

Van Buren Life

Dose — Ten lines in half a pint of salt — taken three times a day (until exhausted).

Chapter I

The Storm

December 29, 1904

Was it real—or was it a dream?
The lamp burned dim in its shaded hood
And the cottage rocked in the gale's fierce clasp,
Moaned and creaked with the fearful strain,
And frozen spray on the window stood.
Was it real—or was it a dream?
You stood by my side in the storm-tossed night,
Your eyes alight with the old sweet smile
And I felt your arms as they drew me close,
And woke—to see but the shaded light.

It all began with the storm. Never, in all my ten summers and two and a half winters at Van Buren have I witnessed such a storm as that of the 29th of December. It grew gradually worse as night shut down, and at 7:30 the spray was dashing against my windows in sheets. Every few minutes a sweep of spray clattered against the glass with a sound of hailstones. Before that night I had always felt secure in the cottage, but I cheerfully confess that as the gale increased in fury I became more and more nervous. The creaking and moaning of the straining walls became worse and worse. At last a loud snap and crack startled me so that I half rose to my feet. I gathered my few valuables and, putting my sheep pelt-lined coat on, I stuffed them into the pockets and with hat on I sat down to await the going over — or in — of the walls.

I wrote three letters, and that helped to make me forget a little. But they were soon finished and my restlessness returned. About 10:30 I became too sleepy to endure it any longer, and extinguishing all lights save one in the

dining room, I shaded that, turned it low, and crept under a blanket on the cot in the sitting room and fell into an uneasy sleep. Trying to sleep in all my clothes — added to the howling of wind and water, and creak and moan of straining timbers — made me wake every little while. About 12:30 I could endure the discomfort no longer, so I arose and undressed, crept back to bed, and slept the sleep of exhaustion.

In the morning the gale had died down a little and I then saw what I never expect to see again. The bluff, for yards back from its edge, was sheathed in ice — every blade and spear of grass stood up round and stiff in its coating of ice. The smaller bushes were so heavily laden that most of them were bent to the ground, and twigs no larger than a small pencil were covered with ice often over three inches in diameter. The larger trees were coated on the windward side with ice three and four inches thick for about ten feet above their roots. The surface of the cliffs was so sheathed with the creamy armor that not a rock was to be seen. Creamy? Yes, for that was the most startling part of it. All the ice was a light cream color, caused, I suppose, by the muddy water after our recent thaw and rain.

I never want to witness another such storm! Today — the 30th — Mrs. Holtz came down here to see if I were alive or not. She worried about me during the storm. Their pasture, where the Jackways' fish shanty stands, was half under water (so she said) during the storm, and she feared my cottage had been blown over. But not a cottage on the Point was blown down. Wasn't it strange? Tonight the gale is rising again, but it is from the south-southwest and does not touch my cottage. I only hope it won't veer to the west. I've had enough of storms for the present.

It was on the night of the 29th that I dreamed the dream that caused me to write what I did at the beginning of this *chapter*. The dream was so vivid, so real, that it has haunted me ever since. I've often had dreams, but unless they were nightmares and champed the bit too loudly, I've paid no attention to them. But this dream was different from any I can ever remember having had before. Perhaps living alone so long has turned my brain, and I am beginning to *see things*, but I'll let you judge after you've read the dream. I only know this — that when I awoke your voice was still ringing in my ears as plainly, as clearly, as if you'd just spoken. I would like to tell it to you, for writing cannot describe it fully, so I shall only give you the general outline of it and some day, perhaps — if I ever see you again for a long talk — I will tell it in detail. I always distrust letters anyway. They are constantly conveying the wrong idea and are getting me into — or rather have gotten me into — such scrapes that at times I have vowed never to write another one save on business.

But it's now 9:35 — past my bed hour — so I must stop writing and turn in. I am writing this in book form because the little incidents of my life here that would interest you are so disconnected that I can think of no other way to join them save by *chapters*. If you care enough to keep up the correspondence for a while, I would like to feel that my letters are for your eyes and yours alone. But that, of course, rests with you, dear. I never could address a crowd, but when I am speaking to one person alone I can concentrate my thoughts upon what I am saying because I can usually feel in touch with that one person. Do I make my meaning clear? And now I'll say good night and leave you and my dream alone with one another.

