
THE INHERITANCE

Since you did depart
Out of my reach, my darling,
Into the hidden,
I see each shadow start
With recognition, and I
Am wonder-ridden.

I am dazed with the farewell
But I scarcely feel your loss.
You left me a gift
Of tongues, so the shadows tell
Me things, and the silences toss
Me their drift.

You sent me a cloven fire
Out of death, and it burns in the draught
Of the breathing hosts,
Kindles the darkening pyre
Of the mournful, till people waft
Like candid ghosts.

Form after form, in the streets
Waves like a ghost along
Kindled to me;
The star above the house-tops greets
Me every eve with a long
Song fiercely.

And all day long, the town
Glimmers with subtle ghosts
Going up and down
In the common, prison-like dress,
Yet their daunted looking flickers
To me, that I answer Yes!

So I am not lonely nor sad
Although bereaved of you
My love.
I move among a townfolk clad
With words, but the night shows through
Their words as they move.
