

# The Kiss

By Robert Graves

Are you shaken, are you stirred  
By a whisper of love,  
Spellbound to a word  
Does Time cease to move,  
Till her calm grey eye  
Expands to a sky  
And the clouds of her hair  
Like storms go by?

Then the lips that you have kissed  
Turn to frost and fire,  
And a white-steaming mist  
Obscures desire:  
So back to their birth  
Fade water, air, earth,  
And the First Power moves  
Over void and dearth.

Is that Love? no, but Death,  
A passion, a shout,  
The deep in-breath,  
The breath roaring out,  
And once that is flown,  
You must lie alone,  
Without hope, without life,  
Poor flesh, sad bone.