Chapter II

The Dream

The storm was still holding sway — yet it was like a storm on a stage. I saw, yet did not feel it. People passed around me on the grounds, yet they were like spirits, though I knew they were real. I felt that I was looking for someone, someone who I knew would be there, although I did not know who they were. Then came a blank space of which I remember nothing much.

The next that I remember clearly is this: I had found the person for whom I had sought, and it was you.

We stood on one of the cliff edges, looking at the huge waves below. I looked up at you and asked you a question, and you, with lips serious but smiling eyes, looked down at me and answered the question. Then I knew that I must return to the waking land, and begged you to wait for me, as I would surely return. I awoke, half expecting to see you, but instead, the dim light and roar of wind and wave. I must have been more than half asleep even then, for I knew that I must hurry back to dream-land and you. But though I quickly returned to sleep, it was only to wander during the remainder of the night in search of you, for I never found you.

And now comes the strange part of it all. The question I asked you was one I wanted to ask you last summer when you were lying on the beach, that last day before you left. But I did not suppose I'd ever see you again, and so let the subject drop. Some day, perhaps, I'll ask it.

When I awoke, your voice sounded as clearly in my ears as though you had just spoken. It was the most vivid dream I've ever had. You were taller than I, and when you answered me you had to stoop slightly, as you would really have had to do, in order to make me hear above the roar of waves and wind. And the answer? No, I won't satisfy your curiosity, dear. Some day — perhaps —

Chapter III

Difficulties of Leaving Van Buren

In the latter part of November I had an order come in. It was quite a large order, considering that it came from Fredonia, and as I had no time in which to fill it by Christmas, I offered Miss B. the choice of two that I had on hand. She chose one of these and I waited for a favorable day in which to drive to Fredonia with it. I dared not trust it to the mail and didn't like to trust it to the express company. Days went by, and the weather still kept up its fiendish actions. So at last I went to Mr. Jackway's and asked for Nell. Fortunately Mr. Jackway was at home. He usually drove to Dunkirk every day to go out on his boat, but that day, being in charge of a full-sized blizzard, he was at home. It was about 2 p.m. when I clambered into the box, and Mr. Jackway wished me good luck as he pitched a shovel into the box behind me.

I knew that the roads were drifting fast, but as I had walked down the beach I didn't realize how fast. My one hope was to get to Fredonia and back before they became impassable. Maybe you remember the two hollows on the Lake Road just before you turn into Van Buren? It was in the first one that Nell went down. I got out and, calming her, I shoveled her out. I got in again and started her up. At the next hollow where the drift began, she again went down. Again I got out and shoveled her out, and again got in and started her up. She went about four or five yards and down again! By that time she was trembling violently from the effort of plowing her way, belly-deep, through the drifts, and was rapidly becoming nervous. I had to talk to her constantly to keep her from

plunging into me as I stood in front of her and shoved her out. The drift stretched ahead of me to the top of the hill, and after getting in and trying to turn her across it into the fairly clear pasture at one side — only to have her half down again — I gave up and, unhitching her, I tried to drive her home. Drive! Ye tears!! She pulled me through that snow until my footprints were two yards apart. I could get no purchase for my feet, so couldn't brace myself enough to stop her. At last onto my knees I went, sliding, wallowing, plunging. She pulled me until, with an effort, I threw all my weight backward with a sudden yell and jerk and she stopped. Then I tied the lines so that they wouldn't trip her, and let her go home alone.

At the barn door she waited for me, and after putting her in, I went in and told Mr. Jackway about it, asking him to drive me to Fredonia, He consented and I walked home to get dinner and dress. But after arriving there I saw how late it was and decided to risk sending the picture by express. So back to the Jackways I once more trudged, gave him the picture (packed) and went home. Now, this doesn't sound very hard, but when you remember that a howling gale was waltzing over Erie from the west, carrying with it a driving, blinding mass of stinging snow-flakes, and that the beach was rough and almost impassable owing to the huge mass of ice hills and cakes, the four afternoon trips to the Jackways' will seem a little more trying.

But my misery was not at an end by any means, for a few days later I received word that the picture was damaged in transit and had been returned for repair, if it was not beyond repair. Again, delay until Mr. Jackway could get it for me from Dunkirk. I repaired it and again sent it to the Dunkirk express office. But this time, thank

goodness, it was for the last time, for it got through all right and proved satisfactory to Miss B.

