

From *Decorations* (1899)

**ERNEST DOWSON**

“Beyond” (1889)

Love's aftermath! I think the time is now  
That we must gather in, alone, apart  
The saddest crop of all the crops that grow,  
    Love's aftermath.

Ah, sweet,—sweet yesterday, the tears that start,  
Can not put back the dial; this is, I trow,  
Our harvesting! Thy kisses chill my heart,  
Our lips are cold; averted eyes avow  
The twilight of poor love: we can but part,  
Dumbly and sadly, reaping as we sow,  
    Love's aftermath.