

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.

