

SONNET 8

A vast and empty loneliness has come  
Into my heart engulfing my poor life  
With bitterness: and like an ice-cold knife  
Wounding my soul in twists and pains. While some  
Are carefree, some in business gaily hum,  
My world is flat and tasteless, sad and sore,  
More lifeless than it ever was before;  
My thoughts to futile wishes now succumb.

That she is far away I cannot think:  
For still her laughs in sweet cadenzas play  
Upon my heart those thoughts no words can say.  
And when to rose repose the calm days sink  
Bright Mem'ry paints a loving picture kind,  
And gentle on the canvas of my mind!