

# Poem: Admonition

*by* Robert Lamb

I told you with solemn patience, did I not,  
Standing near the sundial on this very spot  
A year ago this coming November  
That come what may one must remember  
That love, like youth, won't last?  
Why, before the summer has passed  
You won't remember her name,  
And that pale cheek will blush with shame  
To recall how stricken you were  
that she left you before you could leave her.

I wish I could say I'm surprised  
To see that you never realized  
The truth of what I said.  
But I'm not. Instead,  
Tell you what: let's chalk it up to youth  
And seek the deeper truth in a drink or two.  
No, I insist: After you.

But I urge you to more discretion  
In affairs of the heart in the future.  
Next time it suits your fancy  
To deem yourself undone by one  
On whom your love's misspent,  
Here's a hint: Relent.  
Loves and lovers come and go.  
Better to bed than wed.  
Nobody likes to hear it, but it's so.  
I ought to know.  
By god, I surely ought to know.

