



F.

Was...

The wave hath burst white upon the beach.
Speak no more of it.

The leaf hath rotted. No more can it teach
But a moral for joy unfit.

The day hath ended. Who speaks of its morn
But must think of its night?

The |old| corpse is rotting. That it was once born
Seems a lie to the sight. (✓)

The heart hath broken; no more can it throb
With deep love or care.

Its voice hath vanished; no more can it sob
In its deep despair.

Thus all things do crumble and all doth pass,
But not always forgot;

For we feel it deep, and in the heart "was"
Meaneth but "is nob".

Alexander Search.

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