THE INVERTED TORCH

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The Inverted Torch by Edith M. Thomas

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EDITH M. THOMAS

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BY

EDITH M. THOMAS



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N. T. M. AND S. F. G.

MY SISTER AND MY FRIEND.

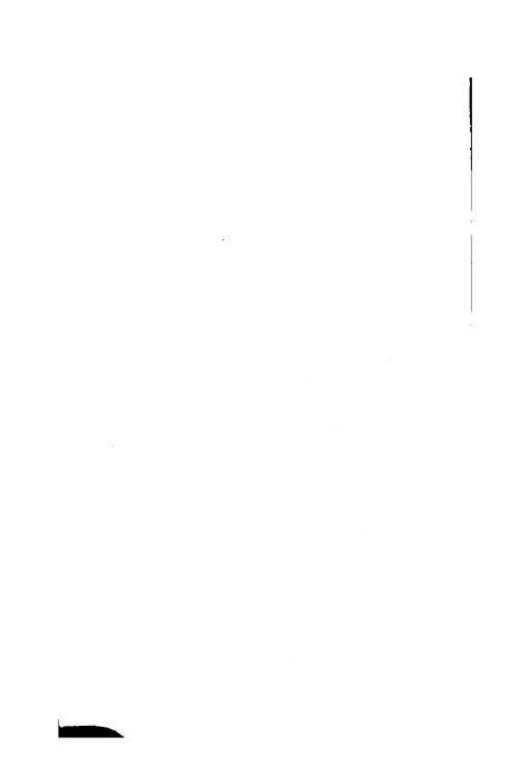
Faces wherein last shope the sinking light — Hearts that throbbed nearest mine in the new night — Cherish these leaves by lonely memory traced While faint hope starred the wide surrounding wasts.

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I dreamed that in thy hollowed palm Thou heldst some measure of gray sand, And pouring it from hand to hand Still with a seer's inspection calm Thine eye the sliding atoms scanned.

The greater part thou didst let pass And only here and there retain Some quick-discerned and precious grain : These all were closed within a glass, And ran a wonder-lighted vein.

Then with a vision's silent grace Thou gavest me the glass to mark All coming hours or bright or dark; But with the gift dissolved thy face, A fading light within its place.

I wake not all from out that dream : Mine hours, if bright or dark they be, Seem noted ever, as they flee, By that smooth-gliding magic stream From the dull drift withdrawn by thee.

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