

**Adage**

Not so kind as kicking off the bedsheet,  
dear, I shall be up and gone. My small  
and dreary life means more to me  
than yours I fear. A fascinating mix  
pornography and mystery. I take  
the latter, I am more important there  
and now that I have known it well  
your body is corrupt.

Not so dumb as kicking off the bedclothes  
I'll be up and gone. Do not take it  
shallow, shallow, for at dawn you'll rise  
and wash yourself, begin again, knock  
my memory aside and you'll go on  
you and I'll go bleakly on where  
wide dull paths await.

Not so sweet as bedclothes nor so bright  
as dawn, I'll be kind, be up and off.  
The dear delights are over now. Awake not  
bitterly my love, but tear the cloth of us  
to shreds. Remember I've been good to you  
and not so blind as time.

—*N.C. Hough*