

GRAHAM R. TOMSON
[ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON]

“Hic Jacet”

And is it possible?—and must it be—
At last, indifference 'twixt you and me?
We who have loved so well,
Must we indeed fall under that strange spell,
The tyranny of the grave?

In sullen severance patient and resigned,
By each of each forgotten out of mind—
Dear, is there none to save?
Must you whose heart makes answer to mine own,
Whose voice compels me with its every tone,
Must you forget my fealty to claim,
And I—to turn and tremble at your name,
Sunk in dull slumber neath a lichened stone?
Shall not my pulses leap if you be near?
Shall these endure, the sun, the wind, the rain,
And not of all our tenderness remain,
Our joy—our hope—our fear? . . .

Sweet, 'tis one thing certain— rail or weep,
Plead or defy, take counsel as we may,
It shall not profit us: this, only, pray
Of the blind powers that keep
The harvest of the years we sow and reap,
That not shall sever nor estrange us—Nay,
Let us live out our great love's little day
Fair and undimmed, before we fall on sleep.

[1895]