



## **Time Does Not Bring Relief**

Time does not bring relief; you all  
have lied  
Who told me time would ease me  
of my pain!  
I miss him in the weeping of the  
rain;  
I want him at the shrinking of the  
tide;  
The old snows melt from every  
mountain-side,  
And last year's leaves are smoke  
in every lane;  
But last year's bitter loving must  
remain  
Heaped on my heart, and my old  
thoughts abide.  
There are a hundred places  
where I fear  
To go - so with his memory they  
brim.  
And entering with relief some  
quiet place  
Where never fell his foot or  
shone his face  
I say, 'There is no memory of him  
here!'  
And so stand stricken, so  
remembering him.