

May 2018

To a Proposition Most Despised- A Response to Andrew Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress"

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Recommended Citation

Jenkins, Wren A. (2018) "To a Proposition Most Despised- A Response to Andrew Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress", " *Sierpinski's Square*: Vol. 3 : Iss. 1 , Article 4.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.wku.edu/siersquare/vol3/iss1/4>

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Had I but patience for your gaze
That blindness to rebuff betrays,
I'd give you this truth face to face
And only then demand my space.
But sadly for both you and I,
My distaste for you, you deny,
And try like desperate bird of prey
to goad me forth and into play,
Bidding me come at thy behest,
You think I'm enticed by this nest?
I'd rather fly, find distant lands
Then find my heart betwixt your hands,
Or worse my honor bound to thee
In contract which I cannot flee,
You'd have more luck asking my sire
To give my hand to your desire,
Then I'd be bound to your demand,
Entrapped in social cues' command,
But this I swear to God above
You'd have my hand but not my love.

For you complain of losing time.
Calling my view of you a crime,
This accusation scares me not,
in fact, I tremble less at thought
Of manacles about my arms
Than falling victim to your charms.
Actions, not words, may sway my mind
But for now if I were to find,
Your vegetable love inside,
I'd trade out wine for herbicide.
Your gross desires make me think
Sooner than marry, poison drink.

Now therefore, while my blood is hot,

I will not spare your words a thought.
I send you this, declared in verse,
That I may lose your nasty curse.
To say to stay away from me,
As I wish not your company.
You claim to love me, say it's true,
But know I feel no love for you,
Quite frankly I don't even take,
You into thought for friendship's sake.
Know I like Cleopatra would
Take asp to breast for my own good,
Than like your gaze, insolent boy,
That sees disgust and calls it "coy."