

Poems for Children by Famous Poets

Poetry offers up a wealth of benefits for children. It fosters a love for language, thereby building literacy. It helps children understand themselves and others, allowing them to cultivate valuable qualities like compassion and empathy. It is also a healthy way for children to express their emotions and deal with emotionally challenging situations. Fortunately, there are many famous poems for children. Poets like A. A. Milne and William Blake wrote many poems for children that can inspire them to find their voice and representation through poetry, even from an early age.

Source: <http://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poems/famous/children/>
ind On The Hill By A.A. Milne

- **By A. A. Milne**

Wind On The Hill

No one can tell me,
Nobody knows,
Where the wind comes from,
Where the wind goes.

- **By Shel Silverstein**

Sick

"I cannot go to school today,"
Said little Peggy Ann McKay.
"I have the measles and the mumps,
A gash, a rash and purple bumps.

latest shared story

That is a cute poem! Sounds just like the silliness children try to pull. My children would try, then they would
By A. A. Milne

Now We Are Six

When I was one,
I had just begun.
When I was two,
I was nearly new.

- **By A. A. Milne**

Waiting At The Window

These are my two drops of rain
Waiting on the window-pane.

I am waiting here to see

- By Shel Silverstein

Dirty Face

Where did you get such a dirty face,
My darling dirty-faced child?
I got it from crawling along in the dirt
And biting two buttons off Jeremy's shirt.

Vespers By A.A. Milne

- By A. A. Milne

Vespers

Little Boy kneels at the foot of the bed,
Droops on the little hands little gold head.
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!

Halfway Down By A.A. Milne

- By A. A. Milne

Halfway Down

Halfway down the stairs
Is a stair
Where I sit.
There isn't any

- By A. A. Milne

Sneezles

Christopher Robin
Had wheezles
And sneezles,
They bundled him

- By A. A. Milne

Teddy Bear

A bear, however hard he tries,
Grows tubby without exercise.
Our Teddy Bear is short and fat,
Which is not to be wondered at;...

Friends

How good to lie a little while
And look up through the tree!
The Sky is like a kind big smile
Bent sweetly over me.

Classic Family Poems by Famous Poets

To be part of a family is to be in a relationship. There is an opportunity for a closeness and trust that cannot occur outside family. With this possibility for closeness is the possibility of hatred and estrangement. It is not easy to maintain positive relationships with those that we are naturally closest to. There are tensions that exist between family members that are not present in other relationships. Being in close proximity means that you know a person's great attributes as well as their faults. Maintaining family relationships are a tremendous challenge.

- **By Ella Wheeler Wilcox**

Life's Scars

PICTURE

They say the world is round, and yet
I often think it square,
So many little hurts we get
From corners here and there.

Mother To Son

Well, son, I'll tell you:
Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.
It's had tacks in it,
And splinters,

A Father To His Son By Carl Sandburg

- **By Carl Sandburg**

A Father To His Son

A father sees his son nearing manhood.
What shall he tell that son?
"Life is hard; be steel; be a rock."
And this might stand him for the storms...

- By William Blake

A Cradle Song

Sweet dreams form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head;
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams....

The whiskey on your breath
Could make a small boy dizzy;
But I hung on like death:
Such waltzing was not easy.

- By Emily Dickinson

One Sister Have I In Our House

One Sister have I in our house,
And one, a hedge away.
There's only one recorded,
But both belong to me....

- By William Blake

Nurse's Song

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

A Holiday

The Wife
The house is like a garden,
The children are the flowers,
The gardener should come methinks

***Poems about Love speak about the passion,
desire and vulnerability of being in love.***

Romantic relationships are the spice of life, they make us feel alive in a way that nothing else can. Genuine romance exists when two people show that they care for each other through small acts of love and affection. We feel loved and cared for when we know that our significant other is thinking about how to give us the most pleasure. Romance is the key to keeping the sparks flying. Without it, any relationship will soon lose its shine.

Featured Subcategories

BOYFRIEND POEMS



Many girls obsess about how to be the perfect girlfriend. The truth is most guys are happy enough just to have a girlfriend. Yet, it is important to know that for guys, respect is the most important thing. Guys want to know that you think they are powerful and strong. Also do not disregard his complement. If he tells you that he thinks that you look beautiful, don't tell him that you are ugly. You may be acting modest, or displaying your own insecurities, but to him, you are saying that his compliments don't mean a thing.

Source: <http://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poems/love/>

Source: <http://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poems/famous/family/>

Source: <http://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poems/famous/children/>

First Kiss Poems

There's nothing like the first love. You've never had these feelings before and you imagine that no one else has ever felt this way about anybody. Your boyfriend or girlfriend are the greatest thing ever and you want to be with them all the time. Your senses become alive as you fall in love for the first time. You're not even thinking of the possibility that you may break up because that has never happened to you before. First love is filled with the optimism that you will be together forever.

