

MEMORY

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'Tis but
The barbed spine from which but yesterday
The last leaf fluttering fell—
This bare, black, pointed barb of wind-swept tree.

'Tis but
The leaden sky from which but yesterday
The last flake fluttering fell—
The dull-eyed child of storm-spent clouds on high.

And yesterday
Into
The tireless sea, wounded, down dropped
A lonely sea-bird—fluttering as it fell—
Into that restless aching void of wind-tossed sea.

This bare black barb,
This dull-eyed child,
This aching void of foam,—
'Tis Memory.