The Yankee God frowned also on the plan.
We had enough, no more. But I insist,
Still thinking I was master of my heart:
Saying, “Another month to be a man,
Another month to kiss her and be kissed,
And then—all time to Magic and to Art!”