

The Parting

By George Sterling

Gathered they sadly in that quieter day,
O soul! thy sister spirits, when that thou
Bent to thine ancient burden of the clay?
Fell not some ghostly tear-drop on thy brow?

Surely they stood as mourners, when the mesh
Of those recurrent ceremonies of the dust
Netted the spirit in her tomb of flesh.
They mourned, as ever the abandoned must.

And Memory, with all her joys and tears,
Departing cried: "Farewell! we meet again!"
But Sorrow said: "I for all worlds and years
In awful constancy to life remain."

And Love: "I share with her the mortal skies."
Their voices are forgotten here; yet when
In some dear face awake Love's changeless eyes,
We tremble—almost we remember then.