

AGAIN.

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One day, not here, you will find a hand  
Stretched out to you as you walk down ~~the~~ <sup>some</sup> heavenly street,  
Some  
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!

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Charlotte M. Mew.

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

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**Preferred Citation:**

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