

The Dream.

Strange, to see you in a dream. Talking fast  
And yet unheard. Standing in the distance,  
By a kind of rim, your hand on it;  
Perhaps the edge of a tower. Your name was Marsh.  
It was so long ago that your face is dim,  
But there you were. Your features came back to me.  
When I woke they were gone again. But the sense  
Of your face, its shadow, remained, and the way  
You stood, disengaged, yet seeming to declaim,  
In silence, half in darkness, nearly smiling.  
You were killed sixteen years ago, in a tower.  
A shell burst at the window. You died at once.  
You took so long to come again. Yet there you were.