

The Darkened Room

By Elsie Higginbotham

OUTSIDE the blind, the world lives on ;
A world of mingled green and white—
The blackbird sings—no sweetness gone
From tones, last year, your chief delight ;
And yet, dear heart, that cadence sad,
In last year's notes no utterance had.

This side the blind, the world stands still ;
A world grown dumb, since yesterday ;
No hope of joy—no dread of ill,
Remains, to mar a peace whose sway,
Seems strangest, where, upon their shelves,
In dust, your books enshroud themselves.

Outside the blind, feet pass along ;
I hear a man's voice blithe and kind,
From speaking change to joyous song—
I hear, and shrink, this side the blind
But you stir not ; so fast you sleep,
I dare to kiss your brow and weep.