ONE OF US TWO

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

The day will dawn, when one of us shall harken
In vain to hear a voice that has grown dumb,
And morns will fade, noons pale, and shadows darken,
While sad eyes watch for feet that never come.

One of us two must sometime face existence
Alone with memories that but sharpen pain.
And these sweet days shall shine back in the distance,
Like dreams of summer dawns, in nights of rain.

One of us two, with tortured heart half broken,
Shall read long-treasured letters through salt tears,
Shall kiss with anguished lips each cherished token,
That speaks of these love-crowned, delicious years.

One of us two shall find all light, all beauty,
All joy on earth, a tale forever done;
Shall know henceforth that life means only duty.
Oh, God! Oh, God! have pity on that one.

Still — "Everything's Made for Love"

"Dad"

Riley and for Frances Boyklin Smith

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