

Rowland Anthony Corr

### **He Remembers Past Love**

'Was here' you'd written, and in front; your name,  
On unspoilt sand; unspoiled, that is, before,  
Now arm in arm, now hand in hand, we came  
With languid step along a languorous shore,  
Till of a sudden, there, you broke away  
And with slender fingertips began to scrape  
The letters, smiling as the words took shape.  
Then, satisfied, still smiling, said 'Some day  
I might come back and find it here again.'  
Though if in earnest, -strange, I couldn't say.  
And all the while you wrote I watched in pain,  
Yet not because I saw some insult lay  
Behind it all, for surely there was none,  
But that you wrote a name, and only one.

## Great Passion

Great passion never yet was known to yield  
To reason nor to reason yet were moved;  
Were never tempered but that it was steeled,  
Nor yet been stilled but still resurgent proved.  
But when to hold does not suffice possession  
Desire must surely mock satiety;  
Though solemn, even saint-like in devotion,  
Yet lacking the accompanying piety;  
Whose plea, devoid of reverence, or despite it,  
Would else comprise a very prayer recited;  
Both bound to hope yet hopelessly confined  
By doubt, and, doubtless, passion is requited  
Without settlement, there being none to find,  
But that it's settled, being sued in kind.

## **The First Among Sins.**

Without exception, nobody exceeds  
Their baser instincts forgoing food or rest  
For their young. It's a function manifest  
In lesser creatures else. But selfless deeds  
For strangers to the heart and blood attest  
A grace that is the fruit of virtue's seeds.  
Yet, whether any hateful act succeeds  
A like intent, where we have most transgressed  
Weren't action but where action were eschewed,  
Nor thought, but that from which the thought ensued;  
A sentiment, though scarce if sensed within,  
The name of which, at last, is ingratitude;  
For prevalence alone, man's greatest sin,  
And that from which all others first begin.