

Who planted poison poppy-flowers
In those long-dead and buried hours?
Whence came these storms about my feet?

O'ay, do not speak; the time has fled,
When a word, a look of thine,
Could flutter this, scared heart of mine.
All passion, trust, and hope are dead.

My life is calm; I ask no more;
Its current you cannot disturb;
Its ebb and flow you once could curb,
But why recall the days of yore?

"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."
No one weeps o'er a sunken grave;
Our part is buried, wherefore grieve?
And I have no more tears to shed.

'Epi'