

**John Berryman** (October 25, 1914 – January 7, 1972)

115

All we were going strong last night this time, **A**  
the *mots* were flying & the frozen daiquiris **B**  
were downing, supine on the floor lay Lise **B**  
listening to Schubert grievous & sublime, **A**  
my head was frantic with a following rime: **A**  
it was a good evening, an evening to please, **B**  
I kissed her in the kitchen—ecstasies— **B**  
among so much good we tamped down the crime. **A**

The weather's changing. This morning was cold, **C**  
as I made for the grove, without expectation, **D**  
some hundred Sonnets in my pocket, old, **C**  
to read her if she came. Presently the sun **D**  
yellowed the pines & my lady came not **E**  
in blue jeans & a sweater. I sat down & wrote. **E**

Berryman, John. *Berryman's Sonnets*. NY: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1968. Print.

**Marilyn Hacker**

**“You Did Say, Need Me Less and I'll Want You More”**

You did say, need me less and I'll want you more. **A**  
I'm still shellshocked at needing anyone, **B**  
used to being used to it on my own. **B**  
It won't be me out on the tiles till four- **A**  
thirty, while you're in bed, willing the door **A**  
open with your need. You wanted her then, **C**  
more. Because you need to, I woke alone **A/B - C**  
in what's not yet our room, strewn, though, with your **A**  
guitar, shoes, notebook, socks, trousers enjambed **D**  
with mine. Half the world was sleeping it off **E**  
in every other bed under my roof. **D/E**  
I wish I had a roof over my bed **E/D**  
to pull down on my head when I feel damned **D/D**  
by wanting you so much it looks like need. **D**

Hacker, Marilyn. *Love, Death, and the Changing of the Seasons*  
NY: Arbor House. 1986. Print.