

Sonnet

By Richard Meacock

How strange to see your checkered shirt hang there,
And there, your torn plaid nightgown on its hook.
How strange to see, no matter where I look,
The little marks that you've left everywhere.
Your fingerprints have caught me unaware,
These smudges here around your favourite glass
And on the lantern here, and none surpass
For grief these boots that you'll no longer wear.

So, I will hang your shirt out on the line
And let the wind blow, as if it can define
You; I shall see it swell and wave your hand,
You will laugh and turn, survey our land,
But for tonight I'll sleep in our deep bed
And search for you, and things we never said.

Reluctance

By Robert Frost

Out through the fields and the woods
And over the walls I have wended;
I have climbed the hills of view
And looked at the world, and descended;
I have come by the highway home,
And lo, it is ended.

The leaves are all dead on the ground,
Save those that the oak is keeping
To ravel them one by one
And let them go scraping and creeping
Out over the crusted snow,
When others are sleeping.

And the dead leaves lie huddled and still,
No longer blown hither and thither;
The last lone aster is gone;
The flowers of the witch hazel wither;
The heart is still aching to seek,
But the feet question 'Whither?'

Ah, when to the heart of man
Was it ever less than a treason
To go with the drift of things,
To yield with a grace to reason,
And bow and accept the end
Of a love or a season?