

Constant to the past and me,
 Or if thou hast wooed another,
 Can, oh! can this ever be?

I might still these useless longings,
 By some strange untold device,
 But remembrance clearly rising,
 All my hopes and fears entice.
 Should I spend my life in waiting
 What, alas! would be the price?
 Ever hoping, never beholding,
 The object of my sacrifice.

Ego.

~~"You swore to me you stony banks,~~
 "You swore to me you stony banks,
 Should sooner leave their homes above,
 You river change its native banks,
 Than you forget your early love;
 But ah!"

Whitman