I'd often helped Mr. Jackway shovel Nell out last winter when he was hauling wood for me and Nell went down, but never before have I been alone when such a thing happened, and I never want to be again. To me it is an awful thing to see a horse down and struggling to rise. I never can get used to it. It is pitiful and horrible at the same time, but doubly so when you are alone on a blizzard-swept road, out of sight of anyone. If Nell hadn't been the best of horses I'd have had my neck broken, for I had to go under her and in front and behind her as I dug her legs out. I was deeply thankful, also, that I had my high boots and trousers on, for there was scarcely a time when my feet could touch a solid substance. It was almost as bad as treading water. Never again, no never again will I take little pleasure trips outside of Van Buren when winter reigns.

Chapter IV

Water

One scarcely thinks of water when they live in town. It is taken as a matter of course that water should be in a house along with the stove and other necessary things. But you may remember your own experience when you were camping here — how each bucket of water had to be wearily hauled up the bank from the lake.

Last winter and the winter before I always had water hauled for me. This winter, also, I intended to do it, but it all came about in this manner: Mr. Jackway was busy fishing and couldn't do it for weeks. So I went to *Mine Chousine* and offered to pay him the usual price of 25¢ per barrel. But he, while not absolutely refusing, didn't seem to be breaking his heart at the prospect of losing it. So in disgust I went home and lugged about 20 pails of water up the cliff. This filled one barrel.

The next morning I filled the other in the same manner. When fresh snow falls I fill a barrel with that as fast as I remove the water, and so the one in the kitchen is constantly full. Those outside catch the rain and melting snow from the roof, and when a cold wave comes and they begin to freeze solid, I empty them to keep them from bursting. At other times I merely chip a hole in the ice every morning, and so keep them from bursting. It isn't much work, and yet all these little things help to fill my days to the brim.

The drinking water I get from the lake and use after boiling and straining it. Now that the shore is being rapidly filled with icebergs, I will have to dig a well through the ice. It is more work, but the water is perfectly

clear in an ice well, and much cleaner than when the waves roll in.

Later

The above sounds easy, but since then I've tried to chip an ice well as Mr. Jackway did for me last winter when he hauled the water. I had to cut steps in the ice down the cliffside. Then I began wandering over the icebergs and floes, uphill and down I trudged, chipping two or three wells only to find the ice extended to the lake bottom. At last I had to give up in disgust after about three hours' useless effort.

I am now growing tipsy on boiled rain water. You've no idea, Joe, how intoxicating a drink it is. And charming! I feel that at last I've found what my soul (stomach) has yearned for all these weary years!

Chapter v

Provision

I wish those people who wonder how I live and how I manage to get my food here in winter could see what I have on hand, and a few of my meals. At the risk of tiring you, I will give a list of all I can remember of my eatables, asking you to remember that they are in dozens, not single cans, and the meats and pickles etc. in bulk, not quarts or pints or one or two pounds.

Meats: Canned salmon, oysters. 45 pounds corned beef. Six pounds dried beef. Five pounds salt mackerel. Salt pork, salt blue pike. 20 pounds fresh beef (frozen), herring.

Vegetables: Peas, string beans, red kidney beans, navy beans, lima beans, corn, squash, canned and fresh; cabbage, turnips, tomatoes, spinach, beets, onions, potatoes, rice, sauerkraut.

Fruits and Preserves, etc.: Apples, cranberries, pineapple, strawberry jam, blackberry jam, quince jelly, quince and apple jelly, apple jelly, crabapple jelly, grape jelly, grape juice (unfermented), tomato jam, plum preserves, spiced sickle pears, preserved quinces, peaches, pears, currant jelly, peach butter.

Sours: Chili sauce, tomato catsup, gherkins, olives, horse-radish, Yorkshire sauce.

Miscellaneous: Macaroni, cheese, tea, cocoa, chocolate, coffee, lemon juice, condensed milk and cream.

That isn't all by any means, but all I can remember without looking them over. The other day I had for dinner chicken and dumplings, squash, potatoes, pickles and baked apples and cream for dessert. Yet people seem to think I starve all winter, or else live on the most scant, bare fare possible. I have enough to last me until May, when I expect to leave, with the exception of eggs, chickens, butter and potatoes. These I get from Mrs. Holtz and as soon as her cows *come in* I will again get milk from her. I put up most of the preserves, jellies and pickles myself and am astonished at my success, for they are keeping splendidly.

