

Romance

*To clasp you now and feel your head close-pressed,
Scented and warm against my beating breast;*

*To whisper soft and quivering your name,
And drink the passion burning in your frame;*

*To lie at full length, taut, with cheek to cheek,
And tease your mouth with kisses till you speak*

*Love words, mad words, dream words, sweet senseless words,
Melodious like notes of mating birds;*

*To hear you ask if I shall love always,
And myself answer: Till the end of days;*

*To feel your easeful sigh of happiness
When on your trembling lips I murmur: Yes;*

*It is so sweet. We know it is not true.
What matters it? The night must shed her dew.*

*We know it is not true, but it is sweet—
The poem with this music is complete.*

BY CLAUDE MCKAY