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Dear heart, why will you use me so?

Dear eyes that gently me upbraid,
Still are you beautiful – but O,
How is your beauty raimented!

Through the clear mirror of your eyes,
Through the soft sigh of kiss to kiss,
Desolate winds assail with cries
The shadowy garden where love is.

And soon shall love dissolved be
When over us the wild winds blow –
But you, dear love, too dear to me,
Alas! why will you use me so?

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Notes

This was No. 29 in the 1907 edition.

The mirror from No. 21 returns.

Is he blaming his beloved for what he has just before described as the inevitable dissolution of love?

The garden is now covered with shadow, love is dissolved, and the winds – once gay and gleeful – are now wild (soon they will be grey and cold).

‘Desolate winds assail with cries’ is a direct echo of ‘Desolate winds that cry over the wandering sea’ in Yeats’s ‘The Unappeasable Host’ from *The Wind Among the Reeds*.

‘Dear’ has a dual meaning: expensive (the emotional costs of loving you have been too expensive for me); precious (the preciousness of my love for you has unbalanced my emotional life).

The rhythm requires *dissolvéd*.