

# TO MY WIFE

*Oscar Wilde*

I can write no stately proem  
As a prelude to my lay;  
From a poet to a poem  
I would dare to say.

For if of these fallen petals  
One to you seem fair,  
Love will waft it till it settles  
On your hair.

And when wind and winter harden  
All the loveless land,  
It will whisper of the garden,  
You will understand.