

If it is quiet now, and rooms are filled
With dusk unheeded by the unturned lamp
While birdnotes in the outer woods are stilled
And evening breezes rustle through the damp

Be not amazed at soggy night, lit rooms,
And at the silence here—that knew such song
Bright days ago, but lance the pending gloom
With questions of, “But why?”, “But how?”, “How long?”—

For in this empty darkness do I try
To find my soul, long vanished with the change
Of pain to gladness that my heart, long wry
With suffering welcomed in a mode so strange

That joy has cost me bitterly each goal,
For while I found my heart I lost my soul.