



## **Covering Wings (1919)**

**By Katherine Mansfield**

Love! Love! Your tenderness,  
Your beautiful, watchful ways  
Grasp me, fold me, cover me;  
I lie in a kind of daze,  
Neither asleep nor yet awake,  
Neither a bud nor flower.  
Brings to-morrow  
Joy or sorrow,  
The black or the golden hour?

Love! Love! You pity me so!  
Chide me, scold me--cry,  
"Submit--submit! You must not fight!"  
What may I do, then? Die?  
But, oh my horror of quiet beds!  
How can I longer stay!  
"One to be ready,  
Two to be steady,  
Three to be off and away!"

Darling heart--your gravity!  
Your sorrowful, mournful gaze--  
"Two bleached roads lie under the moon,  
At the parting of the ways."  
But the tiny, tree-thatched, narrow lane,  
Isn't it yours and mine?  
The blue-bells ring  
Hey, ding-a-ding, ding!  
And buds are thick on the vine.  
Love! Love! Grief of my heart!  
As a tree droops over a stream  
You hush me, lull me, dark me,  
The shadow hiding the gleam.  
Your drooping and tragical boughs of grace  
Are heavy as though with rain.  
Run! Run!  
Into the sun!  
Let us be children again.

