

The Plain-Dealing Woman and Man

A dog-walker comes to my mind,
the concerned pull the heel to hold,
plain-dealing's a stray one most rare,
as ownerless alone in the cold,
and wherefore no faithlessness here,
to care more, therefore it is penned,
these verses shall make the good purpose,
no honest truth's cause to defend.
For this I will make it appear,
and prove by experience I can,
they are characters lost in the world:
the plain-dealing woman and man.

For most are so impudent grown,
They dominate, disparage, for wagers,
the plain-dealing woman and man,
are since born to die as beggars.
No Saint as once honestly given,
does as such evil actions protest,
as everyone as faithful-minded
will say that plain dealing has crest.
For this I will make it appear,
and prove by experience I can,
they are characters lost in the world:
the plain-dealing woman and man.

For I am a plain-dealing man,
and to lie and to cheat am unwilling,
yet to live upright in the world,
takes product that costs me my shilling.
Moreover, my clothes are threadbare,
and my calling is simple and poor,
and I am unable myself,
to keep off the wolves from the door.
For this I will make it appear,
and prove by experience I can,
they are characters lost in the world:
the plain-dealing woman and man.

Now, as nature must run its course,
as such running runs against the wind,
those qualities which all of you know,
and those of base nature consigned.
Here come the dissembling knaves,
and robbers whomever they be,
and the slattern, harlots, and such like,
who take my last dollar from me,
for this I will make it appear,
and prove by experience I can,
they are characters lost in the world:
the plain-dealing woman and man.

THE HUSBAND FOR SHAMEFASTNESS HIDETH
HIS DESIRE WITHIN HIS FAITHFUL HEART

The hung heart that is my sonneteer,
and yet more wrung doth keep its residence,
into the pit encourages sentence
of banneret community severe.
You wonder how I love and suffer –
I settle no trust, by jurisprudence.
For fame of nerve, guile, and more so grievance,
also, stalwartness is poor measure.

Wherewith my heart, my disposal, deny,
leaves less worthwhileness, less faith to comply.
Still, I am resident and have not appeared –
what may I do, for no desire is cleared?
As our proposal where I live and die,
(consummate) I want truthfully.

THE HUSBAND WAXETH WISER,
AND WILL NOT DIE FOR AFFECTION

Yet was I never of your love relieved,
nor ever shall – meanwhile my life doth last –
but of baiting this bear that date has past,
and fears continual sore have me worried.
I shall not in these bones be buried,
nor on my tomb a name to fix fast.
(For in truth, might make the spirit soon haste
from the unhappy man, and then ghost-stirred.)

Then if your heart of unyielding faith and will
content your mind, without ten doing mischief,
pleases it me so to this my relief.
If otherwise you seek to fulfil
a hate, you err, and shall not as you ween,
and you, yourself, our cause thereof not been.

THE ABUSED HUSBAND SEETH HIS FOLLY,
AND INTENDETH TO TRUST NO MORE

Whereas this file is not completely filed,
to file this file was always my intent,
and I am like a filing instrument.

To file this plain, though I have not smiled
at purpose, hath at folly reviled –
so, pardon me, since life somehow misspent
from former ties, I would so soon repent,
and so, file well, my task is not derided,

I brought some case at unknown expense –
since, receipt is never devoid of bull,
to try to live and learn, somehow bearable,
the wherewithal to ask for subsequence.
To file plainly, yet howsoever,
a folding back is plain forever.

THE HUSBAND DESCRIBETH HIS BEING
STRICKEN WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOVE.

And I'm the brig! An incubator's mind,
beneath those wide-eye bulbs, some florescence,
has swallowed a morsel – effervescence.
Was never man so, I could but go blind
that put those sparks in time, in pursuance,
but behold us ourselves – that's some presence.
A life or more? As I must seek and find.

Weather if somewhere was low thundering,
How much did gather? I see it did there.
So, I call for help. I know not, how, where.
The pain of eggs cracking is some hearing,
and straight after report, a little frightening.
To accumulate warmth – storms, the lightning.

THE WAVERING HUSBAND WILLETH,
AND DREADETH TO MOVE HIS DESIRE.

But good thoughts his exploits now bring to me,
no wanton hopes, by a coarse man, propose,
delays us our company. To hear a groan
in answering him, whom our troth bids us spree.
He grabbed me fast for noble novelty,
and after us, my loins did fain compose.
The villagers - their way shall now bait anon,
twixt work and rest, taking a liberty.

Yet they won't say, under the smart I know,
little of ruth, that for some quiet nook,
that comforted the mind, that forbearing shook –
and not against purpose. I seek a way how
to keep up my meat and am slow on the foot.
And such as it is, I sully the boot.

