

Pierrot

By Olive Custance

PIERROT Pierrot at first they said you slept,
And then they told me you would never wake
I dared not think I watched the white day break,
The yellow lamps go out I have not wept.

But now I kiss your dear cold hands and weep ;
Shaken with sobs I cower beside the bed
At last I realise that you are dead
Drawn suddenly into the arms of sleep. . . .

Love ! . . . you will never look at me again
With those rain-coloured, heavy-lidded eyes,
Closed now for ever Pierrot, was it wise
To love so madly since we loved in vain ?

In vain ! in vain ! . . . but Pierrot, it was sweet
To stem the stealthy hours with wine and song ! . . .
Though death stood up between us stern and strong,
And fate twined nets to trip our dancing feet

. . . . Too soon, alas ! too soon our summer swooned
 To bitter winter and against the lace
 Of tossed white pillows lay a reckless face,
With feverish parched mouth like a red wound. . . .

Yet still was our brave love not overthrown,
 And I would nestle at your side and see
 Your large sad eyes grow passionate for me. . . .
Love ! wake and speak I cannot live alone. . . .

Blue as blue flame is the great sky above
 The earth is wonderful and glad and green ;
 But shut the sunlight out for I have seen
Forgetfulness upon the face of love.