

**DIANTHA GOES THE
PRIMROSE WAY:
AND OTHER VERSES**

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Diantha Goes the Primrose Way: And Other Verses by Adelaide Manola Hughes

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And Other Verses

By
ADELAIDE MANOLA HUGHES



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I

On Two Trains Speeding Through the Night.

Two trains rushing through the storm;
On one, the friend whose golden ring I wear
Goes from me, fortune-gathering in the West;
Toward me on the other
Speeds my lover.

Does the noise of elements conflicting
Disturb my husband's sleep?
Does any presage of his honor's loss
Pursue his mind throughout its dream?

Does the noise of elements conflicting
Disturb my lover's sleep?
Or, impatient, does he lie awake,
Waiting for me and the dawn?

I toss upon my warm, safe couch at home.
My soul in direst conflict
Utters smothered cries.
The wind shrieks; the rain beats
Against my window-pane.

Which wins, when love's so great,
And duty seems so small?

Two trains rushing through the storm.
How writhes my soul alone!

Diantha Receives His Letter.

LETTERS of blue ink upon a field of white.

You write:

"Be happy in our love, else you will make me miserable."

Oh, my dear one, can you not see
That happiness and love and you
Are one to me?
There are ties we dare not break or sunder,
Which separate us from each other;
But they cannot take from me one tiniest part
Of the rose-blooming rapture that is mine,
Being loved by you, and loving you.
So long have I waited
For this love of yours and you,
Now that you are here, you have made a Paradise
for me.

Cymbals crash in the heavens; I glory in you.
The world is aflame; and brilliance everywhere.
I do not admit the dishonor, our broken vows to
others.

Deceit, hypocrisy we must employ;
Our love is true and worth all we may pay.
The earth breathes delight;
On it are we two.

Letters of blue ink upon a field of white.

You write:

"Be happy in our love."

Diantha Uncovers Friendship.

LONG and long I loved you
Before I knew I was loving you.
Yes, I swear
That I was innocent of every snare
Of woman calling to man
And man to woman.
Friendship deep, I knew was there,
Cherished it with all my heart;
Sympathy of minds at work
Upon the same interests, striking spark
Of mind on mind, and that old contention,
Platonic friendship—upon which so many
Poor dear souls are wrecked—I stumbled over, too.
Ah, Plato, you sad philosopher,
How you must laugh
At the joke you never meant,
Starting so many on the path
You never finish with them!
I, too, laughed with Plato,
When I knew
Love was there all the while, with you, and me.