

HELIOTROPES.

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BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.  
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Their sweets are on the wind, and I
Grow pale and turn away—
For poisons that we breathe and die
Have less of death than they.

Do I not love them? Oh, the sun
Has kissed no other flowers
Since first the young world's bloom begun
To bud in Eden's bowers—

No other flowers I love so well—
Nay, those the angels wear
Could scarcely have for me a spell
Like these fling on the air.

Yet, when their perfumes meet me, I
Grow pale and turn away,
For poisons that we breathe and die
Have less of death than they!