Is Love Real?

What does the word love
Really mean?
Is it only a wishful
Dream?

Life With You

You taught me how beautiful life is,
Everything from your words, your touch, your kiss.

You gave me hope, you gave me love,

- Published: May 2008

He Is Too Good To Be True!!

When I first meet you we were suppose to be friends
Who would of thought that I would love you in the end?
We talked and talked for months and months
Got to know each other in a way that no one would

This is so true to my heart. Well let me rephrase that. Only the first half fits. I am not in the relationship but he accidentally stole my heart. He makes it sing.. Maybe someday he will...

Loving You So Much

The moment I think about you
I go to another world
A world where you love me too
And where I can never be hurt...

latest shared story

It's hard to think the same when you can't get someone out of your brain. It's been a while you've known each other, but it seems like you never bother. You wish to tell them how you feel,...

READ COMPLETE STORY

- By Karina Del Campo
- Published: May 2009

Do You Remember Our Love?

Between our little fights and our giggles
Do you remember that you were the first lips I touched?
The first hand I held,
The first one I cared for, ...

My first love was my best friend and when he left for the war he ended it because he didn't want me waiting around for him at home. I told him I didn't mind waiting and yet he still turned...

READ COMPLETE STORY

- **By HydZ Trinidad**
- Published: February 2009

My First Love.....My First Heartbreak

I never thought I would love someone like you
Never in my dreams that I would meet you

But then, as I travel in my life's journey
You walk into my life and I fall for you....

- By Panda S
- Published: April 2015

Endless Night

See the lonely girl,
Trying to pass the day.
Hiding her tears behind her curls,
There isn't much to say.

Take My Hand

Take my hand and forget about the world.
I will love you like you have never been loved before.
Look into my eyes and dream about us both.
Together we will conquer and reach up to the skies. ...

latest shared story

Perfect and awesome way to express your love to the loved one ..I like this part " Take my hand and forget about the world. I will love you like you have never been loved before.
Look...

[READ COMPLETE STORY](#)

Poem About Time With a Significant Other

- **[By Raquel McKissock](#)**
- Published: May 2014

Only Us

Laid my head upon your chest
Your arms encircled me,
It was, My Love, as if we were
What God meant us to be,...

[READ COMPLETE POEM](#)

So Much For My First Love

I've loved you since I met you,
Though there's nothing I can do.
You've really hurt my feelings,
And I deserve better than you....

[READ COMPLETE POEM](#)

Source: <http://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poems/love/first-love/>

Classic Love Poems by Famous Poets

From the first prick of Cupid's arrow to the bitterness of heartbreak, poets throughout the ages have written on the mysteries of love. Their rhymes and allegories help us to better understand our emotions and sort the many ups and downs of love. Whether a simple crush or years of marriage, poetry throughout the centuries has helped express and illuminate the difficult sentiments of the heart. Turning to poetry can help us to put words to the passions and excitements that love inflames within us and to direct that fire to the forging and melding of two hearts together.

Always Marry An April Girl

Praise the spells and bless the charms,
I found April in my arms.
April golden, April cloudy,
Gracious, cruel, tender, rowdy;

- By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How Do I Love Thee?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

On 7 October 1993 I recited my version of this poem at the moment that my first granddaughter was born, as I fell in love with that small pink bundle. I have referred to this poem on every...

[READ COMPLETE STORY](#)

Advertisement

I Carry Your Heart With Me By e.e. cummings

- By E. E. Cummings

I Carry Your Heart With Me

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
i go you go,my dear; and whatever is done
by only me is your doing,my darling)

[READ COMPLETE POEM](#)

latest shared story

My husband of 52 years has suffered two heart attacks and one heart episode. This poem spoke to me as we have lived with his condition and I feel I have carried his heart in my heart. I plan...

[READ COMPLETE STORY](#)

If You Forget Me By Pablo Neruda

- [By Pablo Neruda](#)

If You Forget Me

I want you to know
one thing.

You know how this is:

Love's Language

How does Love speak?
In the faint flush upon the telltale cheek,
And in the pallor that succeeds it; by
The quivering lid of an averted eye--

- [By Ella Wheeler Wilcox](#)

I Love You

I love your lips when they're wet with wine
And red with a wild desire;
I love your eyes when the lovelight lies
Lit with a passionate fire.

[READ COMPLETE POEM](#)

- [By E. E. Cummings](#)

somewhere i have never travelled

somewhere i have never travelled, gladly beyond
any experience, your eyes have their silence:
in your most frail gesture are things which enclose me,
or which i cannot touch because they are too near...

latest shared story

This poem is the one that did it! I read this along with my class, in seventh grade and was forever inspired. The way Cummings uses words to create this picture of love and roses. The way he...

