

## A BROKEN APPOINTMENT

You did not come,  
And marching Time drew on, and wore me numb. –  
Yet less for loss of your dear presence there  
Than that I thus found lacking in your make  
That high compassion which can overbear  
Reluctance for pure lovingkindness' sake  
Grieved I, when, as the hope-hour stroked its sum,  
You did not come.

You love not me,  
And love alone can lend you loyalty;  
– I know and knew it. But, unto the store  
Of human deeds divine in all but name,  
Was it not worth a little hour or more  
To add yet this: Once you, a woman, came  
To soothe a time-torn man; even though it be  
You love not me?

