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## D11 SONG IN WINTER

*The New Coterie*, E. Archer, London.  
6, Summer-Autumn 1927, p 9.

### *SONG IN WINTER*

*Your hands have trembled under mine,  
Your breast has surged: a summer sea,  
And those impatient smears of wine,  
Your lips, have set their mark on me.*

*And singing is so chaste a thing  
And chastity so green a song,  
I have no need to ache for spring  
Nor go ungarlanded for long.*

*And have no turbulence but this:  
What devil' else distracted me  
Before your hands, and breast, and kiss  
Reiterated constancy.*