- By Pablo Neruda

I Do Not Love You Except Because I Love You

I do not love you except because I love you;
I go from loving to not loving you,
From waiting to not waiting for you
My heart moves from cold to fire....

latest shared story

Sincerely, the poem sounds more of irony, imagery, synecdoche, because it was a direct poem that straightly explained the meaning, whereas, there won't be room for literary appreciation....

- By Sara Teasdale

I Am Not Yours

I am not yours, not lost in you,
Not lost, although I long to be
Lost as a candle lit at noon,
Lost as a snowflake in the sea....

- By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Love's Coming

She had looked for his coming as warriors come,
With the clash of arms and the bugle's call;
But he came instead with a stealthy tread,
Which she did not hear at all....

[READ COMPLETE POEM](#)

Source: <http://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poems/famous/love/>

Kosim: Thank you for the New Year greeting. We all want to wish you and your family all the best for 2012.

I do remember Sayora and would appreciate it if you let her know that I remember her and wish her well in her work at the law training center and for 2012.

I would be happy to read your translation of Alpomish. I do remember learning about it when I visited Uzbekistan. I am very

happy to learn that you have focused your time on translating important works into English so that others around the world learn of the many wonderful stories that come from Uzbekistan and Central Asia.

Recently I learned about a book written in the 1400's by a man named Johann Schiltberger who was a German prisoner of war with Amir Timor. He was allowed to live because he was a boy when taken captive. He spent nearly 30 years as a servant and then escaped back to Germany where he wrote about his adventure. I will get this book from the library.

So far this fall and winter has been mild for us. We have temperatures not much lower than zero celsius at night and as much as 25 degrees above during the day. We have had only one snow fall that covered the grass for a few hours and then melted. But we will undoubtedly will have snow and much colder weather in the next three months.

I am already planning my spring planting. This coming season I will replace my strawberry plants with new ones. Also, I plan to plant some apple trees. I have also already planted several hundred tulip bulbs. Previously, I couldn't plant them except in pots close to the house because the deer would eat the plants as soon as they popped up from the soil. Last year I discovered a spray in a lawn and garden store that won't injure the plant or flower, but makes the deer and other animals stay away. It is made of liquefied rotten eggs, garlic, onions and something else. The smell and bad taste prevent the deer from destroying the plants. The plants need only be sprayed once per week, even if it rains. You may recall that I have flower beds in front of the house next to the large concrete patio. In Fall 2010 I planted about 120 bulbs in front as an experiment. When the plants started to break through the soil, I sprayed them and the deer didn't touch them. I was amazed. Had I not sprayed them, the deer would have destroyed the plants in one or two nights. So now we can have beautiful spring flowers without losing them to deer.

Please have Nafisa write to let us know how she is doing. Nafisa writes in English very well. We can tell that she is very serious about

learning. Caroline and Michael are making good progress in school. Michael is in second grade and Caroline is in fourth grade.

Best regards to you for 2012 and let's keep in touch,

Mark

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Best regards to you for 2012 and let's keep in touch,

Mark

.....
Hi Odiljon!

How are you? We are glad to get a letter from you. I see you are too much busy. It is clear and very serious to study abroad. You must cope and manage in time. Here we are busy too.

So far this winter has been very cold it reached 20-25 below zero and 30 in Nukus. We had temperatures much lower than zero Celsius at night and as much as 25 degrees below during the night. We have also had a lot of snow . It stayed almost a month, from January 1o to February. Snow covered the ground completely then melted very slowly as it kept cold. Now spring began already and we have already had temperature above zero – about +20 C. But weather forecast says it will snow soon too.

In any case I am already planning my spring planting in my garden. This coming season I will replace my apricot trees and some flowers with new ones. Also, I plan to plant some apple trees. I have also already planted several tulip bulbs. As you know they are beautiful. I am also going to plant basil. It's fragrance is lovely. Yesterday night it rained. And today it is going to rain too. It is likely to rain very often it spring. I think it is useful if it rains much. For the plants need much water. When the plants start break through the soil, and as they days become warmer and warmer they need much water too. As you know I like gardening too. I plant different flowers and trees so that we can have beautiful flowers blossoming in spring, summer and fall.

Looking forward to your letter. Bahodir I. and L.A are sending their best regards too. Soon we'll have Navruz.

Best, KM.

Please have Nafisa write to let us know how she is doing. Nafisa writes in English very well. We can tell that she is very serious about learning. Caroline and Michael are making good progress in school. Michael is in second grade and Caroline is in fourth grade.

Best regards to you for 2012 and let's keep in touch,

Mark

Charlotte Brontë's infatuated notes, Henry VIII's lovesick doodles and the anguished scribbles of Nelson's mistress: Fiona Macdonald picks eight love letters that offer a different slant on history.

