If I hear sad birds singing, or green branches
tenderly stirring in the summer breeze,
or husky murmuring of limpid waters
flowing in some cool, flower-bordered stream,
there where I sit brooding on love or writing,
I see one that heaven showed us and earth hides,
I see her, hear her, know that, still alive,
she’s answering my sighs from far away.

“Oh, why destroy yourself before your time?”
she pityingly says, “Why keep on pouring
a painful river from your wretched eyes?

Don’t cry for me, for dying made my days
eternal, and within the inner light
I opened eyes I seemed here to have closed.”

13: “inner light”—the purely spiritual light of God.