THE ANSWER AND OTHER POEMS

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The Answer and Other Poems by Hiram Powers Dilworth

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HIRAM POWERS DILWORTH

THE ANSWER AND OTHER POEMS



THE ANSWER

THE WITCH
HER JEST
THE WATER-KISS
LONGING
THE MOTHER'S SONG
A RAINY MORNING
INSOUCIANCE
TO YOU
SONNET

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The Answer

By

Hiram Powers Dilworth



THE ANSWER

Do you seek after friendship now?—after love? Do you wish me to give you again the trust I once gave freely as clouds above Give infinite rains to the heated dust?

II

Come back to thee now? Do you know what you ask? Back to the temple I found so false?

Back to the parlors of Grief, and her task

Of making them ghastly with jest and waltz?

III

Give into thy keeping a delicate thing— My heart so human and quick to love, So true where it soundeth its carolling, And timorous winged as a frighted dove?

IV

O! shudder to mention the sacred name— The name of love!—you know it not! Its utterance do thy lips defame! Its holy white you can only blot!

From "The Lament" (Unpublished)



THE ANSWER

V

My Love must be pure as Christ, and Truth Is the guardian Saint of that ruby door; No vicious plea of age or youth To scatter its virtue to the floor!

VI

My Love must be constant—a generous star Whose beams shall guide me, whatever the night; Whose radiance, pure as a silver bar, Is a magnet sweet, and an holy light.

VII

O false to the virtues I reverence most!

False—false to the truth I fancied thine!

False to thy love and my infinite trust!

False to thy conscience and false to mine!

t

VIII

To see thee, to touch thee, is terrible pain, For the one I knew and the one I see Are as quite apart as the sun and the rain, And anguish the plane where they agree!

