

FLIRT

Desire's end is but to end desire,
Who share strange fruit, even at Eden cost,
Eager to taste, soon of the tasting tire,
Its mystery solved, wonder with wondering lost;
But twice-shy, wiser Adam will not waste,
With hasty greed, such need as Eve made rise;
The thirst is always sweeter than the taste,
Since dreams, like, memories, tell such lovely lies.
Thus, slightest touch of fingering tips excites
A welling weight of joy as yet unwept;
While lightest touch of lingering lips requites;
Her promise never broken, never kept,
Whose bright eyes dare, though smiling mouth be dumb,
Such sweet tomorrows as will never come

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