

# MY VOICE

*Oscar Wilde*

Within this restless, hurried, modern world  
We took our hearts' full pleasure—You and I,  
And now the white sails of our ship are furled,  
And spent the lading of our argosy.

Wherefore my cheeks before their time are wan,  
For very weeping is my gladness fled,  
Sorrow has paled my young mouth's vermilion,  
And Ruin draws the curtains of my bed.

But all this crowded life has been to thee  
No more than lyre, or lute, or subtle spell  
Of viols, or the music of the sea  
That sleeps, a mimic echo, in the shell.