The Solitary

My heart has grown rich with the passing of years,
    I have less need now than when I was young
To share myself with every comer
  Or shape my thoughts into words with my tongue.

It is one to me that they come or go
    If I have myself and the drive of my will,
And strength to climb on a summer night
    And watch the stars swarm over the hill.

Let them think I love them more than I do,
    Let them think I care, though I go alone;
If it lifts their pride, what is it to me
    Who am self-complete as a flower or a stone.

--Sara Teasdale

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