

The Haunting

By George Sterling

Dear, thou art ever with me. For it seems
That in all forms of beauty I must trace
Thine utter loveliness, and find thy grace
In gardens where the drooping lily teems;
Nor may the vision vanish: still it gleams
In all of sweet and beautiful whose place
Is with the day; at nightfall, lo! thy face,
A phantom pearl within the gulf of dreams!

I would some hidden twilight held us twain
Wherein all rapture and nepenthe are;
Where we might lose the memory of Pain,
And smiling, gaze on Sorrow from afar,
As one long dead, who sees sad Earth again
From Paradise, and deems her but a star.