

A SONNET

Remember me when I am gone afar,
On high adventure bound, by land or sea;
But do not grieve when you shall think of me,
Else should our parting be too hard to bear,
Robbing us both of happiness. We are
Two beacons in a world of dreams; one light
Burns to the other through the darkest night,
Distant, yet full of hope, like some far star.

Remember me when death itself shall close
Upon me, and my dream shall end. I pray
My memory shall be a joy to you,
Making your path less lonely. And who knows?
Even then my light may burn, to turn to day
Your night of grief, till your dream too be through.

D. M.' 24

