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Edna St. Vincent Millay - Sonnet XLIII

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 sits a quiet pain
For unremembered lads that not again Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.

Thus in the 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.

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