Chapter VI

Painting in Winter

Once in a great while I have a streak of energy. In those rare moments I hastily grab my painting kit and sally forth in quest of a picture — I don't always get it, but sometimes I do. The other morning as I sat by the sitting room window, I happened to glance out and saw the following. The sun was just rising and its first level rays touched the shifting fog bank that waved and undulated across the still surface of the lake. I say *still*, and yet a low smooth swell rose and fell in glassy lines. Near shore the water could be seen, but only a short distance out, the fog began, at first in stringy, soft veils that rose like spots of steam from the water and yet farther out it deepened gradually into the dense bank of mist. It was turned to pure gold by the sunlight, and the water was gold and palest of sea greens. Above, the sky was deepest cerulean blue softening to green, then pale salmon and at last melting into the low bank of yellow mist. One point stood out darkly, and around it shifted, coiled and broke the fog. It was a dream, and I hastily grabbed pastels and took a color note. Later I took a pencil note of the wave action around the base of the cliff, and began the picture. I expect to finish it before long, and have great hopes for it.

It is extremely difficult to work in winter. Water colors freeze out of doors, so I have to work in pastels, and either finish them in the open or in the house. Sometimes I do them all over again in water color. It all depends upon the subject and what medium I think is best suited to it. Winter painting is no *cinch* — the cold stiffens the fingers so that after half an hour I scarcely feel the chalk between them, and often it drops to the ground. I cannot

wear gloves, they bother me so. And sometimes I come into the house with hands that are red as blood and aching, stiff and cracked from cold. But it's *all in the day's work* so I don't mind.

With the exception of the grip — the grippe or *La Grippe* (*You pays your money and you takes your choice*) Thanksgiving week, I have not had a cold this winter. Not bad, is it?

Chapter VII

Wood

The question of wood is one that is bothering me less this winter than ever before.

You may remember that the day we had our talk on the road to Fredonia I spoke of having two men at work cutting wood. Well, they loafed and fooled over the job in spite of my constantly urging them to hurry. The best wood was at the other end of the Van Buren woods near Days' cottage. There was only one way to get it out when cut, and that was by a *road* that had been used so long that it was constantly soft, even in the driest weather. The first rain would make it impassable. After I had endured the men's fooling for one week and saw that they didn't intend to hurry, I paid them and dismissed them with the remark that I could do it faster myself.

That was on Monday morning. Monday afternoon I went at it with ax and saw and Tuesday morning and afternoon also. Wednesday morning I got Nell and the wagon and worked from about ten until five. During that time I hauled seven loads, big ones. Five loads were cut wood, logs and limb wood, and two were planks for kindling. The logs were anywhere from six to ten feet long, and from four to ten inches in diameter.

I was pretty hot and tired when I drove Nell home and went for the milk after dark. But the sight of that wood pile more than repaid me. It was the next evening, I think, that I was sitting by the lamp reading. I happened to scratch my neck just by the trapezius muscle when, to my horror, I discovered a large lump there. I worried over it for about a week and then, drawing a sketch of

the muscles of the neck and indicating the location of the lump by a dot, I sent that and a description to Mama and asked her to see a doctor for me. To my great relief, Dr. Moore said it was nothing but an enlargement of a minor tendon caused by over-straining and a too rapid chilling after some exertion. It must have happened the day I drew the wood, for the logs were — several of them at least — very heavy, and as I lifted most of them in the middle and then with a swing of the other hand on the end, threw them several feet to the wood pile, the strain was rather severe.

But that wasn't the end of it by any means. Mama became worried and told Dr. Dods about it and that she hadn't heard from me for a long time (it was really three days and I was too busy to write then) so he promised to drive out and see whether I was a corpse or a kicker. So one evening about six I heard sleigh bells and upon going to the door saw an unknown man step out of the dusk and roar, *Well you're a nice young lady, you are, scaring your mother half to death!* It was Dr. Dods and after assuring himself that I was really alive and only suffering (!) from an enlarged tendon, he took his departure.

A day or so ago, Mr. Jackway came over with Nell and together we hauled four more loads of planking, and now I believe I am fixed for the winter. I am as far as wood and food are concerned, anyway. Today (January 4th) I finished papering the sitting room, and tomorrow I hope to do the dining room also, and cut a lot of kindling and wood for the sitting room stove. That one is a small chunk stove and has to have very small pieces of wood as the firepot is only 1 foot long.

