

After Death  
Christina Rossetti

The curtains were half drawn, the floor was swept  
And strewn with rushes, rosemary and may  
Lay thick upon the bed on which I lay,  
Where through the lattice of ivy-shadows crept.  
He leaned about me, thinking that I slept  
And could not hear him; but I heard him say,  
“Poor child, poor child”: and as he turned away  
Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept.  
He did not touch the shroud, or raise the fold  
That hid my face, or take my hand in his,  
Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head:  
He did not love me living; but once dead  
He pitied me; and very sweet it is  
To know he still is warm though I am cold.