

If Love Had Been a Little Thing

If love had been a little thing
Contained within a wedding ring
Gentle, domestic, rather pretty
I'd sigh now, saying "More's the pity."

And wrap my grief in proper vestments
And put my money in investments
And dine in tearooms now, with ladies
Who do not know the smell of Hades.

And chat and nod, and share my sorrow
And rise up, strongly, each tomorrow.

But what we had was fraught with danger
Fight though we did, like dog-in-manger
To keep it constant, safe from thieving.
Death, the cat burglar, to my grieving
At daybreak, cut our cunning fences
And wriggled through our last defences.

I sensed his dreadful deep intrusion.
I knew the dreadful, doomed conclusion
But stubborn, stood upon the stair.
"Poacher!" I cried, "Beware! Beware!"

If love had been a little thing
We might have scorned such pilfering;
But here was treasure for the taking,
Just when the world was drowsy waking
He crossed the sill, with practiced ease
And left me here, upon my knees.

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