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- **By Fiona Macdonald**

30 November 2016

“Love letters are an expression of intimacy; their words allow us insight into the private relationships of people down the ages,” writes Andrea Clarke in a book that brings together a collection of manuscripts looking at 2,000 years of romance. Published by the British Library, **Love Letters** traces a history of Britain through “handwritten, intimate exchanges between couples,” that “span centuries, cultures and continents”. Here’s our pick of eight that offer a different slant on the past.

Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII, c.1528



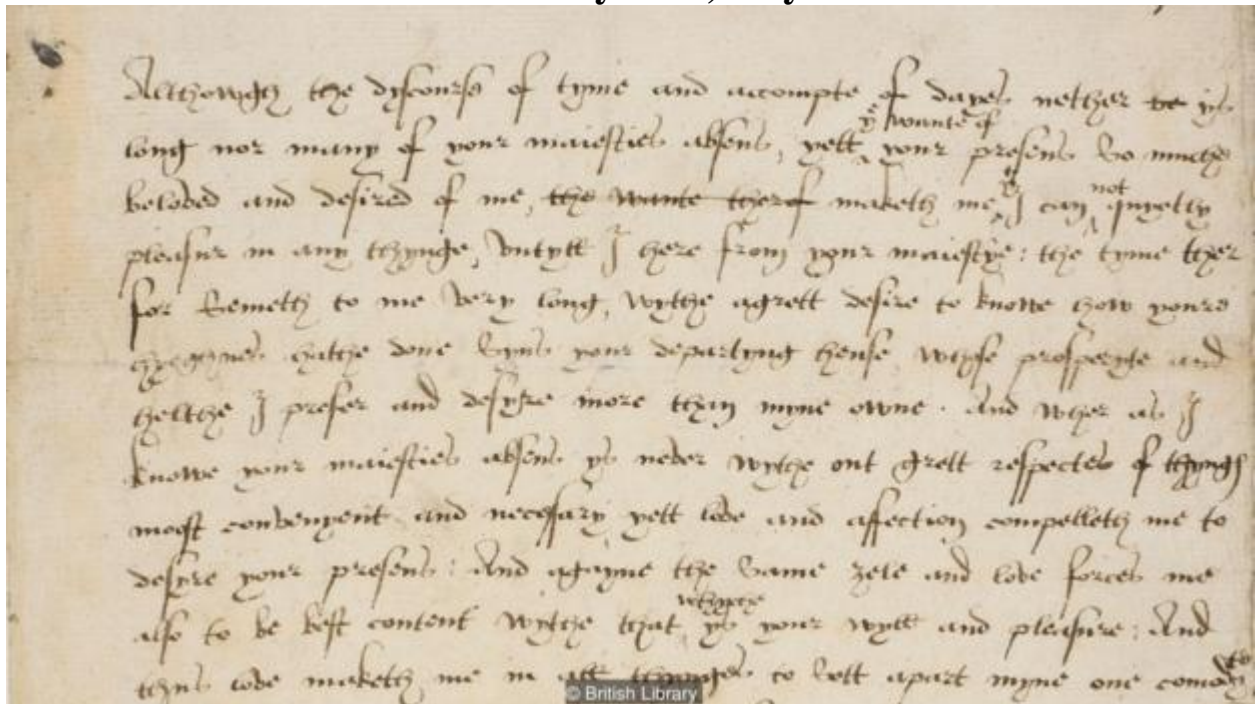
Occasionally, messages of love appear between the lines, as in the jottings in the margins of this devotional Book of Hours, produced in 1528. They are love notes between Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII, scribbled beneath significant illuminations. According to Clarke, Henry chose to write his “on a page depicting the man of sorrows, thereby intentionally presenting himself as the lovesick king”. Anne, meanwhile, wrote hers “below an image of the Annunciation, with the Archangel Gabriel telling the Virgin Mary that she would bear a son”, implying that she would succeed where Catherine of Aragon had failed, and provide him with an heir.

Henry’s wish to divorce his first wife and marry Anne helped bring about the English Reformation. Clarke, who is Curator of Early Modern Historical Manuscripts at the British Library, believes it’s important to see the original love letter in the writers’ own hand. She tells BBC Culture: “I think the exchange of love notes in the Anne Boleyn Book of Hours – when you actually hold that manuscript in your hands, and with hindsight you’re looking at something that was the beginning of a process that caused such seismic religious change – that’s fairly powerful.”

