

THE LIES OF LOVE

Beneath an ivied dismal porch and rude,
Where inhabitants collected, sat or stood,
Some censured swains for yielding to the charus
Of awkward rustic maiden's tender arms;
When passing captives took their well known course,
Some laughed and sneered and chattered at his horse.
Thus, I, reclining 'gainst th' indignant wall,
Soliloquised: Man must before her fall;
Napoleon's name pulsed many a rocky strand
And yet a simple maid did him command.
The sun who held aloft his golden crown,
Bidding adieu, replaced it, and went down;
The people yawn, then doze awhile on chairs,
Then to respective beds each one repairs.
When I awoke I sat in night alone,
In silence, hermit-like, to musing prone.

For many hours our loves had been unkind,
But I'd been granted now some peace of mind,
Yet I was sad, when from his study came
My host, a bard, (though all unknown to fame)
And drew his limbs together as if they were
Encumbering and turned about his chair.
Then, as a stern command, his kindly gaze
Required a reason for my sullen ways.
"What sacrifice," I asked him, "will appease
Our angry loves and let us live at ease?"
And he replied:

"You run my sense aground;
In winning love the greatest pleasure's found.
Withhold no love which to your wife you owe
Then 'tis your option when you come and go;
Sans ceremony and without behest
Her lips, if closed by yours, will sweetly rest;
'Twill make an instrument of love, her tongue,
Which soon forgets 'twas ever done a wrong.
Then with your balmy beard 'tis well to seek
To make a crimson blush on either cheek,
And then protest like rose petals they seem;
She'll think the petals from your whiskers came.
Yet when some husbands do at wine sojourn
Their gentle wives love most at their return.
Returning, if thou knowest how to greet
Thy fair, and how her chiding tongue to cheat,
I would suggest postponement of return,
That for thy balmy lips thy love may yearn.
Unlonged for love contains but meagre bliss
None but starved lips do understand a kiss.
Streams bound with strength nor vary from their course
When inauspicious dams at length they force.

'Adam in flowery gardens blissful lay
Until to direful sloth he fell a prey
To pay this debt of love he did refuse
For there was no one who did him oppose.
Then Eve did pluck and eat the needful fruit,
Expecting she to win the lawful suit;
But Ah! the slothful Adam also ate,
Which brought upon them both the direful fate;
That caused the tearful guardian to expel
Them from the garden: thus the eldest fell.
Had I been Adam she'd received her due
For then 'twas plain to see that she was true.
Out in the market-place the butchered doe