



An Unseen "Friend."

W. L. Titus



What manner of personage art thou, my "friend?"
Do thy grace and thy bearing a fresh beauty lend
To thy face and thy figure? What's thy disposition?
Pray, pardon this seemingly pert inquisition.

They tell me thine eyes much resemble the dawn,
With the same wistful light seen in orbs of a fawn;
That symmetrical contour of neck and of arm,
Like to Eunice of old, gives thee luster and charm.

That thy face, like a sun-burst is radiant and fair,
Framed in by a wealth of luxuriant hair;
That thy voice is like gentle night zephyrs that blow;
That from lips, rosy-red, milk and honey doth flow.

That thy silvery laughter with clear, mellow ring
Bursts forth from thy soul like a bubbling spring;
That to know thee were fraught with a dang'rous desire
To possess thee, aroused by thy deep latent fire.

Thus, have I pictured thee oft,
In thy mystery;
Thus, have I dreamt of thee
Night after night.
Break thou the spell, prithee,
Of this uncertainty—
Let thou thy vision fair
Dwell on my sight.