

## Poems about Love

### **Sonnet 18**

William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

### **Sonnet 43**

by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of everyday's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with a passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints, --- I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life! --- and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

## **A Broken Appointment**

by Thomas Hardy

You did not come,  
And marching Time drew on, and wore me numb,—  
Yet less for loss of your dear presence there  
Than that I thus found lacking in your make  
That high compassion which can overbear  
Reluctance for pure lovingkindness' sake  
You did not come.

You love not me,  
And love alone can lend you loyalty;  
—I know and knew it. But, unto the store  
Of human deeds divine in all but name,  
Was it not worth a little hour or more  
To add yet this: Once you, a woman, came  
To soothe a time-torn man; even though it be  
You love not me?

## **An Entrapment**

My love, I have tried with all my being  
to grasp a form comparable to thine own,  
but nothing seems worthy;

I know now why Shakespeare could not  
compare his love to a summer's day.  
It would be a crime to denounce the beauty  
of such a creature as thee,  
to simply cast away the precision  
God had placed in forging you.

Each facet of your being  
whether it physical or spiritual  
is an ensnarement  
from which there is no release.  
But I do not wish release.  
I wish to stay entrapped forever.  
With you for all eternity.  
Our hearts, always as one.

- Anthony Kolos -

## **A Red, Red Rose**

Author: Robert Burns

O my luve's like a red, red rose.  
That's newly sprung in June;  
O my luve's like a melodie  
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luve am I;  
And I will love thee still, my Dear,  
Till a'the seas gang dry.

Till a'the seas gang dry, my Dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
I will luve thee still, my Dear,  
While the sands o'life shall run.

And fare thee weel my only Luve!  
And fare thee weel a while!  
And I will come again, my Luve,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

## **You Left Me**

By Emily Dickinson

You left me, sweet, two legacies, -  
A legacy of love  
A Heavenly Father would content,  
Had He the offer of;

You left me boundaries of pain  
Capacious as the sea,  
Between eternity and time,  
Your consciousness and me.

## Poems about Happiness

### **The Swing**

by Robert Louis Stevenson

How do you like to go up in a swing,  
Up in the air so blue?  
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing  
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,  
Till I can see so wide,  
River and trees and cattle and all  
Over the countryside--

Till I look down on the garden green,  
Down on the roof so brown--  
Up in the air I go flying again,  
Up in the air and down!

### **Song of the Open Road**

by Walt Whitman

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Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,  
Healthy, free, the world before me,  
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,  
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,  
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,  
Strong and content I travel the open road.

The earth, that is sufficient,  
I do not want the constellations any nearer,  
I know they are very well where they are,  
I know they suffice for those who belong to them.

(Still here I carry my old delicious burdens,  
I carry them, men and women, I carry them with me wherever I go,  
I swear it is impossible for me to get rid of them,  
I am fill'd with them, and I will fill them in return.)

## **The Trickle-Down Theory of Happiness**

by Philip Appleman

Out of heaven, to bless the high places,  
it falls on the penthouses, drizzling  
at first, then a pelting allegro,  
and Dick and Jane skip to the terrace  
and go boogieing through the azaleas,  
while mommy and daddy come running  
with pots and pans, glasses, and basins  
and try to hold all of it up there,  
but no use, it's too much, it keeps coming,  
and pours off the edges, down limestone  
to the pitchers and pails on the ground, where  
delirious residents catch it,  
and bucket brigades get it moving  
inside, until bathtubs are brimful,  
but still it keeps coming, that shower  
of silver in alleys and gutters,  
all pouring downhill to the sleazy  
red brick, and the barefoot people  
who romp in it, laughing, but never  
take thought for tomorrow, all spinning  
in a pleasure they catch for a moment;  
so when Providence turns off the spigot  
and the sky goes as dry as a prairie,  
then daddy looks down from the penthouse,  
down to the streets, to the gutters,  
and his heart goes out to his neighbors,  
to the little folk thirsty for laughter,  
and he prays in his boundless compassion:  
on behalf of the world and its people  
he demands of his God, *give me more.*

## **Fear of Happiness**

by A.E. Stallings

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Looking back, it's something I've always had:

As a kid, it was a glass-floored elevator

I crouched at the bottom of, my eyes squinched tight,

Or staircase whose gaps I was afraid I'd slip through,

Though someone always said I'd be all right—

*Just don't look down or See, it's not so bad*

(The nothing rising underfoot). Then later

The high-dive at the pool, the tree-house perch,

Ferris wheels, balconies, cliffs, a penthouse view,

The merest thought of airplanes. You can call

It a fear of heights, a horror of the deep;

But it isn't the unfathomable fall

That makes me giddy, makes my stomach lurch,

It's that the ledge itself invents the leap.