

Classic Poetry Series

Frank Morton
- poems -

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Frank Morton()

The Passionate

I dearly long perhaps you've learned
The process, and will let me know it
To stop a fierce and curdling wail
And muzzle a forsaken poet.

There was a girl who loved him once,
The one girl that his whimsy needed;
But she was very wicked, for
She tired some several months ere he did.

So now his tears wet all my street,
A nuisance, whatso'er the weather;
And much I long to bury him
And his confounded dreams together.

There never was a girl, I know,
Was worth such loud, incessant bleating;
But he is deaf when I deride,
And adamant to my entreating.

He tells me that her eyes were blue
(Blue eyes are cheap enough, I'm thinking),
Her heart was made of ice. And so
(Between ourselves) he took to drinking.

And now he whimpers night and day,
Of faith forsworn and dear hopes stricken.
I offer sympathy; but when
He keeps it up, I have to sicken.

He says her feet were very small,
(Small-footed every neat cocotte is)
He weeps, and then I ache to grip
Him hard about the epiglottis.

I'm no anatomist. Maybe,
That's not just where a fellow's throat is.
I only know a man who pines
For such a jade a sorry goat is.

So much I yarn (if you've the trick
Of doing this, pray let me know it)
To stop his howling once for all,
And muzzle this despairing poet.

Frank Morton