Henry's message (in French): *"If you remember my love in your prayers as strongly as I adore you, I shall scarcely be forgotten, for I am yours. Henry Rex forever."*

Anne's response (in English): *"Be daily prove you shall me find / To be to you both loving and kind."*

Catherine Parr to Henry VIII, July 1544

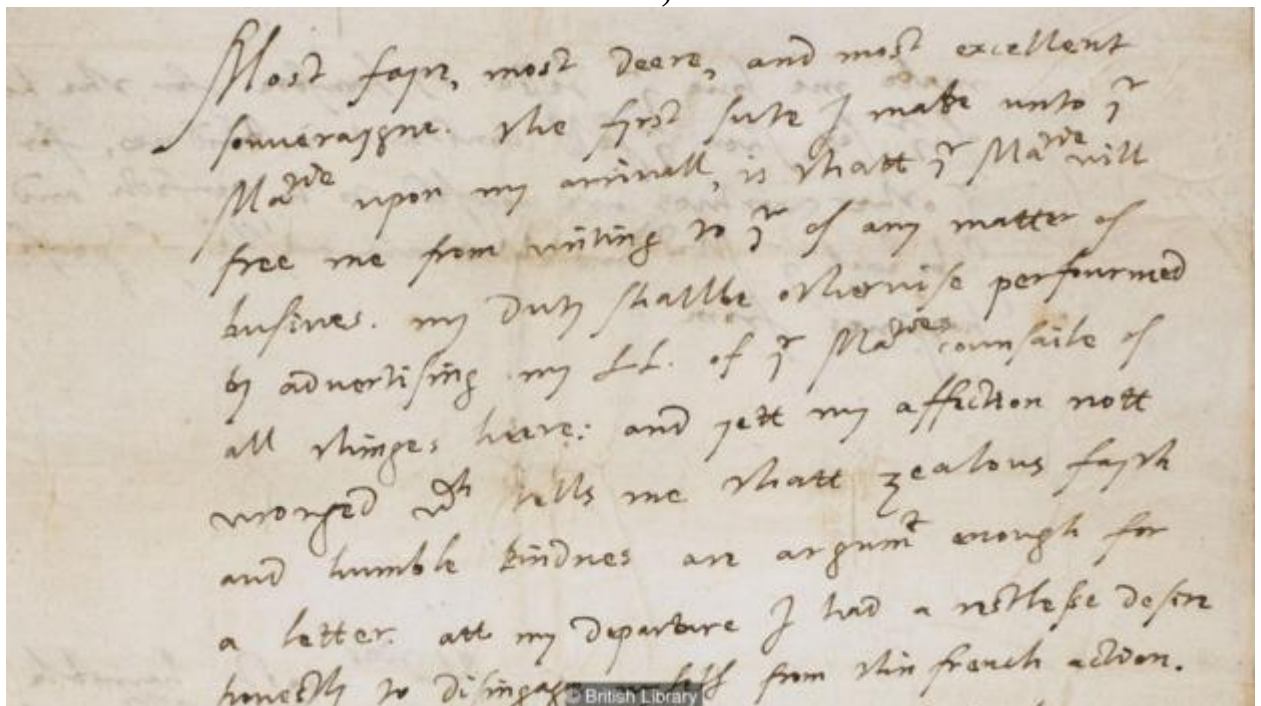


The love letter can offer a glimpse of duty as well as passion. Henry VIII married his sixth wife, Catherine Parr, on 12 July 1543 at Hampton Court Palace. Catherine was twice-widowed and in love with Thomas Seymour, the brother of Henry's third wife, Jane. Yet she appears to have grown affectionate towards Henry by the following year, when she wrote this letter while he was on his final military expedition to France. Despite the strength of the bond the letter suggests, she married Thomas Seymour within months of Henry's death in 1547: she died in 1548 after giving birth to their first child.

Extract:

“Whereas I know your Majesty’s absence is never without great respects of things most convenient and necessary, yet love and affection compelleth me to desire your presence. And again, the same zeal and love forces me also to be best content with that which is your will and pleasure. And thus love maketh me in all things to set apart mine own commodity and pleasure, and to embrace most joyfully his will and pleasure whom I love. God, the knower of secrets, can judge these words not to be only written with ink, but most truly impressed in the heart.”

Earl of Essex to Elizabeth I, 18 October 1591



“Looking at an image of the manuscript of the Earl of Essex’s impassioned, noble letter to Elizabeth I, with its fold-lines still visible, one starts to imagine the queen loosening its silk ties, breaking the wax seal, and unfolding the letter,” writes Clarke in *Love Letters*. She argues that the original manuscripts can “add another dimension to our understanding.”

