

Mementos

By MARIE W. LINNÉ

I will not haunt you after I am dead;
 My wistful, sad, unsatiated wraith
 Shall not be lingering near these streets we tread,
 These walls that look so much on love and death;
 My hungry laughing eyes, the words we said
 Shall no way haunt you after I am dead. . . .

Oh, I'll have other things than these to do;
 I'll find a deep depression in a hill,
 And to the wind's white songs, the drip of dew,
 Call all lost, joyous hearts to dance their fill,
 So passers-by shall wonder, pausing there,
 Remembering joy before man knew despair.

And I will keep a tame wind for my own,
 And if I break your musings, now and then,
 Riding by, through some lamplit dusk, alone,
 You will remember lightly, once again,
 A snatch of song, a vanished jest or two. . . .
 No, but for these, I'll not come back to you.