

**LOVE POEMS,
AND OTHERS**

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Love poems, and others by D. H. Lawrence

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D. H. LAWRENCE

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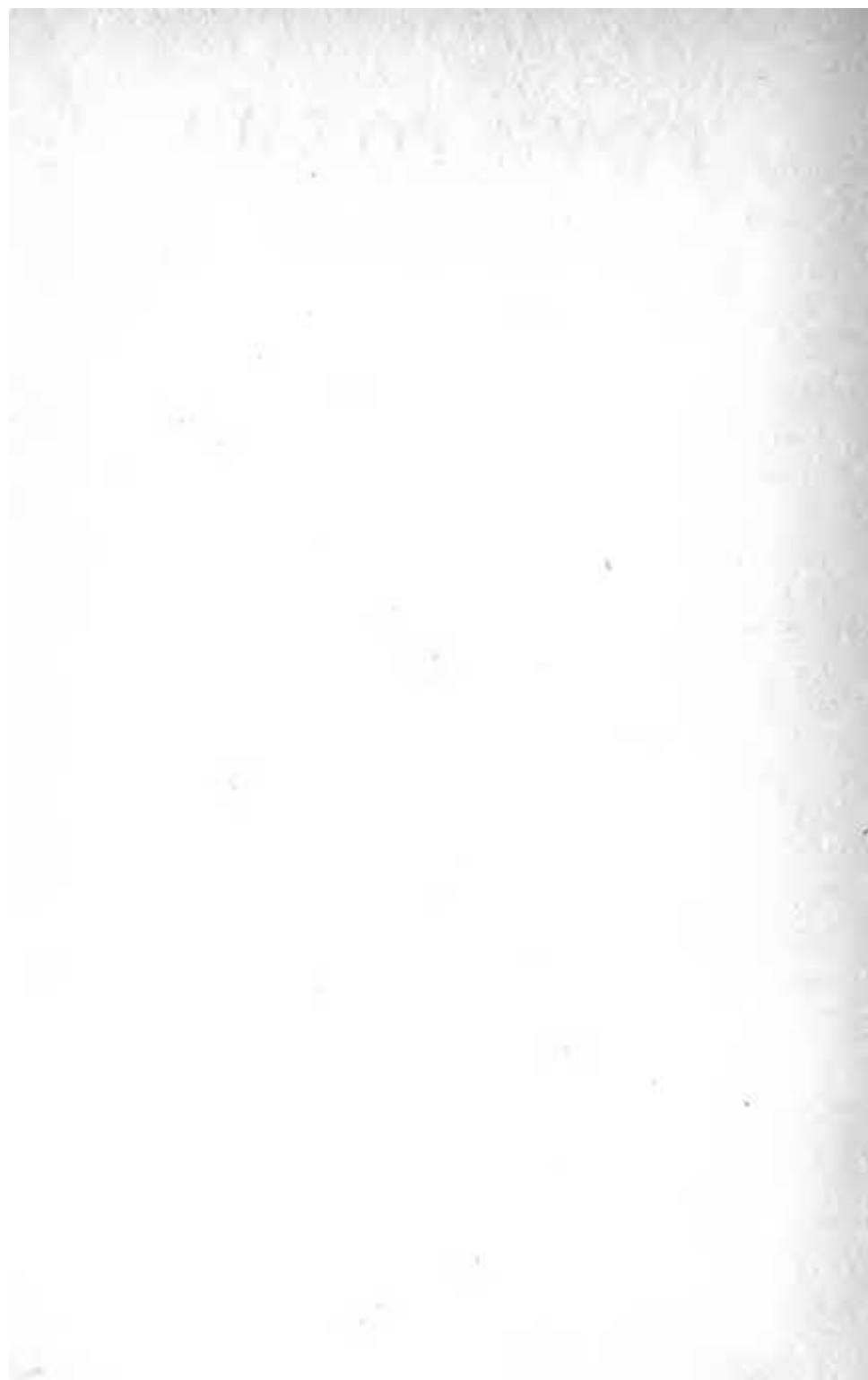
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BY
D. H. LAWRENCE



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WEDDING MORN

THE morning breaks like a pomegranate
 In a shining crack of red,
Ah, when to-morrow the dawn comes late
 Whitening across the bed,
It will find me watching at the marriage gate
 And waiting while light is shed
On him who is sleeping satiate,
 With a sunk, abandoned head.

And when the dawn comes creeping in,
 Cautiously I shall raise
Myself to watch the morning win
 My first of days,
As it shows him sleeping a sleep he got
 Of me, as under my gaze,
He grows distinct, and I see his hot
 Face freed of the wavering blaze.

LOVE POEMS

Then I shall know which image of God
 My man is made toward,
And I shall know my bitter rod
 Or my rich reward.
And I shall know the stamp and worth
 Of the coin I've accepted as mine,
Shall see an image of heaven or of earth
 On his minted metal shine.

Yea and I long to see him sleep
 In my power utterly,
I long to know what I have to keep,
 I long to see
My love, that spinning coin, laid still
 And plain at the side of me,
For me to count — for I know he will
 Greatly enrichen me.