

While walking on the spirit's day*
I spotted me a beauty glum,
A sweetheart, yea, a little one;
My heart well wishing soul to play
(Of brain but knowledge minimum)
Decided on a contest's fray.

"O little girl" smiled I
"I'll catch a twinkle from your eye;"
"O mastered man" dared she
"No such will capture me-
I'm youth before and won't let go,
I'm what's desired, I know,
I'm laughter, love and inner glow.
But you I'll not affection show."

Yet smiled I from a warming heart;
She wished, but could not for her part
A mounting charm contain,
A glee which thundered well retained
Then burst from eyes unstained;
A little dart sprung large then came
Aglow withen my taller frame.
Fiery flamed the bouncing maid,
We two, both children, pained no stain,
Resist it not, nor ever more,
Could she this sweet ne'er seen before.
The lightning flashed - true lips
Have never smiled such grips
As love unbinding through
Its minute minute knew.

My heart its game has won
But vanished is its prey-
In truth it lost the fray.
A souvenir, a smiling glance:
"Dont me souvient ai remembrance."**

R.W.N.
11/4/64

* Halloween, 10/31/64

** J. Morawski. "Proverbs Francais, antérieurs au XV^o siècle," Librairie
Ancienne Edouard Champion, Paris. 1925, p. 22, No. 599.