

FOURTEEN LINES RIMED
IN QUIET DESPERATION

GEORGE COFFIN

Return and love you once again, you say!
Does this year's winter night recall the gleam
Of moon-fire flash on mica coated stream
In last year's snow hushed forest? Does the way
From Boston to the Inn out on the Bay
Still call you from the city in your dream
On restless nights? And do you ever scheme
To go again—go back to yesterday?
Return and love you? I have never ceased
To love nor left your side since we first met
In mystic moment charmed from time's fast flow
Through coldly measured space. My love's increased
With each repeating memory, and yet
No further meeting time is set, I know.