

*Send all
replies to*

A QUOI BON DIRE?

Seventeen years ago you said
Something that sounded like Good-bye;
And everybody thinks that you are dead,
But I.

So I, as I grow stiff and cold
To this and that say Good-bye too;
And everybody sees that I am old
But you.

And one fine morning in a sunny lane
Some boy and girl will meet and kiss and swear
That nobody can love their way again
While over there
You will have smiled, I shall have tossed your hair.

CHARLOTTE M. MEW.

Miss C. M. Mew,
9, Gordon Street,
Gordon Square, W.C.

**Reproductions from the Charlotte Mew Digital Collection are provided courtesy of the
University at Buffalo Libraries.**

Preferred Citation:

[Title], *Digital Collections - University at Buffalo Libraries*, accessed [date accessed], [URL].