

# A Fixed Idea

By Amy Lowell

What torture lurks within a single thought  
When grown too constant; and however kind,  
However welcome still, the weary mind  
Aches with its presence. Dull remembrance taught  
Remembers on unceasingly; unsought  
The old delight is with us but to find  
That all recurring joy is pain refined,  
Become a habit, and we struggle, caught.  
You lie upon my heart as on a nest,  
Folded in peace, for you can never know  
How crushed I am with having you at rest  
Heavy upon my life. I love you so  
You bind my freedom from its rightful quest.  
In mercy lift your drooping wings and go.

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Source: Selected Poems of Amy Lowell (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2002)