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But He Knew Me

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Who's to recall, excepting in the mind:
The sly, deceiving mind, so like the weather,
Mercurial, ambivalent, even blind —
Not to be trusted one day to another.

Are you the same or different, my darling?
I cannot tell. My eyes of mind, I vow,
Tell nothing, only that you're here, my darling,
And same or different, mine, at least for now.

FRANCES ELEONORE SCHLUNEGER

BUT HE KNEW ME

I walked into the wintery fields
Between the dusk and dark—
The dog that died walked by my side,
But none could hear him bark,
And none descry him there but I
Who went with loneliness. . . .

How often must the heart preclude
The entrance of despair,
And find its ease in fantasies
Too intimate to share,
Or take a wraith and call it faith,
And so by faith progress!

I wandered through the countryside
When suddenly there came
A strange lost dog in wind and fog—
I could not call his name,
But he knew me, and joyously
And proudly walked me home.