

THE FAR FEET.

Afton Annesley, gone forever,
Cold to-night are the stars above,
That see all beauty, but never, never,
One thing sweet as our woodland love.

Over our heads the pines were sighing;
Under us two their needles lay.
Then was an end to all denying:
All we feared was the break of day.

Afton Annesley, ocean calling
Echoes all of an old regret.
Sea-mist rising and twilight falling
Waken things that I half forget.

Pain tho' it were, let me remember
All that met in the farewell kiss.
Tears and rain of a far November,
Equal now in the silences!

Afton Annesley, starlight only
Lit your way to the trysting-tree.
Here I find on the wood-path lonely
Futile dreams of a tryst-to-be.

Still would I seek you, past regaining,
Grief and joy of a tragic year.
Lost Elysium! Autumn, waning,
Murmurs all — if the heart could hear.

George Sterling .

given to
Juliet Whiston

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