

O Word I Love to Sing

Claude McKay

O word I love to sing! thou art too tender
For all the passions agitating me;
For all my bitterness thou art too tender,
I cannot pour my red soul into thee.

5 O haunting melody! thou art too slender,
Too fragile like a globe of crystal glass;
For all my stormy thoughts thou art too slender,
The burden from my bosom will not pass.

O tender word! O melody so slender!
10 O tears of passion saturate with brine,
O words, unwilling words, ye can not render
My hatred for the foe of me and mine.