

This week's poem

A Quoi Bon Dire

by Charlotte Mary Mew 1869-19284

**Seventeen years ago you said
Something that sounded like Good-bye;
And everybody thinks that you are dead,
But I.**

**So I, as I grow stiff and cold
To this and that say Good-bye too;
And everybody sees that I am old
But you.**

**And one fine morning in a sunny lane
Some boy and girl will meet and kiss and
swear
That nobody can love their way again
While over there
You will have smiled, I shall have tossed
your hair.**