

# Sonnet XLVIII

by [Edna St. Vincent Millay](#)

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Now by the path I climbed, I journey back.  
The oaks have grown; I have been long away.  
Taking with me your memory and your lack  
I now descend into a milder day;  
Stripped of your love, unburdened of my hope,  
Descend the path I mounted from the plain;  
Yet steeper than I fancied seems the slope  
And stonier, now that I go down again.  
Warm falls the dusk; the clanking of the bell  
Faintly ascends upon this heavier air;  
I do recall those grassy pastures well:  
In early spring they drove the cattle there.  
And close at hand should be a shelter, too,  
From which the mountain peaks are not in view.