

To Solitude

By Alice Cary

I am weary of the working,
 Weary of the long day's heat;
To thy comfortable bosom,
 Wilt thou take me, spirit sweet?

Weary of the long, blind struggle
 For a pathway bright and high,—
Weary of the dimly dying
 Hopes that never quite all die.

Weary searching a bad cipher
 For a good that must be meant;
Discontent with being weary,—
 Weary with my discontent.

I am weary of the trusting
 Where my trusts but torments prove;
Wilt thou keep faith with me? wilt thou
 Be my true and tender love?

I am weary drifting, driving
 Like a helmless bark at sea;
Kindly, comfortable spirit,
 Wilt thou give thyself to me?

Give thy birds to sing me sonnets?
 Give thy winds my cheeks to kiss?
And thy mossy rocks to stand for
 The memorials of our bliss?

I in reverence will hold thee,
 Never vexed with jealous ills,
Though thy wild and wimpling waters
 Wind about a thousand hills.

Source: American Poetry: The Nineteenth Century (The Library of America, 1993)