

TO A DIVORCED HUSBAND

Fifteen years we lived together,
Five we've lived apart,
Half a continent divides us --
Live I in your heart?

You've a wife and I've a husband --
We are far apart!
Each must work out his salvation.
Live I in your heart?

We were young when we were married,
Now so far apart!
And we thought we loved so deeply.
Live I in your heart?

I was gay and proud and heedless,
Dreamed not we could part.
You were cold and stern and ruthless ---
Live I in your heart?

In my hurt and angry passion,
Cared not if we part,
I defied you, gibed and jeered you.
Live I in your heart?

She, so seeming sweet and tender;
He with cunning, charming art,
Wove with skill the web ~~betwixt~~ between us,
Live I in your heart?

Hard and cynical you judged me,
Your decree-- we part!
Madness swept me in a whirlwind --
Live I in your heart?

But now in the fields where the grain had been
Only stubble and stalk;
A barren field, bare, bleak and dry,
A bitter waste and mock.

Her man rode in from the harvest fields,
Tired, haggard and grey.
He tried to smile, as he patted her back,
In his rough yet tender way.

But her hands went out with a mothering cry,
As she drew his head to her breast,
And she said with a smile that was sadder than tears:
"Let's pretend it was for the best!"

Calgary 1922.