ALICE MEYNELL

A POET’S WIFE

I saw a tract of ocean locked in-land
Within a field’s embrace—
The very sea! Afar it fled the strand
And gave the seasons chase,
And met the night alone, the tempest spanned,
Saw sunrise face to face.
O Poet, more than ocean, lonelier!
In inaccessible rest
And storm remote, thou, sea of thoughts, dost stir,
Scattered through east to west,—
Now, while thou closest with the kiss of her
Who locks thee to her breast.