Roses.

Deep in my heart I have made a shrine,
White and holy with chrism of prayer,
Calm with silence and sweet with song,—
My life's delight I have hidden there.

Dear, I loved you when first ~~me~~ we met,
You glanced on me, and you went your way;
I felt the power of a gifted soul,
No grace of mine won your eyes to stay.

I have made my heart a shrine for you,
On its altar blooms one pale, sweet rose.
All things are fairer because you live,
My days are blessed until life shall close.

Dear, had you loved me, nor passed me by,
Kindled my soul with your earnest gaze,
How it had flamed into splendid flower,
Light and glory through endless days!

I bless my life for its one delight,
My rose of love, sweet, pale, and cold,
So cold and pale in the sun's hot ray,—
Death may discover its fadeless gold!