

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Ernest Myers**

**- poems -**

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## Infant Eyes

Blood of my blood, bone of my bone,  
Heart of my being's heart,  
Strange visitant, yet very son;  
All this, and more, thou art.

In thy soft lineaments I trace,  
More winning daily grown,  
The sweetness of thy mother's face  
Transfiguring my own.

That grave but all untroubled gaze,  
So rapt yet never dim,  
Seems following o'er their starry ways  
The wings of cherubim.

Two worlds man hardly may descry,  
(For manhood clouds them o'er),  
Commingled to mine inward eye  
Are shadowed forth once more:

That lost world, whither man's regret  
With fictive fancy turns;  
That world to come, where brighter yet  
The star of promise burns.

Time and his weary offspring Care  
Fade in that gaze away;  
One moment mystically fair  
Lives on, one timeless day.

Ernest Myers