

Forgiveness

By Walter de la Mare

O thy flamed cheek,
Those locks with weeping wet,
Eyes that, forlorn and meek,
On mine are set.

‘Poor hands, poor feeble wings,
Folded, a-droop, O sad!
See, ’tis my heart that sings
To make thee glad.

‘My mouth breathes love, thou dear.
All that I am and know
Is thine. My breast—draw near:
Be grieved not so!’