

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Philip Joseph Holdsworth**

**- poems -**

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## **Hast Thou Forgotten Me?**

HAST thou forgotten me? the days are dark—  
Light ebbs from heaven, and songless soars the lark—  
Vexed like my heart, loud moans the unquiet sea—  
Hast thou forgotten me?

Hast thou forgotten me? O dead delight  
Whose dreams and memories torture me to-night—  
O love—my life! O sweet—so fair to see—  
Hast thou forgotten me?

Hast thou forgotten? Lo, if one should say—  
Noontide were night, or night were flaming day—  
Grief blinds mine eyes, I know not which it be!  
Hast thou forgotten me?

Hast thou forgotten? Ah, if Death should come,  
Close my sad eyes, and charm my song-bird dumb—  
Tired of strange woes—my fate were hailed with glee—  
Hast thou forgotten me?

Hast thou forgotten me? What joy have I?  
A dim blown bird beneath an alien sky,—  
O that on mighty pinions I could flee—  
Hast thou forgotten me?

Hast thou forgotten? Yea, Love's horoscope  
Is blurred with tears and suffering beyond Hope—  
Ah, like dead leaves forsaken of the tree,  
Thou hast forgotten me.

Philip Joseph Holdsworth

## **My Queen of Dreams**

In the warm flushed heart of the rose-red west,  
When the great sun quivered and died to-day,  
You pulsed, O star, by yon pine-clad crest --  
And throbbed till the bright eve ashened grey --  
Then I saw you swim  
By the shadowy rim  
Where the grey gum dips to the western plain,  
And you rayed delight  
As you winged your flight  
To the mystic spheres where your kinsmen reign.

O star, did you see her? My queen of dreams!  
Was it you that glimmered the night we strayed  
A month ago by these scented streams?  
Half-checked by the litter the musk-buds made?  
Did you sleep or wake?  
Ah, for Love's sweet sake  
(Though the world should fail and the soft stars wane!)  
I shall dream delight  
Till our souls take flight  
To the mystic spheres where your kinsmen reign!

Philip Joseph Holdsworth

## Quis Separabit?

All my life's short years had been stern and sterile --  
I stood like one whom the blasts blow back --  
As with shipmen whirled through the straits of Peril,  
So fierce foes menaced my every track.

But I steeled my soul to a strong endeavour,  
I bared my brow as the sharp strokes fell,  
And I said to my heart -- "Hope on! Hope ever:  
Have Courage -- Courage, and all is well."

Then, bright as the blood in my heart's rich chalice,  
O Blossom, Blossom! -- you came from far;  
And life rang joy, till the World's loud malice  
Shrilled to the edge of our utmost star.

And I said: "On me let the rough storms hurtle,  
The great clouds gather and shroud my sun --  
But you shall be Queen where the rose and myrtle  
Laugh with the year till the year is done."

So my Dream fell dead; and the fluctuant passion --  
The stress and strain of the past re-grew,  
The world laughed on in its heedless fashion,  
But Earth whirled worthless, because of you!

In that Lake of Tears which my grief discovered,  
I laid dead Love with a passionate kiss,  
And over those soundless depths has hovered  
The sweet, sad wraith of my vanished bliss.

Heart clings to Heart -- let the strange years sever  
The fates of two who had met -- to part;  
Love's strength survives, and the harsh world never  
Shall crush the passion of heart for heart;

For I know my life, though it droop and dwindle,  
Shall leave me Love till I fade and die,  
And when hereafter our Souls re-kindle,  
Who shall be fonder -- You or I?

Philip Joseph Holdsworth