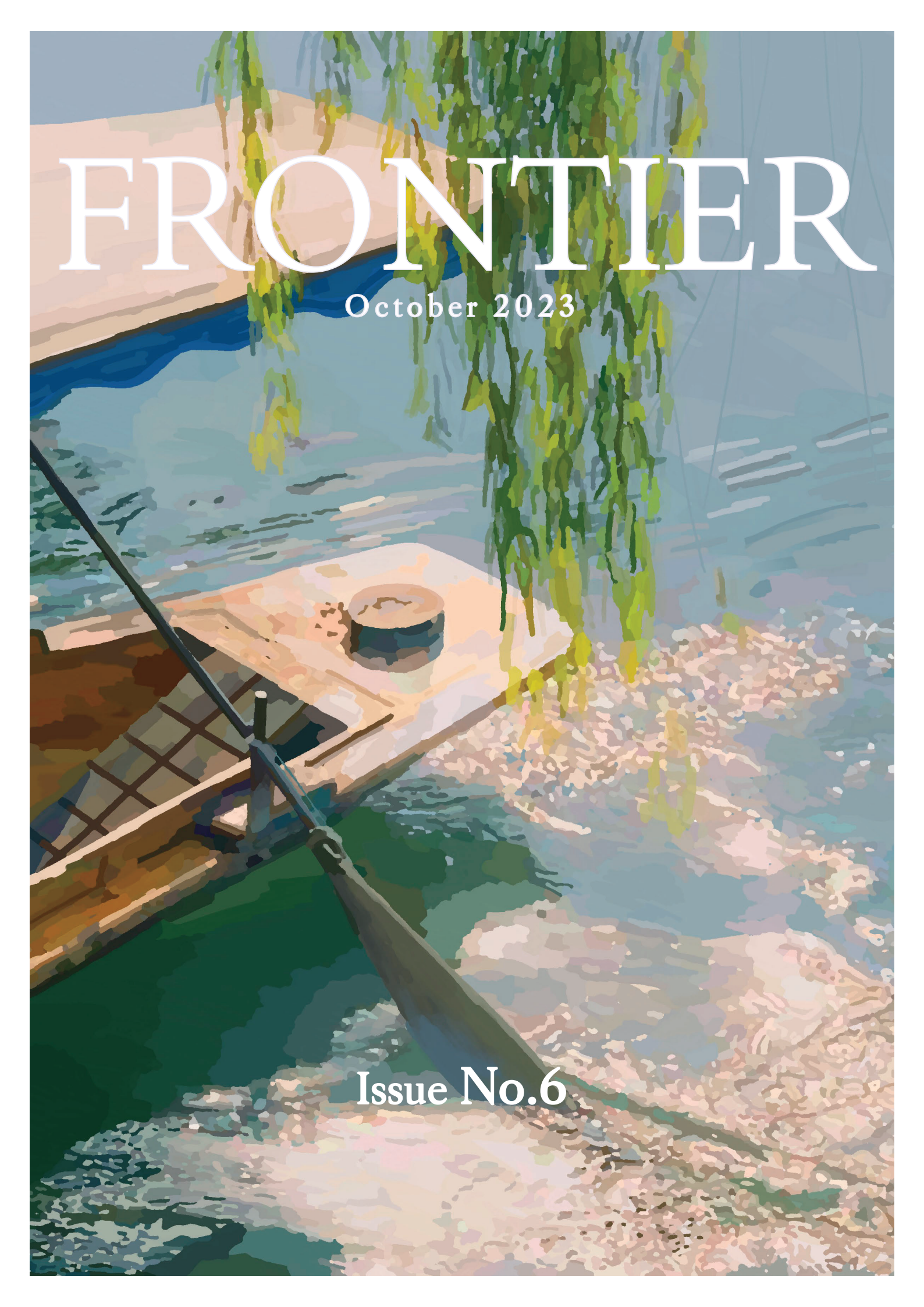


FRONTIER



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TO HER CAD OF A MISTER

A Response to Andrew Marvell



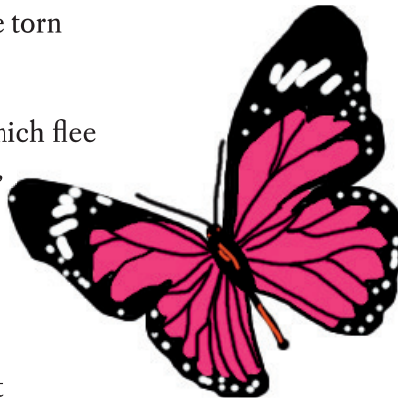
BY MUBASHARA KHAN

To Her Cad of a Mister, Mubashara Khan

Had I but patience enough and time,
This complaining, Sir, were no crime.
I would sit down and kindly relay
That 'tis thy denial, not my delay.
But it is ages to that dawning day,
When I shall find the due calm to convey
The pity thy pleas fail to inspire,
Suffering still thy feigned heart on fire.
My disdain at thy miserable way,
Which holds whatsoever no sway,
Is greatest when reproof requires
Me to present a defence dire –
For minding my own in peace,
How then could I have been a tease?
'Tis not by Siren's sweet song,
Nor by Medusa's gaze long,
That have I given you cause to make
Confessions in which thee pleasure take,
Unregarding my museless mind,
Let me then pay thee back in kind:

Nile could part to give thee way,
Yet *that* word I shan't be heard to say.
'Tis enough to let thy fancy overtake,
Given every man at heart is a rake,
For whom silence suffices to proclaim
Whatever object he desires to tame.
If my stillness hath led thee astray,
Then let my tirade now lead the way;
Lest thou think this protestation too
Is my further design to win and woo.
Who durst then waste speech to explain
For thou, Sir, hast ears in vain.

What evil had you from all sense torn
To wish union with one so forlorn?
You speak of beauty, but what of me?
And the thousand tumultuous terrors which flee
From my mind, which knows no respite,
Yet is made to hark to thee in spite.
You won't find in me the spring of life,
Nor the harmony you seek in strife;
I have enough in me to eternally haunt,
Making ere long death a mere taunt.
I'd wholly accept that quiet marble vault
Should it spare me from thy loving assault.
