

KEATS WRITES TO FANNY BRAWNE FROM THE CLOUDS

Lee Slonimsky

'Tis sweet, my love, to be so well thought of,
so much remembered, read two centuries hence,
as if fate seeks somehow to recompense
me for the years deprived of your pure love.
But looking down at dusk from up above,
no flattery or fame serves to make sense
of abject loss so tearstained and immense.
While sky at sunset turns to scarlet, mauve,
the streets below grow empty like my heart,
and I reflect on bitter waste of years:
no praise is worth the price when lovers part.
Some claim that suffering's the soul of Art;
such pundits never held their lovers dear.
The sky bleeds purple; even clouds feel hurt.

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