

HER LETTER

It breathes of yellow jasmine blooms,
A sunset garden's faint perfumes –
So well remembered I would dare
To say they floated from her hair.
And once more, in a dream, I press
My lips against a fragrant tress,
A fragrant mouth, a rose-leaf face,
And trusting eyes that bear the trace
Of good-by tears. Ah, heart of mine,
My tears are blotting each dear line!

By Beth Slater Whitson

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