

# Wild May

Claude McKay

Aleta mentions in her tender letters,  
Among a chain of quaint and touching things,  
That you are feeble, weighted down with fetters,  
And given to strange deeds and mutterings.  
5 No longer without trace or thought of fear,  
Do you leap to and ride the rebel roan<sup>1</sup>  
But have become the victim of grim care,  
With three brown beauties to support alone.  
But none the less will you be in my mind,  
10 Wild May that cantered by the risky ways,  
With showy head-cloth flirting in the wind,  
From market in the glad December days;  
Wild May of whom even other girls could rave  
Before sex tamed your spirit, made you slave.

## Editorial Notes

1. **Roan:** A horse with mottled coat.