

Love Poems and Others

By

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and the "Westminster Gazette."

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Contents:

WEDDING MORN	6
KISSES IN THE TRAIN	8
CRUELTY AND LOVE	10
CHERRY ROBBERS	13
LILIES IN THE FIRE	14
COLDNESS IN LOVE	16
END OF ANOTHER HOME-HOLIDAY	18
REMINDER.....	22
LIGHTNING	24
SONG-DAY IN AUTUMN.....	26
AWARE	28

A PANG OF REMINISCENCE.....	29
A WHITE BLOSSOM.....	30
BEI HENNEF.....	31
RED MOON-RISE	32
RETURN	34
THE APPEAL.....	35
REPULSED.....	36
DREAM-CONFUSED	37
COROT.....	38
TRANSFORMATIONS	40
RENASCENCE	42
DOG-TIRED	44

MICHAEL-ANGELO.....	45
VIOLETS.....	46
WHETHER OR NOT	48
A COLLIER'S WIFE	56
THE DRAINED CUP	58
MORNING WORK	61
THE SCHOOLMASTER.....	62

WEDDING MORN

The morning breaks like a pomegranate
In a shining crack of red,
Ah, when to-morrow the dawn comes late
Whitening across the bed,
It will find me watching at the marriage gate
And waiting while light is shed
On him who is sleeping satiate,
With a sunk, abandoned head.
And when the dawn comes creeping in,
Cautiously I shall raise
Myself to watch the morning win
My first of days,
As it shows him sleeping a sleep he got
Of me, as under my gaze,
He grows distinct, and I see his hot
Face freed of the wavering blaze.
Then I shall know which image of God
My man is made toward,
And I shall know my bitter rod
Or my rich reward.
And I shall know the stamp and worth
Of the coin I've accepted as mine,
Shall see an image of heaven or of earth
On his minted metal shine.
Yea and I long to see him sleep
In my power utterly,
I long to know what I have to keep,

I long to see
My love, that spinning coin, laid still
And plain at the side of me,
For me to count—for I know he will
Greatly enrichen me.
And then he will be mine, he will lie
In my power utterly,
Opening his value plain to my eye
He will sleep of me.
He will lie negligent, resign
His all to me, and I
Shall watch the dawn light up for me
This sleeping wealth of mine.
And I shall watch the wan light shine
On his sleep that is filled of me,
On his brow where the wisps of fond hair twine
So truthfully,
On his lips where the light breaths come and go
Naïve and winsomely,
On his limbs that I shall weep to know
Lie under my mastery.