**Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)**

Neurotically intense, Miss Teasdale moved in company of poets, it is said, like a „recessive flame”. After one particularly tempestuous affair, with Vachel Lindsay, she married a businessman; but later divorced him, retired to seclusion, and in the end died from an overdose of sleeping pills. Her poems, tough popular in her lifetime, seem fragile and dated today; but a few retain, within slight conventional forms, the force of genuine originality.

**I Am Not Yours**

I am not yours, not lost in you,
Not lost, although I long to be
Lost as a candle lit at noon,
Lost as a snowflake in the sea.

You love me, and I find you still
A spirit beautiful and bright,
Yet I am I, who long to be
Lost as a light is lost in light.

Oh plunge me deep in love—put out
My senses, leave me deaf and blind,
Swept by the tempest of your love,
A taper in a rushing wind.