

BEREFT

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This face with all its scores and stresses could,
Like some remote and ragged palimpsest,
Disclose the present but leave unexpressed
The darker transcript of its bygone mood.
That wind and sea had triumphed in a feud
With an exhausted heart was manifest,
For unlit years had followed the arrest
Of hope behind the stone similitude.

But wind and sea alone could not create
A handiwork so stark and ultimate.
What other craft than that of love as high
As heaven, as ageless as eternity,
Might so collude with time to calcify
A grief to the chill mould of Niobe?