



*TWO OF THEM GREW:*

*Dead leaves autumnal shed,  
Fragrant and damp, and all the varied green  
Of moss and spotted trillium between  
Kept them apart—two roses white and red.  
And yet each felt the other breathing there  
Sweet, sensuous fragrance through the wood  
might float,  
A satin petal, or a golden mote  
Of powdery pollen lingering on the air.  
And so we two — though we have never seen  
Each others' face or clasped each others' hand  
Yet know each others' being. We may stand  
Some time — some happy day — who knows?  
between  
The future and the past, and realize  
The happy present in each others' eyes.*