I never saw the Orient,
But temple bells are ringing there
And flowers give a subtle scent.
I never saw the Orient,
But I have seen the flower that it sent
With your sweet face and raven hair.
I never saw the Orient,
But temple bells are ringing there.

* *

GRAVE THIS IN STONE
What love is there
That leaves beyond recall?
No love is there that loves no more
No love at all.

Farewell to love
And all its joys as well,
For now I know how angels feel
In hell.

* *

PORTRAIT
Two things have warred within the soul of me—
The mind with all its rules,
The heart with none.
Within my eyes I hope you see
Which one has won.

* *

He thought, 'Well this is it, the final tears,
The end of what had passed from joy to grief
And well might follow through the many years
Of love like some sad, drifting leaf.
He closed the door and strode away
Before the trap was sprung to hold him fast
To one so frail whose dreams erode away
At some ill-chosen deed or word long past.
Suddenly he thought that if a woman cried
She was forever yours for all the years and years
And maybe that was good.
He hurried back to where he was before
And raised his hand and softly knocked once more.