

SPARRING PARTNERS

I should have beaten you indian-wrestling—

“I have small wrists”, you once said.

There are sturdier dark power arms more twined

where I have lain in warmer beds;

waterlilies, as July, smile white as sunshine

touching lips that wanted mine more.

Why have I not forgotten you—errant *amour*?

You made me much happiness

because when at a time I needed it most.

--J. F. Lowe