**Sonnet:**

How do I love three?

Let me count the ways

How do I love three? Let me count the ways.

I love three to the depth and breadth and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight

For the ends of the Being and ideal Grace.

I love three to the level of everyday’s

Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.

I love three freely, as men strive for Right;

I love three purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love three with the passion put to use

In my old griefs, and with my childhood’s faith.

I love three with a love seemed to lose

With my lost saints – I love three with the breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life! – and, if God choose,

I shall but love three better after death.

**Poem:**

Wild Swans

I looked in my heart while the wild swans went over.

And what did I see I had not seen before?

Only a question less or a question more;

Nothing to match the flight of wild birds flying.

Tiresome heart, forever living and dying,

House without air, I leave you and lock your door.

Wild swans, come over the town, come over

The town again, trailing your legs and crying!