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.