

“*A Quoi Bon Dire*” [What is the Point?]

Seventeen years ago you said  
Something that sounded like Good-bye:  
And everybody thinks you are dead  
But I.

So I as I grow stiff and cold  
To this and that say Good-bye too;  
And everybody sees that I am old  
But you.

And one fine morning in a sunny lane  
Some boy and girl will meet and kiss and swear  
That nobody can love their way again  
While over there  
You will have smiled, and I shall have tossed your hair

1915