REUNITED

Let us begin, dear love, where we left off;   
   Tie up the broken threads of that old dream;   
   And go on happy as before; and seem   
Lovers again, though all the world may scoff.

Let us forget the graves, which lie between   
   Our parting and our meeting, and the tears   
   That rusted out the goldwork of the years;   
The frosts that fell upon our gardens green.

Let us forget the cold malicious fate   
   Who made our loving hearts her idle toys,   
   And once more revel in the old sweet joys   
Of happy love. Nay, it is *not* too late!

Forget the deep-ploughed furrows in my brow;   
   Forget the silver gleaming in my hair;   
   Look only in my eyes!  Oh! darling, there   
The old love shone no warmer then than now.

Down in the tender depths of thy dear eyes,   
   I find the lost sweet memory of my youth,   
   Bright with the holy radiance of thy truth,   
And hallowed with the blue of summer skies.

Tie up the broken threads, and let us go,   
   Like reunited lovers, hand in hand,   
   Back, and yet onward, to the sunny land,   
Of our To Be, which was our Long Ago.

*Poems of Passion* by Ella Wheeler   
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