The traveller pauses midway on his road,
And after looking back on what he traversed,
Probes forward into clouds with timid doubt.
The hills and valleys he has crossed are worlds!
Behind him so much joy and stress! Can there
Be more to come? Shall he lie down to slumber
As if this were the journey's end, or venture
To brighter peaks, to jubilate more loudly,
Or moan more hopelessly in wilder chasms?
Was all this nothing but a morning's walk?

RECOLLECTIONS OF EVENINGS OF INNER
COMPANIONSHIP

FLOWERS

In March we put the seeds into the earth,
While still we suffered in the angry vise
Of pain to which the yester-year gave birth,
And in the final bout of sun and ice.

We fetched them water from the glassy well
And tried to raise them, bound to slender stays,
We knew that in the light their buds would swell
And in the love and brightness of our gaze.

We kept them fresh with eager industry
And — leaned together — looked with questioning fear
Into the clouds, and waited patiently
To see a leaf unfold, a shoot appear.

We gathered them in gardens and above
Where vines were terraced on a neighbouring hill,
Enchanted by the golden night we roved
And held them in our hands as children will.