

Thou.

[Jan. 6, 1899]

Deep in the ark abiding in my heart
Enthroned is thy love, a sacred Host;
A bit of Heaven, to me, the uttermost
That Heaven can give, or God can throw athwart
My way of life. I set the day apart
When thou, despite my childish, haughty boast,
King-like, into my soul didst walk, and crossed
My trembling hands in thine above my heart.
O Thou, my priest, thy incense floateth deep
Into the inmost crevice of my soul.
Vaguely I wonder I this ~~store~~ shouldst keep,
That in my mouth shouldst fall the precious tree
Deep-dropping from thy lips. I could but weep
Lest o'er my joy some wave of sadness roll.

Alice to Paul. Jan. 6. 1899.

Ten months married.



