

Dost Thou Remember ?

Dost thou remember?... When thou camest here last
 In this fair garden fraught with amorous rest,
 We sat fondly embraced as in some nest
 Beneath the jasmine whispering of the past.

And on the flowerless jasmine all amassed
 With green leaves sleeping with the slumberous west,
 While my head softly rested on thy breast,
 Whispers of love and kissing breaths we cast.

But now that thou art gone, the jasmine, bright
 With each embrace, each kiss, each loving nod
 Of thine, blooms bright with flowers pure and white.

Thus night lights up the sky's aerial sod
 With twinkling flowers of soft and silver light
 At the fair breathing of a bidding God.

A. L.

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