

AGAIN.

One day, not here, you will find a hand
Stretched out to you as you walk down ^{some} ~~the~~ heavenly street,
You will see a stranger scarred from head to feet
But when he speaks to you you will not understand
Nor yet who wounded him nor why his wounds are sweet.
And saying nothing, letting go his hand,
You will leave him in the heavenly street-
So we shall meet!

Charlotte M. Mew.

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