Will you turn prisoner then, to this decree?
Or rushing in search of muses simpler flee?



To His Coy Mistress, Andrew Marvell

Had we but World enough, and Time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long Loves Day.

Thou by the *Indian Ganges* side
Should'st Rubies find: I by the Tide
Of *Humber* would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood:
And you should if you please refuse
Till the Conversion of the Jews.

My vegetable Love should grow
Vaster than Empires, and more slow.
A hundred years should go to praise
Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze.

Two hundred to adore each breast:
But thirty thousand to the rest.

An Age at least to every part,
And the last Age should show your Heart.

For Lady you deserve this State;

Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near:

And yonder all before us lie

Desarts of vast Eternity.

Thy Beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble Vault, shall sound
My echoing Song; then Worms shall try

That long preserv'd Virginity:

And your quaint Honour turn to dust;

And into ashes all my Lust.

The Grave's a fine and private place,

But none I think do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hew

Sits on thy skin like morning dew,

And while thy willing Soul transpires

At every pore with instant Fires,

Now let us sport us while we may;

And now, like am'rous birds of prey,

Rather at once our Time devour,

Than languish in his slow-chapt pow'r.

Let us roll all our Strength, and all

Our sweetness, up into one Ball:

And tear our Pleasures with rough strife,

Through the Iron gates of Life.

Thus, though we cannot make our Sun

Stand still, yet we will make him run

*Dedicated to my dear Professor Zsolt Bojti of
Eötvös Lorand University, a marvel of a man,
who unlike Marvell can inspire a museless mind.*