

Cassandra

Sour Boy, Bitter Girl

He gave to her, yet tenfold claim'd in return -
She hath no life but the one he for her wrought;
Proffer'd to her his wauking heart - she turn'd it down,
Riposted with a tell-tale lore of lies and scorn. Prophetess or fond?,
 Tho' her parle of truth:
 "I ken to-morrow - refell me if ye can!",
 Yet the kiss and breath - Apollo's bane -
 Ser of the future, not of twain,
"Sicker!", quoth Cassandra. Still, is she lief and quaint in his eyne, a sight divine? -
 A mistress fuell'd by his prest haughtiness -
 If he did grant, wherefore then did he not foresee,
Belike egal as it to him might be?! Prophetess or fond?,
 Tho' her parle of truth:
 "I ken to-morrow - refell me if ye can!",
 Yet the kiss and breath - Apollo's bane -
 Ser of the future, not of twain,
"Sicker!", quoth Cassandra. 'Or was he an eried being,
 'Or was he weening - alack nay mo;
 Her naysay' raught his heart,
 Her daffing was the grave of all hope -
 She belied her own words,
 He thought her life, save moreo'er scourge,
 She held him august, yet wee;
 He left her ne'er without his heart.

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