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Young Poet's Lament

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YOUNG POET'S LAMENT

To be charming in a world that's lost its charm,
To be delighted in a world that's lost delight

I might

Speak about the freckles on her arm,
Her sweet face blushing in the morning light.

But other poets did that, did that well.
For other mistresses they pined and sighed

And tried

By every strategem they knew to cast a spell
To turn them into creatures they could ride.

She didn't need such words. Almost
Before I could pronounce her name

She came

Against me in my bed and tossed
The blankets back, embraced me without shame.

What then of mystery? How can
I practice praising when the one I'd praise

Has raised

Her body to my own, has spoiled my plan
To woo her slowly and to leave her dazed?

Yet speak, she tells me, speak of soul and heart.
Tell me what they said, those silly men.

And then

If love and lust prove somehow worlds apart
Slow down Time. Have at me with your pen.