

POEM IN SEARCH OF A FORM, LIKE A VILLANELLE

The penalty for loving is the losing,
When nature will demand its pound of flesh;
The time will not be of our choosing,
Nor the place—it could be noisy Marrakesh.

Our lives can dance with joy and happy loving,
And all the suns arise aglow and fresh,
But the penalty for loving is the losing,
The laughter and the sadness tend to mesh.

The one who does not wish to suffer sorrow
Could go alone to far off Bangladesh,
But the penalty of loving comes some morrow,
When nature will demand its pound of flesh.

The penalty for loving is the losing,
We all must learn it sadly and anew,
The soul must ever pay the price of loving,
And treasure little things, like sun on morning dew.

Yet though the penalty for loving may come dear,
The joy of it will always be so bright
That when there is but memory unclear
Its worth may still give life a lovely light.

The penalty for loving is the losing, though
Holding losing, clutching loving, very tight
We may be able at the last to go
Sweetly, gently, into our own good night.