

# **A Dedication To My Wife**

by T.S. Eliot

To whom I owe the leaping delight  
That quickens my senses in our wakingtime  
And the rhythm that governs the repose of our sleepingtime, the breathing in unison.

Of lovers whose bodies smell of each other  
Who think the same thoughts without need of speech,  
And babble the same speech without need of meaning...

No peevish winter wind shall chill  
No sullen tropic sun shall wither  
The roses in the rose-garden which is ours and ours only

But this dedication is for others to read:  
These are private words addressed to you in public.