

FROM A WINDOW.

Up here, with June, the sycamore throws
Across the window a whispering screen;
I shall miss the sycamore more, I suppose,
Than anything else on this earth that is out in green.
But I mean to go through the door without fear,
Not caring much what happens here
When I'm away: - 15
How green the screen ~~the sycamore throws~~ across the panes
Or who goes laughing along the lanes
With my old lover all the summer day.

CHARLOTTE MEW.

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