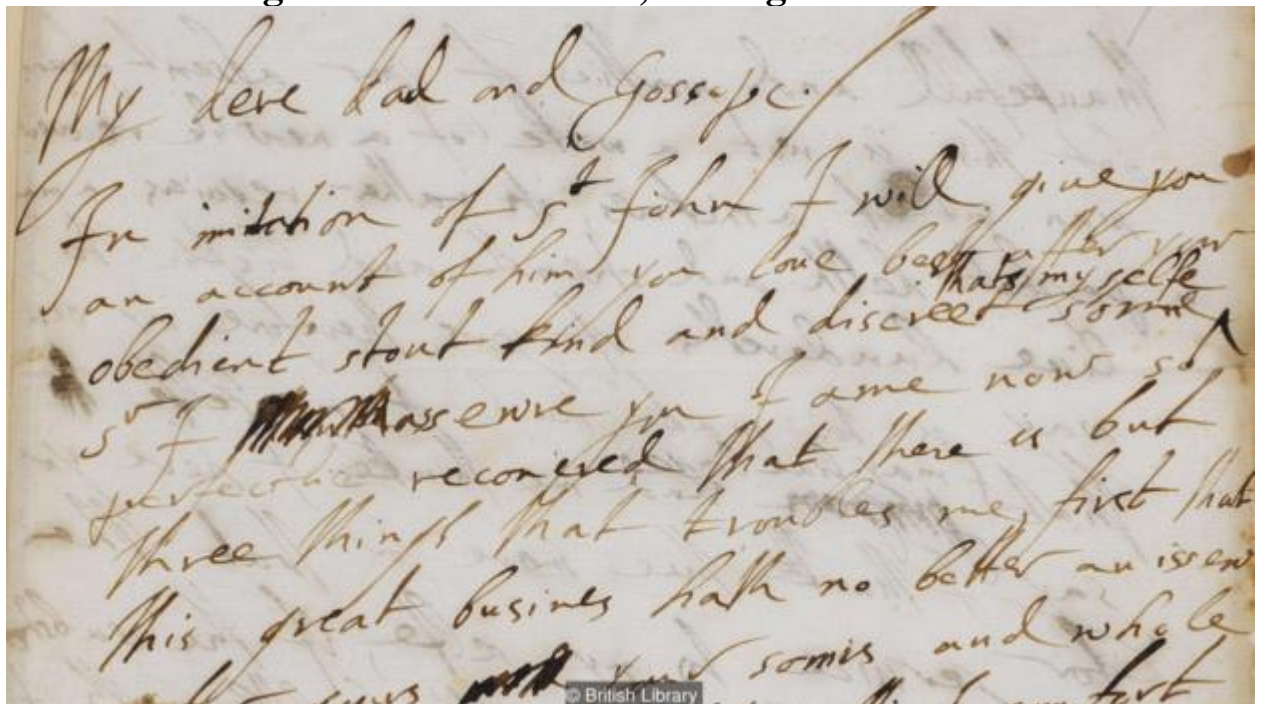
Robert Devereux was a favourite of Queen Elizabeth I within years of arriving in court in 1584. They exchanged more than 40 letters between 1590 and his death in 1601, when he was

executed for treason after organising an abortive *coup d'état* against the government. In this letter, from October 1591, Devereux follows courtly convention to take on the role of Elizabeth's lover.

Extract:

"At my return I will humbly beseech your Majesty that no cause but a great action of your own may draw me out of your sight. For the two windows of your privy chamber shall be the poles of my sphere where, as long as your Majesty will please to have me, I am fixed and unmovable. When you think that heaven too good for me, I will not fall like a star, but be consumed like a vapor by the same sun that drew me up to such a height. While your Majesty gives me leave to say I love you, my fortune is as my affection, unmatched."

George Villiers to James I, 29 August 1623



Often, seemingly innocuous letters can hint at a different truth, with an affectionate tone masking something deeper. "As both King James VI of Scotland and later as King of England, James I's sexuality and choice of male partners were the subject of gossip from the taverns to the Privy

Council,” writes Clarke. “When James inherited the English throne from Queen Elizabeth I in 1603, it was openly joked that ‘*Rex fuit Elizabeth: nunc est regina Jacobus*’ (‘Elizabeth was King: now James is Queen’).” The son of an impoverished Leicestershire squire, George Villiers first met the king at a hunt in 1614. A few months later, he had been appointed the Royal Cupbearer; in 1615 he was knighted and appointed Gentleman of the Bedchamber and in 1616 he became Viscount Villiers.

