

THAT LOVE THAT HAS NO NAME

Siovahn Amanda Walker

(Leicestershire, 1845)

Grace—She once oft laid, my darling maid,
 upon my breast at night
her soft bloom veiled & by Nyx assailed
 was yet within my sight
while in my chest did Love's vernal test
 roil & burn me by the by
as the longing of a Spring day's gloaming
 spurred my lustful sighs

Glad and hale, did I to wild wishes yield
 my body's little strength
no weakling then, but with passion's vim
 I gaz'd upon the length
Of her neck & nape, like China plate,
 where all things did please
At her breast and all the rest; into her
 wise and loving eyes

Oh, Spring was in its first blooming &
 a lark was i' the green
or 'haps i' t' was a nightingale flitted by
 & doing so did deign
to sing a little, lilting song of love—
 every mortal's aspiration;
that wonder of all wonders & hope of
 all in God's creation

I heard him only dimly—Little fellow,
 forgive my inattention
your gift was fair, but can't compare
 to joys I may not mention
to the visage of my dear as she spoke
 of all the wishes where
in loving me for but a night, she banish'd
 both cruelty and care.

For i' this world tho' love is duly praised
 (like charity to the poor)
so oft is found, yea, does more abound

denigration & censure
or the envy of cowards who would not
a little hardship brave
& so foolishly dash (oh, and not by chance!)
a love they dare not name.

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