

LONG BARN,  
WEALD,  
SEVENOAKS.

Darling, you come, and all my days are lit,  
You simple, complex heart I understand.  
You with <sup>the</sup> boyish charm, ~~you~~ <sup>the</sup> adult wit  
You give to all, it seems with open hand.

Let mine, I think, are your most <sup>real</sup> precious hours,  
Divided though we be by lawns and walls  
And the great gateway of our rosy towers,  
As in ~~your~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~own~~ separate room <sup>I</sup> working sit  
And you in yours, surrounded by my flowers  
Put there for you by me with love so great  
I think some movement of their loaded freight  
Must tell you of my love, — a petal falls,  
~~Leaves rustle~~  
And in the lamplight makes a pool of red  
As though in very heart you had bled,  
— Oh God! if you were dead, if you were dead!



Darling, it's so, and all my days are dark.

I find no flowers; all my joy is spent,  
and all the loveliness of life is stunk.

— Where should I be, if you never went?

I live between felicity and dread.