

Muriel Stuart -- "In the Orchard"

"I THOUGHT you loved me." "No, it was only fun."
"When we stood there, closer Than all?" "Well, the harvest moon
Was shining and queer in your hair, and it turned my head."
"That made you?" "Yes." "Just the moon and the light it made
Under the tree?" "Well, your mouth too". "Yes, my mouth? "
"And the quiet there that sang like the drum in the booth.
You shouldn't have danced like that." "Like what?" "So close,
With your head turned up, and the flower in your hair, a rose
That smelt all warm. " "I loved you. I thought you knew.
I wouldn't have danced like that with any but you."
"I didn't know. I thought you knew it was fun."
"I thought it was love you meant." "Well, it's done." "Yes, it's done.
I've seen boys stone a blackbird, and watched them drown
A kitten -- it clawed at the reeds, and they pushed it down
Into the pool while it screamed. Is that fun, too? "
"Well, boys are like that . . . Your brothers . . ." "Yes, I know.
But you, so lovely and strong! Not you! Not You!"
"They don't understand it's cruel. It's only a game."
"And are girls fun too?" "No, still in a way it's the same.
It's queer and lovely to have a girl . . ." "Go on."
"It makes you mad for a bit to feel she's your own,
And you laugh and kiss her, and maybe you give her a ring,
But it's only in fun." "But I gave you everything."
"Well, you shouldn't have done it. You know what a fellow thinks
When a girl does that." "Yes, he talks of her over his drinks
And calls her a-" "Stop that now. I thought you knew."
"But it wasn't with anyone else. It was only you."
"How did I know? I thought you wanted it too.
I thought you were like the rest. Well, what's to be done?"

"To be done?" "Is it all right?" "Yes." "Sure?" "Yes, but why?"
"I don't know. I thought you were going to cry.
You said you had something to tell me." "Yes, I know.
It wasn't anything really . . . I think I'll go."
"Yes, it's late. There's thunder about, a drop of rain
Fell on my hand in the dark. I'll see you again
At the dance next week. You're sure that everything's right?"
"Yes." "Well, I'll be going." "Kiss me . . ." "Good night." . . . "Good night."

Bob McKenty -- "Adam's Song"

Come, live with me and be my love.
Come romp with me in Eden's grove—
In unabated love, not shy
But unabashed by nudity
Where you can bare—sans shame—your breast
Until the fell Forbidden Feast.
Thereafter I shall toil and sweat
To earn whatever bread we eat
And you, in bearing children shall
Know pain and suffering. The Fall
Will bring us sickness, death, and fear,
Embarrassment and underwear
(For which the Fig donates its leaf)
And poets who are surely deaf.

WH Auden -- "Funeral Blues"

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message 'He is Dead'.
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

Thomas Hardy -- "Neutral Tones"

We stood by a pond that winter day,
And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,
And a few leaves lay on the starving sod;
 – They had fallen from an ash, and were gray.

Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove
Over tedious riddles of years ago;
And some words played between us to and fro
 On which lost the more by our love.

The smile on your mouth was the deadest thing
Alive enough to have strength to die;
And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
 Like an ominous bird a-wing....

Since then, keen lessons that love deceives,
And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me
Your face, and the God curst sun, and a tree,
 And a pond edged with grayish leaves.

DH Lawrence -- "I am Like A Rose"

I am myself at last; now I achieve
My very self, I, with the wonder mellow,
Full of fine warmth, I issue forth in clear
And single me, perfected from my fellow.

Here I am all myself. No rose-bush heaving
Its limpid sap to culmination has brought
Itself more sheer and naked out of the green
In stark-clear roses, than I to myself am brought.

William Blake -- "The Sick Rose"

O Rose thou art sick.
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night
In the howling storm:

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

Dorothy Parker -- "One Perfect Rose"

A single flow'r he sent me, since we met.
All tenderly his messenger he chose;
Deep-hearted, pure, with scented dew still wet -
One perfect rose.

I knew the language of the floweret;
'My fragile leaves,' it said, 'his heart enclose.'
Love long has taken for his amulet
One perfect rose.

Why is it no one ever sent me yet
One perfect limousine, do you suppose?
Ah no, it's always just my luck to get
One perfect rose.