**Life In A Love**

Robert Browning

Escape me?  
Never---  
Beloved!  
While I am I, and you are you,  
So long as the world contains us both,  
Me the loving and you the loth  
While the one eludes, must the other pursue.   
My life is a fault at last, I fear:  
It seems too much like a fate, indeed!  
Though I do my best I shall scarce succeed.  
But what if I fail of my purpose here?  
It is but to keep the nerves at strain,  
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,  
And, baffled, get up and begin again,---  
So the chace takes up one's life ' that's all.   
While, look but once from your farthest bound  
At me so deep in the dust and dark,  
No sooner the old hope goes to ground  
Than a new one, straight to the self-same mark,  
I shape me---  
Ever  
Removed!