|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why (Sonnet XLIII)** |  |
| by [Edna St. Vincent Millay](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/160) | |
|  | |
| What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,  I have forgotten, and what arms have lain  Under my head till morning; but the rain  Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh  Upon the glass and listen for reply,  And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain  For unremembered lads that not again  Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.  Thus in winter stands the lonely tree,  Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,  Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:  I cannot say what loves have come and gone,  I only know that summer sang in me  A little while, that in me sings no more. |  |