The wood that I hauled was over half a cord — what
I'd cut by myself. The wood cut by the men, I helped
a farmer haul. He overcharged me, so I bounced him also.

Chapter VIII

Just Odds and Ends

I wonder whether you remember a certain remark you made last summer. It was when we were all walking over to take that boat ride, and in crossing a small creek on the beach you caught your skirt and half fell. *I just hate skirts!* you exclaimed, or words to that effect.

My present costume is not as graceful, certainly, but far more *comfy* than if I wore skirts: sweater above and trousers — bicycle trousers — below, ending in felt stockings when the weather is cold, and low shoes when it is warm. In the house I wear a skirt, but when going out I put on either a rubber or canvas coat falling below the knees. High hip boots *rubber* complete this novel garb, of which I herewith give an illustration *trusting you will recover from the shock.*

During the deep snow I wore skis. At first the long wooden runners bothered me. But gradually, I became accustomed to them and could travel much faster than I could without them. It is much like skating save that the feet always point straight ahead. It was such fun to slide over the huge drifts, sinking only an inch or so, when, if I'd been without the skis, I'd have gone in over my knees.

January 6th

It is warm tonight, and the melting snow is softly drip-dripping on the roof above me. I wish I could give you even a dim idea how warm and comfy the cottage is in winter. The popular impression seems to be that I am a mass of frozen ears, toes, noses and fingers,

that I constantly hug the stove in order to get even a vague suggestion of warmth into my cold, stiff person. But the truth is that never, while I was boarding in Buffalo or New York, going to the League, have I been as comfy as I am here. The thermometer is hung on the inside near the outer wall, and near the floor, as that is where it is coolest, yet I seldom have it below 65. It is only on the zero days with a gale blowing that it does not reach 60. And even on those days I can make it rise to 65 by careful attention to the stoves. There are practically no draughts as I have caulked all cracks with cotton. I often have to open the doors before going to bed, in order to cool the house off. In the morning, of course, it is usually 32 or below, but I've always liked a cold room to sleep in and even when at home kept the thermometer at that in winter. Sometimes my evening bath wakes me up so that I don't want to go to bed. So I take a book and, throwing my steamer rug over me, I lie on the cot and read until sleepy. That doesn't sound like a cold house, does it? There are many furnace-heated houses that are not nearly as comfortable as my little thin summer cottage.

I saw a funny sight the other day. Two ice floes were drifting past the point and on them were a lot of seagulls taking a free ride. They were squawking away to each other and every once in a while two or more would swap places, No. 1 going to No. 2's ice floe and No. 2 going to No. 1's. I couldn't help laughing, they acted so like a lot of kids, playing at grownups.

Chapter IX

Ends and Odds

Dear Joe,

Today I made a pie.
It was a wond'rous pie!
(Now you must take my word for it,
It really is no lie).
The filling first I stirred around,
With sugar and with spice.
(The recipe it called for milk,
I substituted ice).
Cloves, cinnamon and salt I put
In it, and allspice too,
If I'd had more I'd added them,
For those I had seemed few.
Of crusts I'm always scary,
But I tackled it with vim,
And stirred and prodded,
Rolled and cut it in a pancake thin.
I pulled it out so brown and crisp
And nibbled up the filling.
The cats they nibbled down the crust
(It really was most thrilling!)
Though all the stuff I dumped in it
Were wond'rous quite b'gosh,
Yet it was good, most passing good,
this *pumpkin* pie — of squash!

No, dear, I must plead *not guilty, my Lord* to the charge of composing *The Canadian Twilight*. I found the poem in a newspaper lying on the beach one summer, I think it was 1895. I at first intended to illustrate it and copy the music also. In fact I had most of the illustrations and

cover done, and then, growing dissatisfied with my work, sent you only the words. The music is in minor and I think you would like it. You like minor, don't you? I don't know who wrote it, as the author's name was not given.

I received some news today (January 10th) that may upset all my plans. If I ever write again I may have some startling news to impart.

By the way, I've taken up plumbing. One day the sink got on a spree, and threatened to run away. So I got on my knees and pleaded with the trap for about an hour. It responded nobly and the sink became its old quiet self once more. Later I turned my attention to the rear veranda. In an alcove I built in a dainty (!) wee woodshed (looking like a cross between a drunken woodpile and a crazy henhouse). This I now keep stocked with large and small cut wood, and kindling, so that on stormy days I have a reserve supply at hand.

