

Another Way

By Ambrose Bierce

I lay in silence, dead. A woman came
And laid a rose upon my breast and said:
“May God be merciful.” She spoke my name,
And added: “It is strange to think him dead.

“He loved me well enough, but ’twas his way
To speak it lightly.” Then, beneath her breath:
“Besides”—I knew what further she would say,
But then a footfall broke my dream of death.

To-day the words are mine. I lay the rose
Upon her breast, and speak her name, and deem
It strange indeed that she is dead. God knows
I had more pleasure in the other dream.