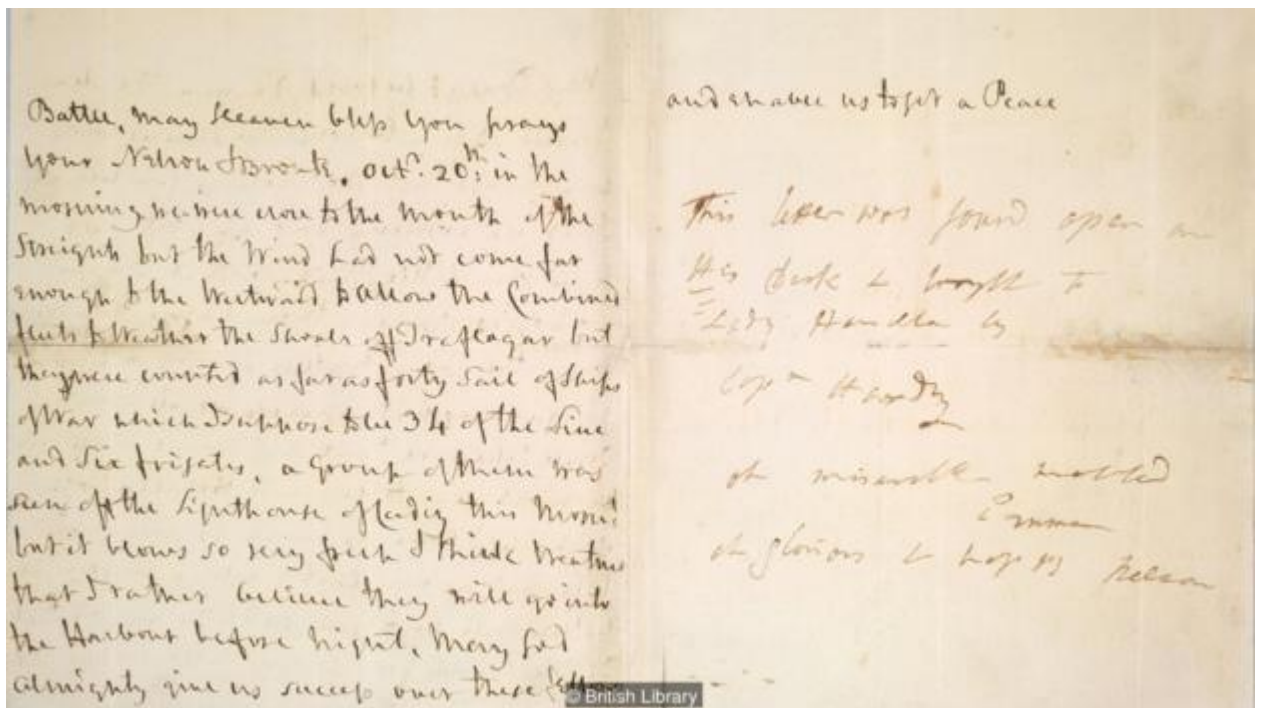
By 1617, he had become the Earl of Buckingham – when the Privy Council protested, James pronounced that he loved him “more than any other man”. In 1623, when he wrote this letter to James from Madrid, where he was conducting marriage negotiations for the King’s son, Villiers had become the Duke of Buckingham. Contemporaries saw James and Villiers as lovers: in a 1652 book, **Edward Peyton wrote that** “the king sold his affections to Sir George Villiers, whom he would tumble and kiss as a mistress”.

Extract:

“Sir, judge whether I have pleasure or not in writing to you, for though I thought to have made an end on the other side, methinks it’s too soon here; but I fear I have troubled you too long. And I have too lately said I love you better than myself, so in writing longer to please myself, I should give to what I have already said a contradiction, wherefore I’ll end with craving your blessing.

Your Majesty’s humble slave and dog, Steenie”

Horatio Nelson’s last letter to Lady Emma Hamilton, 19 October 1805



Horatio Nelson married Frances ‘Fanny’ Nesbit in 1787. He began an affair with Emma Hamilton in 1798; they had a daughter three years later. Their relationship caused a scandal, and Nelson was keen to avoid publicity, destroying her letters to him and asking Emma to do the same with those he sent. “Emma could not bear to do so and kept every one,” writes Clarke. “Few documents in the British Library’s collections are more evocative than this, Nelson’s final letter to Emma, which was found unfinished on his desk after he was fatally wounded by a French musket ball while on the deck of the Victory during the Battle of Trafalgar.”


The manuscript concludes with a few lines written in another hand. “When the letter was delivered to Lady Hamilton by Captain Hardy, she added an anguished note to the end,” writes Clarke. “It is far more poignant to see Emma Hamilton’s handwritten note – ‘Oh miserable wretched Emma, oh glorious & happy Nelson’ – on his final, unfinished letter to her than it is to read it in a transcript.”

Extract:

“Victory Oct[ob]er 19th 1805 Noon, Cadiz ESE 16 Leagues

My Dearest beloved Emma the dear friend of my bosom, the signal has been made that the enemys combined fleet are coming out of port. We have very little wind so that I have no hopes of seeing them before tomorrow. May the God of Battles crown my endeavours with success, at all events I will take care that my name shall ever be most dear to you and Horatia, both of whom I love as much as my own life. And as my last writing before the battle will be to you, so I hope in God that I shall live to finish my letter after the Battle."

