

One Perfect Rose

Dorothy Parker

A single flow'r he sent me, since we met.
All tenderly his messenger he chose;
Deep-hearted, pure, with scented dew still wet—
One perfect rose.
5 I knew the language of the floweret;
“My fragile leaves,” it said, “his heart enclose.”
Love long has taken for his amulet
One perfect rose.
Why is it no one ever sent me yet
10 One perfect limousine, do you suppose?
Ah no, it's always just my luck to get
One perfect rose.

Song for an April Dusk

Dorothy Parker

Tell me tales of a liliated pool
Asleep beneath the sun.
Tell me of woodlands deep and cool,
When chuckling satyrs run.
5 Tell me, in light and tinkling words,
Or rippling, liling streams.
Tell me of radiant-breasted birds
Who sing their amorous dreams.
Tell of the doomed butterfly
10 That flings his hour away.
Fated to live and love and die
Before the death of day.

Tell me tales of the moon-pale sprites
Whose beauty none may know.
15 Tell me of secret, silver nights
When great red stars are low.
Tell of the virgin Spring, the fair
Who roams the circling years.
Tell me of elves, who leap to kiss,
20 Who trip the velvet sward.
Tell me stories of things like this,
And, boy, will I be bored!

