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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Upon the wave of tragedy and tears?
And I sit here, and write such foolish things!
Old house, old room, who know the falling years,
How faint must be my gloom and gloryings!

TONIGHT

My mother died when I was young,
 Yet not too young to know
What terror round the dark halls clung
 That aching day of snow.

I knew she could not comfort me.
 I sat there all alone.
Cold sorrow held me quietly
 Dumb as a snow-hid stone.

And yet I seemed to watch it all
 As in a picture-book:
The silent people in the hall,
 My father's frozen look,

The heaped white roses, and my dress
 So very black and new.
I watched it without weariness—
 Ah, how the snow-blast blew!

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Tonight

Tonight you say you love me—me
Who leap to love you. Lo,
I am all yours so utterly
You need not speak, nor show

One sign, but I shall understand
Out to our life's last rim;
Out into death's uncertain land,
Gracious be it or grim.

I am all yours. And yet tonight
The old trick haunts me. Look!
I see your face, O new delight,
As in a picture-book.

Your face, your shape, the fire-lit room,
The red rose on the shelf;
And, leaning to its passionate bloom,
Troubled with love, myself.

Oh, hold your hand across my eyes—
They have no right to see!
But now, as then, they are too wise:
They stare—they frighten me!

Fannie Stearns Davis