

SONNET 10

Far o'er yon horizon in the sky
Where blushes flush the rosy cheek of night
And pink clouds kiss the hills and holy light
Suffuses heaven, oft my earth-seared eye
Has seen a star and, marvelling, wondered why
It seemed so kind, so interested in me.
"Conceit," they say, "to think a star could be
Aware of you!" I must agree and sigh.

Are thus to be then all my earthly friends?
They are shining, like a star, and each
Too fine and pure for my unworthy reach.
They smile; I soar; then suddenly it ends.
I see 'twas not for me, and back I sink
To earth again, left all alone,--to think.