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## The First Sweet Words of a Play

Helen Campbell

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## THE FIRST SWEET WORDS OF A PLAY

All things about a play  
 Take my heart in fee:  
 Entrances and exits say,  
 Come, come, come with me!  
*But what is that to you, to you?  
 Stand still while I die!*

You there and I here  
 All these years of living—  
 Well then, my very dear,  
 Gifts I might be giving—  
*But what is this to you, to you?  
 Stand still while I die!*

Moon stones blown out thin  
 To use for stage drinking—  
 When they break a little din—  
 Just the noise of thinking—  
*But what is this to you, to you?  
 Stand still while I die!*

Take my voice: I have your eyes—  
 Fasters die but slowly—  
 I'm not conjuring your demise  
 But only that you wholly  
*Stand still while I die.  
 But what is that to you, to you—*

HELEN CAMPBELL

## TWO ROADS BOTH TAKEN

Two roads diverged in a double wood,  
 And sorry I could not travel both  
 And be one traveller, puzzled I stood,  
 Then walked down one as far as I could  
 To where it turned into undergrowth;