

“At the Convent Gate”

“Why do you shrink away, and start and stare?  
Life frowns to see you leaning at death’s gate  
Not back, but on. Ah! sweet, it is too late:  
You cannot cast these kisses from your hair.  
Will God’s cold breath blow kindly anywhere  
Upon such burning gold? Oh! lips worn white  
With waiting! Love will blossom in a night  
And you shall wake to find the roses there!”

“Oh hush! He seems to stir, He lifts His Head.  
He smiles. Look where He hangs against the sky.  
He never smiled nor stirred, that God of pain  
With tired eyes and limbs above my bed—  
But loose me, this is death, I will not die—  
Not while He smiles. Oh! Christ, Thine own again!”