

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

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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.