

EDITH SPEERS

LIKE IS BETTER THAN LOVE

My friend, we've been good friends for far too long
For us to spoil it now. So I'll pretend
I haven't noticed something's going wrong.
Love is a thing that somehow means the end
Of simple liking. Sure, it shouldn't be
Like that, but there you go, it's how things are.
Desire is the word, and I can see
The ache that's in your eyes. It's gone too far.

You have to understand, it's best of all
To simply like. There isn't any need
To need much more beyond the fact we call
Each other friend, for friendship knows no greed
As desire does. It's liking that grows old
With grace, the open hand that's best to hold.

THE GOLDEN CALF

I didn't know that love would rule my life,
But it's a thing I surely should have guessed.
Although I didn't want to be a wife
Or ever nurse a baby at my breast,
I did have lots of lovers in my youth
And from them all I learned of joy and pain.
But each was just a fragment of the truth—
I wanted all of it, I was so vain.

But so is love, you know. Why else should we
Be robbed so often of the Golden Calf,
The animal shape of love we're sure will be
The answer to our prayers. It makes me laugh,
Although it's sad, the way we find it odd
Each time our idol's smashed by jealous God.