

Classic Poetry Series

Alison Boordson
- poems -

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I Do Not Want To Be Your Weeping Woman

I do not want to be your weeping woman
holding you to me with a chain of grief.

I could more easily bear the flames of your anger
than the frost of your kisses empty of desire:

I do not want to be your gentle lover
dragging you to me on a rope of pity.

Sooner that you never touched me than that you ever
should touch me from a distance made of mercy:

I do not want to be your silent mother
always forgiving and smiling and never loving.

If you forget me, forget me utterly. Never
come to my arms without interest: I shall know it:

I do not want to be your weeping woman
pinning you to me with a sword of tears.

I do not want to be your weeping woman.

Alison Boordson