

## DEPARTURE

*By* MIRIAM WADDINGTON

Should I for one reason or another,  
Pack bag and baggage, look around the house,  
And leave it by a careful act of will—  
Or busy at some task with pain and trouble,  
Preparing dinner with an absent minded skill,  
I should be bent, or torn apart, or burnt to rubble,  
By some queer atoms, loosed and gone askew,  
Perhaps the plates, until this moment dumb  
Would cry their grief and clang their sadness out  
And call my fragments, mistress, mistress, come!

Outside is stillness and the frozen stars  
Stick to the window, dislocated, blue,  
Like imprints of the snowballs, which though warned not to  
The small boys, heedless, threw.