

Love's Delay

Elia Wilkinson Peattie

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NAY, do not haste your coming, love.
Wait for a little while.

And why?
I would postpone the sweets of your first kiss,
And let you, too, feed on expectancy.
You write you love me. Ay, and I love you!
I love you with a love as delicate
As moon-gold on a tropic sea, or
Webs of gossamer in the morning sun, or
Gleam of dew on early flowers,
Or bloom that makes the moth's regalia.
I put you in my most enchanting dreams
When night is here, and in the day
Frame thoughts of you in music. Ah, dear heart,
I play that you and nature are in league.
If heaven drops rain, I say, "My love is sad."
If birds sing in the morn, I kiss my hand
Westward toward you and cry,
"Here's hail unto my own, who suns himself
In my bright love, and sends this dawn
To tell me so!"

And every day
I cull my thoughts to send the fairest ones
To you. Ah, be content a little while,
Nor know my baser moods, my selfishness!
Keep all your thoughts of me as they are now,
So fine, and high, and chaste!

Haste not,
Dear love, your coming. Wait awhile! I dream,
In solitary twilight hours, how sweet,
How tender-sweet and pure your kiss will be, —
Your first kiss, love! Delay — lest it be past!

Elia W. Peattie.