

SWEET MAID AT DUSK

Sweet maid at dusk, at dawn a maid no more,
I took that gift I could not give in kind.
To trembling lips and tear-stained eyes, I swore
My love; you smiled, we slept, our souls entwined.

Poor recompense! My love was yours 'fore then,
And with it friendship, caring, soul and self.
While yet a maid, I gave you these, and when
You left; you left my heart an empty shelf.

Yet not quite bare, for some small wit remains,
And, framed with love, may yet a token be.
My heart, so weak and frail with parting pains,
Has crafted this—a sonnet meant for thee.

A poor gift still; but all I have to give,
'Till you return, then once more shall I live.

Ann Arbor, Spring of 1956