

Home . . .

By Richard Le Gallienne

“**W**E'RE going home !” I heard two lovers say,
They kissed their friends and bade them bright
good-byes ;

I hid the deadly hunger in my eyes,
And, lest I might have killed them, turned away.
Ah, love, we too once gambolled home as they,
Home from the town with such fair merchandise,—
Wine and great grapes—the happy lover buys :
A little cosy feast to crown the day.

Yes ! we had once a heaven we called a home,
Its empty rooms still haunt me like thine eyes
When the last sunset softly faded there ;
Each day I tread each empty haunted room,
And now and then a little baby cries,
Or laughs a lovely laughter worse to bear.