

# **THE INVERTED TORCH**

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The Inverted Torch by Edith M. Thomas

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**EDITH M. THOMAS**

**THE  
INVERTED TORCH**



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BY

EDITH M. THOMAS



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HOUGHTON  
MIFFLIN  
& COMPANY  
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To

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

MY SISTER AND MY FRIEND.

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

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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From the dull drift withdrawn by thee.*





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