

## A LOVER'S LAMENT

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Shakespeare, ye most noble bard,  
    Who spoke of love between two minds;  
Although correct, sir, please admit  
    That there are loves of other kinds.

And Marvell, ye of "chariot wing'd,"  
    Who pinched young maidens' cheeks so pink,  
Unhappily, your passion proud  
    Did not afford you time to think.

Must mind and body live apart?  
    Must flesh be always torn from heart?  
Must passion quit when judgment start?  
    And lust begin when reason part?

Alas!—it's true—for I've yet to find another  
Who can quench the one and stimulate the other!