THE HUSBAND HAVING DREAMED ENJOYING
OF HIS WIFE, COMPLAINETH THAT THE DREAM
IS NOT EITHER LONGER OR TRUER.

Braiding up this dream, and leaving no trace,
by steadfast love, or else dreams are not true;
untasted sleep woke me up to rue
the sudden toss of that false, feigned place.
Without breakfast, for such a hopeless grace,
shall bring not you into these most barren leas.
But makes a life no miss, a care might decrease
those winds in no condition to embrace.

A dead body, that the bear did so require,
tameless was that hour, no other has his sight –
why then, alas, shall nightmares see my plight!
And thus, I return to the day's fire,
and where it was with you, want all not vain.
To have that fortnight was your labor pain.

THE HUSBAND UNHAPPY, BIDDETH HAPPY
LOVERS REJOICE IN MAY, WHILE HE WAILETH
THAT MONTH TO HIM MOST UNLUCKY.

Yet that Love red flowers in abundance,
that live in lust and joyful jollity,
arise the same, peel off your sugary,
arise, I say – do May no subservience.
Let me lie in bed, and so dream perchance.
Let me know all the mishaps uncomely,
that me betide past months not untimely,
as one whom love gave little but mischance.

Sharon said true, that your rotundity
Was barreled bear in gaiety of May.
I guessed (I prove) of that, the verity,
that May was hell – that, then your tits, I say,
had stood rotund in no perplexity –
Rose, let me dream there was perversity.

THE HUSBAND CONFESSETH
HIM IN LOVE WITH NO ONE.

If murder can, if purchased weak dolor,
if many nights in little reach, such pain,
no day, in woe if they no one disdain,
for hopeless gain, in such revere, therefore.
To kill and kill my race, to have once more,
this sign of late – then, must we not complain?
If thou ask whom, since, sure no one refrain,
any that set this straight for such a bear.

The self-same cheer of no one hath the face
that others hath – we have, and never shall.
For borne a whelp, none calleth by his Grace,
who hath in hand the will, to kill and all –
this death alone no worth none ask him pay,
without one more, no one shall die lest say.

OF OTHER'S FEIGNED SORROW, AND
THE HUSBAND'S FEIGNED MIRTH

If Paul the persecutor, or Egypt,
were blind, as that writ did present
covering his heart's sadness. Love has sent
complaint with purple arrow, as would thus hit.
Eke the Baptist when fortune did out shut
him in that reign, who died in like intent.
could not dine, when the price was thus repent,
but bit to spite, and swallowed, and quit.

So, chanced me, that purple passion,
and heart, reveals no color contrary,
I feigned visage – now sad, now merry –
whereby if that I laugh for any reason,
it is because I have none other way
to shed my tears, for in the worst of way.

OF CHANGE IN MIND

Each man I beg to change of his surmise,
for on my faith, methinks it good reason
to change your mind, as in this new season.
For in each case those who would be taken wise
is meet for them to learn and devise –
and I am well of such manner, condition,
to be treated after no antic fashion,
and thereupon to see more love do rise,

But they, in wide breadth that brazen most –
change they no purpose? For after that rate
that might rise well, yet in our very state,
awhile the kids, doth dwell the wearied most –
my word, nor I, shall be less bankable,
that would save more, still makes firm capable.

HOW THE HUSBAND PERISHETH IN
HIS DELIGHTAS THE FLY IN HIS FIRE.

Some fowls there be that make a perfect night,
without the sun, their eyes therefore defend,
and them, because the glow doth them offend,
always appear and take much shade of light.
Others rejoyce to see the fire so bright,
and when to play with it, as they intend,
Alas! Of that sort none may be by right.

Yet to withstand your look I am not able,
for I cannot reside in so dark a place –
remembrance has just allowed me that space,
that with teary eyes, all swollen, therefore sable,
my destiny to behold you do not lead –
and thus, I slake, and am not made of mead.

AGAINST HIS TONGUE THAT
FAILED TO UTTER HIS SUITS

Because I have now cleaved misnomer blame,
and in that result, none was more honored –
now find tongue! That maimed hast thou so rendered,
in such dessert, to serve a grace in maim.
Thou need thy honor most, for so I am
some great reward, that stand in full blockade.
Away old war! And if one word be said,
as in a dream, that murder does for fame.

And if fault years against my will tonight,
that this dead bear, so then bereft and done,
to have that gone, as might suppose alone,
and as he was a size. For in that light,
to be most sacked, as that was some upstart,
yet – CANT. So, can't refrain? Accuse my art.