Mama is rooming at the Dentons' in Fredonia, a beautiful little home, yet they have trouble keeping the house warm these cold windy days. And yet I, in my little thin-boarded cottage, am warm as toast and envy no one their furnace-heated house (as long as the aforesaid cottage doesn't blow over).

Chapter x

Odds

I wonder, now that this letter is drawing to a close, why I am writing to you. I will probably see you once more, when I say good-bye, and then, a memory ...

My life is so vastly different from yours that I doubt whether you will be interested in it, dear. I have tried to select the few little incidents that perhaps may hold something of interest for you. If I have conveyed the feeling of freedom, out-of-door life, and wild, happy loveliness, I have done all I could. I have written this usually in the evening, after the day's work was finished, so if it has a jerky, incomplete sound, you may know the reason.

I will leave here in May. If what I really believe is true, this place will be one that no decent, self-respecting person will even enter, by the first of July. Isn't it pitiful — horrible! I love this old place more than any other spot on Earth, and no one can feel as I do, for it has been my home, virtually, for the past ten years. Year after year I have returned to it, year after year I have seen my work improve here, and year after year I have sold my pictures of Van Buren. Is it any wonder, then, that I love the place as no one else can? And can any one else feel the horror as deeply as I, the awful, sickening horror of seeing a beautiful home turned into a sinkhole of iniquity? For such I believe it will become by the end of July. Its end will probably be a grazing ground for cattle and livestock. Better that at once than what threatens, for as a Scotchwoman friend of mine tersely puts it, *Beasts, aye, worse than beasts, for the beasts of the field are as God made them, but the mon is as he has made himsel'*. I wish you could meet her. She is so good and honest,

but with a tongue that is worse than vitriol when she doesn't like a thing. To hear her talk you would imagine you were reading one of Crockite's novels, her Scotch is so broad. She looks like Ellen Terry, and is tall and strong, fairly radiating health and life. If she were speaking, this is how she would ask the question that I am going to ask you: Sin' we're gooin' to drop a' haandles to oor names, I'd like to aask you this favor. Whan A was a wee bairn, A niver knowd wha' ma reel name was. A was ca'd by ma nickname and 'twas not until ma eighth year that A heard ma reel name o' Anna. 'Twas a feersome blow, aand on that day A stopped growing.

So, an' you have in your heart a kind thought for me, fair maid, I do pray thee to think of some other thing by which to call me. Aye, even if it's nought else than Toodles or Odds Bodkins!

Chapter XI

The End

Perhaps, when you at last arrive at the end of this ramble,
I will be forced to say with the unremembered author,

“I never had a fond gazelle
To glad me with its dappled hide
But when it got to know me well
It fell upon the buttered side!”

I sincerely hope you won't fall upon your buttered side.
It would indeed be a tragic and lamentable fate to try to
bear up and I'll promise never to do it no more.

Last year at this time a person could have walked out
on the frozen lake for miles (if they'd been idiot enough
and hadn't fallen through on the way out). But today,
the calm pale blue open water comes to within a few
yards of the shore. There the icebergs begin, some of them
over 25 feet high. The Point lies asleep in a soft haze of
sunlight, the brown earth bare save for a few long low
streaks of snow that once were huge snow banks. Dove-
colored birds with olive-green and black wings are
hopping around the house singing a happy, low crooning
song of contentment. You, house-prisoned, have no
conception of the glory of all this, dear. The thrill of
unexpected pleasure at a bird's song. The sudden joy,
as on an evening walk home you catch sight of a tall,
dull green pine rearing its silent silhouette against a soft
pink cloud. The dreamy nights, filled with mist of moon
and snowlight or the wild dash of spray high-thrown
against a copper-hued sunset sky. I love it, I love it all,
from the glitter of new-fallen snow on a clear morning
to the wild, windswept grey days. And now with the

afternoon sunlight sifting through bared branches to my
paper, as I sit here in the sitting room I will write one
more word, and with it my love:

Finis



I dreamed I was alone,
 alone,
And Oh! It was so sad away from home,
 from home,
My eyes upon the sand I bent,
 I bent,
My head upon my hand I leant,
 I leant,
I dreamed of days gone by, and things
 and things,
And simple childish joys, and strings,
 and strings.



*What is it? Who will rightly guess
If it be naught but nothingness
That dribbles from a wayward pen
To spatter in the eyes of men!*

— J.W. Riley



Notes