

## A Sonnet

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There are no dreams of my imagining  
Which shall encompass all your loveliness.  
Never hath spirit worn a fairer dress,  
Nor flesh contained so beautiful a thing.  
You are all hallowed from the Heavenly King;  
And His choice angels round about you press  
Lest even the shadow of unrighteousness  
Should shade your form, or set you sorrowing.

Less fair in lustre is the Evening Star;  
And yet you shine upon my darkened ways,  
And step down from your firmament for me,  
Glittering with love, as saints and angels are!  
For this I'll worship you while I have days;  
And when days end, till ends eternity.