



Time Does Not Bring Relief Poem Lyrics

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.

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