**When we two parted**

When we two parted

In silence and tears,

Half broken-hearted

To sever for years,

Pale grew thy cheek and cold,

Colder thy kiss;

Truly that hour foretold

Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning

Sunk chill on my brow—

It felt like the warning

Of what I feel now.

Thy vows are all broken,

And light is thy fame;

I hear thy name spoken,

And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,

A knell to mine ear;

A shudder comes o’er me—

Why wert thou so dear?

They know not I knew thee,

Who knew thee too well:—

Long, long shall I rue thee,

Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—

In silence I grieve,

That thy heart could forget,

Thy spirit deceive.

If I should meet thee

After long years,

How should I greet thee!—

With silence and tears.

—Lord Byron

**La Figlia che Piange**

*O quam te memorem virgo ...*

Stand on the highest pavement of the stair—

Lean on a garden urn—

Weave, weave the sunlight in your hair—

Clasp your flowers to you with a pained surprise—

Fling them to the ground and turn

With a fugitive resentment in your eyes:

But weave, weave the sunlight in your hair.

So I would have had him leave,

So I would have had her stand and grieve,

So he would have left

As the soul leaves the body torn and bruised,

As the mind deserts the body it has used.

I should find

Some way incomparably light and deft,

Some way we both should understand,

Simple and faithless as a smile and shake of the hand.

She turned away, but with the autumn weather

Compelled my imagination many days,

Many days and many hours:

Her hair over her arms and her arms full of flowers.

And I wonder how they should have been together!

I should have lost a gesture and a pose.

Sometimes these cogitations still amaze

The troubled midnight and the noon’s repose.

—T. S. Eliot

**Dream Song 39**

Goodbye, sir, & fare well. You’re in the clear.

“Nobody” (Mark says you said) “is ever found out.”

I figure you were right,

having as Henry got away with murder

for long. Some jarred clock tells us it’s late,

not for you who went straight

but for the lorn. Our roof is lefted off

lately: the shooter, and the bourbon man,

and then you got tired.

I’m afraid that’s it. I figure you with love,

in life, in death, but I have a little sense

the rest of us are fired

or fired: be with us: we will blow our best,

our sad wild riffs come easy in that case,

thinking you over,

knowing you resting, who were reborn to rest,

your gorgeous sentence done. Nothing’s the same,

sir,—taking cover.

—John Berryman

**In My Dreams**

In my dreams I am always saying goodbye and riding away,

Whither and why I know not nor do I care.

And the parting is sweet and the parting over is sweeter,

And sweetest of all is the night and the rushing air.

In my dreams they are always waving their hands and saying goodbye,

And they give me the stirrup cup and I smile as I drink,

I am glad the journey is set, I am glad I am going,

I am glad, I am glad, that my friends don't know what I think.

—Stevie Smith

**Leave-Taking**

I do not know where either of us can turn

Just at first, waking from the sleep of each other.

I do not know how we can bear

The river struck by the gold plummet of the moon,

Or many trees shaken together in the darkness.

We shall wish not to be alone

And that love were not dispersed and set free—

Though you defeat me,

And I be heavy upon you.

But like earth heaped over the heart

Is love grown perfect.

Like a shell over the beat of life

Is love perfect to the last.

So let it be the same

Whether we turn to the dark or to the kiss of another;

Let us know this for leavetaking,

That I may not be heavy upon you,

That you may blind me no more.

—Louise Bogan