

CHARLIE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

———"A mortal shape endued
With love and life and light and deity,
And motion that may change but cannot die ;
An image of some bright Eternity ;
A shadow of some golden dream." SHELLEY.

I know the angels have blue eyes—
Or I'd not love them as I do—
Ay, by the azure of their skies
And by my dreams, their eyes are blue ;
And sure the lips and brows of Heaven,
Charlie, are molded like thine own,
And to its voices there is given
The melting music of *thy* tone.
And so the angels are like thee—
Or thus they ever seem to me.

If this light verse should meet thine eye,
Do not mistake its meaning, boy.
'Tis true that, as in hours gone by,
Thou art a loveliness and joy ;
And thou wert more than this, I know—
But, Charlie, 'twas two years ago !

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Sometimes adown the twilight Past,
'Mid mists and shadows hushed and dim,
I see thee, as I saw thee last,
Listing the autumn-wind's wild hymn,
As though thy pensive spirit heard
Prophetic voices in its sighing,
And gazing where one lonesome bird
Far through the cold, gray clouds was flying.

How blue and fathomless thine eyes
Watched that air-wand'rer's silent flight—
As if thy soul, like it, would rise
And lose itself away in light !
Though without wave or curl, thy hair
Fell golden, carelessly and low ;
The gentlest grace was in thine air ;
Thy brow was blue-veined and like snow
And sweetest dimples nestled in
The pure, pale cheek and rounded chin.
In sooth, thou wert the brightest one
Mine eyes had ever looked upon—
And thus I will remember thee,
Thou *vision-like* Reality !

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In that old wood where oft I've seen
Thee, in thy hunter-costume, rove,
And gazed upon thee till I ween
My *admiration* seemed like love ;
In that old wood, upon *that* tree
Thy name I've written o'er and o'er—
But there, since then, ah me—ah me !
I might have written—*many more* !

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If e'er I loved thee it was well—
But then I do not love thee now ;
Thy *beauty* haunts me like a spell,
But only as a dream art *thou*.
A dream, a loveliness, a joy,
Thou art, and wilt be, brightest boy.
And thou wert more than this, I know—
But, Charlie, 'twas two years ago !
