

Before I knew you, I had always loved you,
Even as I dreamed of whom I'd love.
My inner picture was a portrait of you
Years before your heart my heart would move.
Vistas of enchantment are but rarely
As we find them in reality.
Love with you is what I dreamed, but really,
Eden as no dream could ever be.
Nor is this the magic of the moment,
The proper costume for the holiday.
In words like these one finds the winnowed ferment,
Not of the desire, but of the way,
Else lost amid the longings of the day.

