

Afternoon

Dorothy Parker

When I am old, and comforted,

And done with this desire,

With Memory to share my bed

And Peace to share my fire,

I'll comb my hair in scalloped bands

Beneath my laundered cap,

And watch my cool and fragile hands

Lie light upon my lap.

And I will have a sprigged gown

With lace to kiss my throat;

I'll draw my curtain to the town,

And hum a purring note.

And I'll forget the way of tears,

And rock, and stir my tea.

But oh, I wish those blessed years

Were further than they be!

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