

To nurture love that is to have an end,
Is to grow pain and plight in wake of love:
Not asking them to give but just to lend,
Yet just to cry at the removal of.

A meadow of the most alluring sights,
Although beware the beauty for it lies:
'Tis Memories thus which Romantics write,
And poison, pain, and grief the blooms comprise.

Trust not the tale, Miss Romance sighs and lies,
There lie more ghosts on lips than kisses' cling.
And heavy weighs the past: tears paint grisailles,
For none can 'scape nor dull reflections sting.

To tend ephem'ral love is to untie
The bow of pain wrought by love born to die.