

CLODIA IN A KALEIDOSCOPE

i

Though, lady, to praise may be impertinence,  
not to be moved to praise would show a lack of sense:  
and though I lack all but my native five,  
in them I dwell, and know you are alive.

ii

Whether I prefer that chastity lodestone  
your behaviour or profligacy depends  
I suppose on the chances of me  
being invited to the party.

iii

Chaste, yet sweet  
gars me greet:  
sweet but chaste  
seems such a waste.

iv

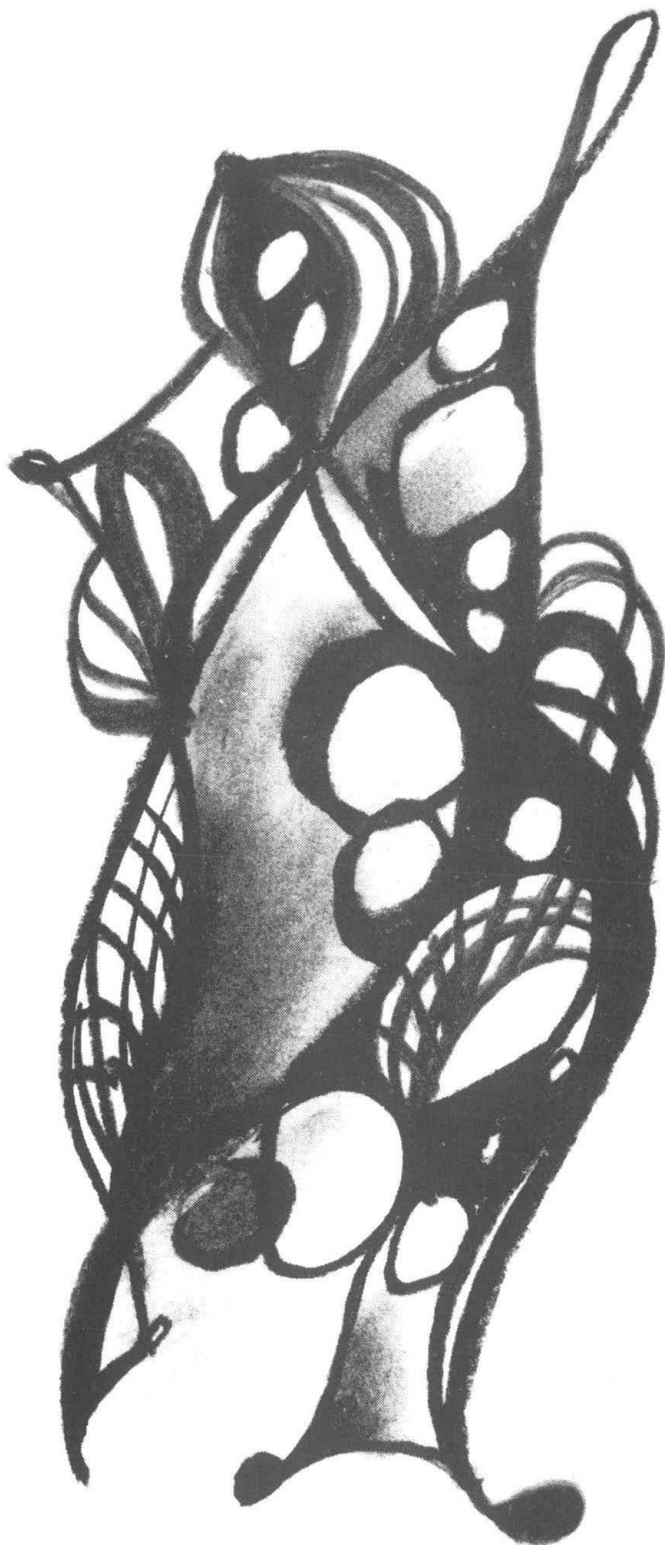
Your lips  
grapes  
not quite the shape  
but inviting to crush  
and sweet in the mouth:  
wine instead  
for turning my head.

v

So lightly lived my Clodia once, alas:  
you might have thought that love was laughin,

Greek sculptors carved splendid goddesses  
but that their models were flesh I didn't believe  
until I beheld your breasts:  
this, as you know, is termed a conceit.

Men that plough the earth and perish  
yearn to make one furrow permanent:  
women that walk the world and vanish  
deserve to be enshrined, laughing an eternal moment:  
but I know only anguish since you went.



IAN HANSON.