

## A Series of Poems

by Sappho of Lesbos

- ☞ 44 Without warning  
As a whirlwind  
swoops on an oak  
Love shakes my heart
- ☞ 45 If you will come  
I shall put out  
new pillows for  
you to rest on
- ☞ 46 Thank you, my dear  
You came, and you did  
well to come: I needed  
you. You have made  
love blaze up in  
my breast—bless you!  
Bless you as often  
as the hours have  
been endless to me  
while you were gone
- ☞ 47 I was so happy  
Believe me, I  
prayed that that  
night might be  
doubled for us
- ☞ 48 Now I know why Eros,  
Of all the progeny of  
Earth and Heaven, has  
been most dearly loved
- ☞ 49 She was dressed well:  
Her feet were hidden  
under embroidered  
sandal straps—fine  
handwork from Asia
- ☞ 50 But you, monkey face  
Atthis, I loved you  
long ago while you  
still seemed to me a  
small ungracious child
- ☞ 51 I was proud of you, too  
In skill I think  
you need never  
bow to any girl  
not one who may  
see the sunlight  
in time to come
- ☞ 52 After all this  
Atthis, you hate  
even the thought  
of me. You dart  
off to Andromeda

☞ 53 With his venom  
Irresistible  
and bittersweet  
that loosener  
of limbs, Love

reptile-like  
strikes me down

☞ 54 Afraid of losing you

I ran fluttering  
like a little girl  
after her mother

☞ 55 It is clear now:

Neither honey nor  
the honey bee is  
to be mine again

☞ 56 Day in, day out

I hunger and  
I struggle

☞ 57 You will say

See, I have come  
back to the soft  
arms I turned from  
in the old days

☞ 58 Tell me

Out of all  
mankind, whom  
do you love

Better than  
you love me?

☞ 12 It's no use

Mother dear, I  
can't finish my  
weaving

    You may  
blame Aphrodite

soft as she is

she has almost  
killed me with  
love for that boy

**Novel  
Wyatt Mason**

**by Arthur Rimbaud, translated by**

NOVEL

I

No one's serious at seventeen.  
—On beautiful nights when beer and lemonade  
And loud, blinding cafés are the last thing you need  
—You stroll beneath green lindens on the promenade.

Lindens smell fine on fine June nights!  
Sometimes the air is so sweet that you close your eyes;  
The wind brings sounds—the town is near—  
And carries scents of vineyards and beer ...

II

—Over there, framed by a branch  
You can see a little patch of dark blue  
Stung by a sinister star that fades  
With faint quiverings, so small and white ...

June nights! Seventeen! —Drink it in.  
Sap is champagne; it goes to your head ...  
The mind wanders; you feel a kiss  
On your lips, quivering like a living thing ...

III

The wild heart Crusoes through a thousand novels  
—And when a young girl walks alluringly  
Through a streetlamp's pale light, beneath the ominous shadow  
Of her father's starched collar ...

Because as she passes by, boot-heels tapping,  
She turns on a dime, eyes wide,  
Finding you too sweet to resist ...  
—And cavatinas die on your lips.

IV

You're in love. Off the market till August.  
You're in love. —Your sonnets make Her laugh.  
Your friends are gone, you're *had news*.  
—Then, one night, your beloved, writes ...!

That night ... you return to the blinding cafés;  
You order beer or lemonade ...  
—No one's serious at seventeen  
When lindens line the promenade.

29 September 1870

Some Love Poems by E.E. Cummings

82

true lovers in each happening of their hearts  
live longer than all which and every who;  
despite what fear denies, what hope asserts,  
what falsest both disprove by proving true

(all doubts, all certainties, as villains strive  
and heroes through the mere mind's poor pretend  
—grim comics of duration: only love  
immortally occurs beyond the mind)

such a forever is love's any now  
and her each here is such an everywhere,  
even more true would truest lovers grow  
if out of midnight dropped more suns than are

(yes; and if time should ask into his was  
all shall, their eyes would never miss a yes)

83

yes is a pleasant country:  
if's wintry  
(my lovely)  
let's open the year

both is the very weather  
(not either)  
my treasure,  
when violets appear

love is a deeper season  
than reason;  
my sweet one  
(and april's where we're)

LIV

if everything happens that can't be done  
(and anything's righter  
than books  
could plan)  
the stupidest teacher will almost guess  
(with a run  
skip  
around we go yes)  
there's nothing as something as one

one hasn't a why or because or although  
(and buds know better  
than books  
don't grow)  
one's anything old being everything new  
(with a what  
which  
around we come who)  
one's everyanything so

so world is a leaf so tree is a bough  
(and birds sing sweeter  
than books  
tell how)  
so here is away and so your is a my  
(with a down  
up  
around again fly)  
forever was never till now

now i love you and you love me  
(and books are shuter  
than books  
can be)  
and deep in the high that does nothing but fall  
(with a shout  
each  
around we go all)  
there's somebody calling who's we

we're anything brighter than even the sun  
(we're everything greater  
than books  
might mean)  
we're everyanything more than believe  
(with a spin  
leap  
alive we're alive)  
we're wonderful one times one

## Wedding Day

by Seamus Heaney

### *Wedding Day*

I am afraid.  
Sound has stopped in the day  
And the images reel over  
And over. Why all those tears,

The wild grief on his face  
Outside the taxi? The sap  
Of mourning rises  
In our waving guests.

You sing behind the tall cake  
Like a deserted bride  
Who persists, demented,  
And goes through the ritual.

When I went to the Gents  
There was a skewered heart  
And a legend of love. Let me  
Sleep on your breast to the airport.

## I Can't Tell You How Much I Miss You by Alexis Kienlen

i can't tell you how much  
i miss you

I tell you too much.  
About how I miss your hands your breath  
the warmth of your chest your hipbones when they poke me  
in the side, sex in all forms, your head between my legs,  
someone to hold me, fulfillment, conquest, skin, limbs from  
all sides and the sound and scent of desire.

I can't tell you how much I miss you any more.

## **I Don't Love Anyone**

**by Belle & Sebastian**

I don't love anyone  
You're not listening  
You're playing with something  
You're playing with yourself

I don't love anyone  
You're not listening even now  
You're playing with someone  
You're playing with someone else

And if there's one thing that I learned when I was a child  
It's to take a hiding

I don't love anything  
Not even Christmas  
Especially not that  
I don't love anything

No, I don't love anyone  
Maybe my sister  
Maybe my baby brother too, yeah  
I don't love anyone

But if there's one thing that I learned when I was still a child  
It's to take a hiding  
Yeah if there's one thing that I learned when I was still at school  
It's to be alone

Out in the street today  
The kids are playing, having fun  
I pass them by I'm not a kid, no  
I don't love anyone

I met a man today  
He told me something pretty strange  
There's always somebody saying something  
He said, "The world is as soft as lace"

But I don't love anyone