

If I should learn, in some quite casual way,  
That you were gone, not to return again -  
Read from the back page of a paper, say,  
Held by a neighbor in a subway train,  
How at the corner of this avenue  
And such a street (so are the papers filled)  
A hurrying man, who happened to be you,  
At noon today had happened to be killed,  
I should not cry aloud, I could not cry  
Aloud, or wring my hands in such a place -  
I should but watch the station lights rush by  
With a more careful interest on my face;  
Or raise my eyes and read with greater care  
Where to store furs and how to treat the hair.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

*Wm. F. F. F.*