

‘IF YOU HAD KNOWN’

If you had known  
When listening with her to the far-down moan  
Of the white-selvaged and empurpled sea,  
And rain came on that did not hinder talk,  
Or damp your flashing facile gaiety  
In turning home, despite the slow wet walk  
By crooked ways, and over stiles of stone;  
If you had known

You would lay roses,  
Fifty years thence, on her monument, that discloses  
Its graying shape upon the luxuriant green;  
Fifty years thence to an hour, by chance led there,  
What might have moved you? – yea, had you foreseen  
That on the tomb of the selfsame one, gone where  
The dawn of every day is as the close is,  
You would lay roses!