

Postscript

By Ernest Wentworth

THIS enviable paper ! Oh, to think
That it will go, will really, really go
To her, my mistress. Had it soul to know,
What enviable paper ! Oh, to think——

The sweet light of her eyes, her sweet clear eyes,
Shall shine on it ; her sweet cool hands caress it,
And bear it to her sweet warm lips ; and press it
The sweet pale roses of her cheek. First, eyes,

Hands, lips, and cheek, and then, at night, all night,
In the sweet darkness of her room (ah, so !)
In the sweet stillness of her room (speak low !)
I guess where it will lie, at night, all night.