

Alfred H. Miles, ed., The Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century, 12 vols.
(London: George Routledge & Sons, 1905-07), 9: 20.

V.—AT HOME.

WHEN I was dead, my spirit turned
To seek the much-frequented house :
I passed the door, and saw my friends
Feasting beneath green orange boughs ;
From hand to hand they pushed the wine,
They sucked the pulp of plum and peach ;
They sang, they jested, and they laughed,
For each was loved of each.
I listened to their honest chat :
Said one : " To-morrow we shall be
Plod plod along the featureless sands
And coasting miles and miles of sea."
Said one : " Before the turn of tide
We will achieve the eyrie-seat."
Said one : " To-morrow shall be like
To-day, but much more sweet."
" To-morrow," said they, strong with hope,
And dwelt upon the pleasant way :
" To-morrow," cried they one and all,
While no one spoke of yesterday.
Their life stood full at blessed noon ;
I, only I, had passed away :
" To-morrow and to-day," they cried :
I was of yesterday.
I shivered comfortless, but cast
No chill across the tablecloth ;
I all-forgotten shivered, sad
To stay and yet to part how loth :
I passed from the familiar room,
I who from love had passed away,
Like the remembrance of a guest,
That tarrieth but a day.