

## Epigrammata

She mystifies with saintly eyes  
Until we sit beside her  
Helpless as silk-entangled flies  
Before a dainty spider.

\* \* \*

My wounds of love are scars within  
Two days or three,  
But that is long enough to make  
A fool of me.

\* \* \*

My love, you are the sweetest flower  
That Nature ever bore!  
(Not bad! I never tried that line  
On anyone before.)

\* \* \*

I love you in the evening  
When all the lights are low,  
But I hate you in the morning  
Because I loved you so.

\* \* \*

My God, I love you! — or I think I do.  
At least I am in love, if not with you.

J. H. Pitman