

A Portrait

Dorothy Parker

Because my love is quick to come and go—

A little here, and then a little there—

What use are any words of mine to swear

My heart is stubborn, and my spirit slow

Of weathering the drip and drive of woe?

What is my oath, when you have but to bare

My little, easy loves; and I can dare

Only to shrug, and answer, “They are so”?

You do not know how heavy a heart it is

That hangs about my neck—a clumsy stone

Cut with a birth, a death, a bridal-day.

Each time I love, I find it still my own,

Who take it, now to that lad, now to this,

Seeking to give the wretched thing away.

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