

“Hatred” (1922)
Gwendolyn Bennett

I shall hate you
Like a dart of singing steel
Shot through still air
At even-tide,
Or solemnly 5
As pines are sober
When they stand etched
Against the sky.
Hating you shall be a game
Played with cool hands 10
And slim fingers.
Your heart will yearn
For the lonely splendor
Of the pine tree
While rekindled fires 15
In my eyes
Shall wound you like swift arrows.
Memory will lay its hands
Upon your breast
And you will understand 20
My hatred.