from 'The Soldier's Wife'

A woman lies, unreconciled
To grief, whose heart beat like mine own;
Whose love came back, yet came not, grown
A stranger to her and her child.
She only said he had 'gone wild,
Clean wild': and with her life turned stone
She watched this man, not hers, and smiled.

Jean Guthrie-Smith, from 'The Soldier's Wife'

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