

Star I' The Darkest Night

Elia Wilkinson Peattie

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IF some sweet lady were to die in youth
And with her take a heaven of joy and truth,
Might not the Master dear of life and death,
Repenting of the act that quenched her breath,
Employ her loveliness and radiant grace
To fashion some swift star of further space?
So would she brightly shine in death's disdain
To comfort him who loved her to his pain —
His heart's sore pain.

Then, if he watched from cloud enshrouded heights,
All reverent, in still of limpid nights,
And if the eyes and soul of him were clear,
Perchance he would behold his lady dear —
Through driving cloud and specter mist and rain
And all obscurity, behold again
Her tender radiance! Oh, God, through tears
Behold her beckoning him as in old years —
The unforgotten years!

Elia W. Peattie.