

WILD WORDS—BUT TRUE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

No—no—the angels do not love their Heaven
More than I do love thee, most lovely one ;
And never was so sweet a treasure given
Since Eden's roses blushed to meet the sun.
Nor did the morning stars when their first gushing
And burning thrill of minstrelsy divine
Along God's rapt infinitude was rushing,
Give more music of than that voice of thine
Seems to the waste of silence in my bosom,
When lone, and misty with the Future's tears,
It hears thee calling amaranth hopes to blossom,
And birds of Paradise to lull my fears.

And thou art beautiful, and beauty ever
Commands the worship of such souls as mine ;
And well I know the earth's cold shadows never
Fell on a truer, higher heart than thine.
And though thou hast enough of fire, its flashes
Do not, like those within my reckless breast,
Sometimes burn heart and brain almost to ashes,
And then sink into dull and feverish rest.
Thou art not like the mountain that stands proudly
In Nature's light and music, wreathed with flowers,
While in her bosom seas of flame dash loudly,
And writhe and scorch with their imprisoned powers.

And others may be dear—but thou art dearest ;
Ay, every other love that I could know,
Compared to what I have for thee, then nearest
And truest one to me of all below,
Yes, every other love to this were only
As is an atom of the dust we tread
To Heaven's most splendid star—now flashing lonely
Where Eve's last blushes linger, faintly red.
For, oh, young girl, life's gloom we have been sharing
Together, since my mourning love first crossed
In dreams, the deeps of Death, and called despairing
Upon the mother that our childhood lost. * *

I have been wildered with those dim old stories
That tell how earth was by immortals trod ;
Yet were the grandest of the marble glories
That ever dreaming genius named a God,
Warmed into breathing life by flame from Heaven,
And crowned with stars, and seated on the throne
Of *countless* Orients—I might be forgiven
To scorn his love—if purchased with thine own.
And I would scorn it—ay ! although their spices
Burned him eternal incense, and the fire
Which flashed from gems that were of *worlds* the prices,
Lighted his palace—than the mountains higher.

All other bright things that my soul is prizing
Become so dull and dim compared with thee,
That I do almost fear to see thee rising
Between the glory of my God and me.
And if, when my most lovely visions perish
Before the serpents that must sometimes start
From out the roses that we kiss and cherish,
To sting their fiery poisons thro' the heart—
If then, to madness by this torture driven,
I would not leave the earth and its despair,
It is that thou art *here*—and if for Heaven
I do not sigh—'tis that thou art not *there*.