Charles Dickens to Catherine Hogarth, May 1835



My dear Catherine:

It is with the greatest pain that I sit down to this. I go to bed to-night, to say one word which can bear the appearance of unkindness or reproach; but I must do it, as well as I can, and ~~strongly~~ as I must, I will, enough to think that an ~~un-~~ judgment of even three weeks might pass without any such display as you have forced me with twice already, I am then more strongly induced to discharge it.

The sudden and uncalled-for coldness with which you treated me just before I left last night, both surprised and deeply hurt me," he writes, "because I could not have believed that such sullen and inflexible obstinacy could exist in the breast of any girl in whose heart love had found a place".

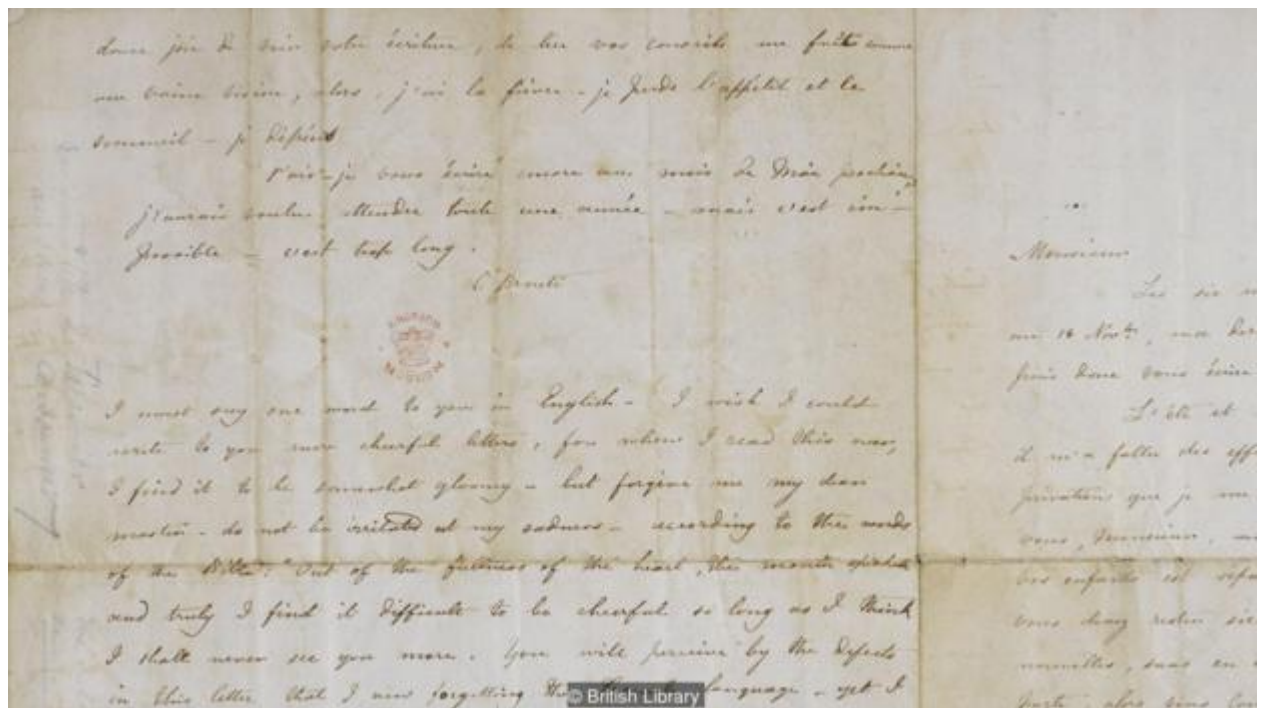
Charles Dickens married Catherine Hogarth in April 1836, the same month he published the Pickwick Papers. A year earlier, just after they became engaged, he had written a letter to her with a mixed tone. Although he claims that his feelings for her have "led me to forget all my friends and pursuits to spend my days at your side", he also expressed hesitation. "The sudden and uncalled-for coldness with which you treated me just before I left last night, both surprised and deeply hurt me," he writes, "because I could not have believed that such sullen and inflexible obstinacy could exist in the breast of any girl in whose heart love had found a place".

Those doubts were prescient: despite having ten children together, Charles and Catherine were to become estranged in 1858, after he began a relationship with an 18-year-old actress. (He wrote to his friend that “Poor Catherine and I are not made for each other... What is now befalling I have seen steadily coming”.) Yet she kept everything he had written to her. According to Clarke, “Catherine carefully preserved the letters she had received from her husband, both before and after marriage, so ‘that the world may know he loved me once’.”

Extract:

“My object in writing to you is this: If a hasty temper produces this strange behaviour, acknowledge it when I give you the opportunity – not once or twice, but again and again. If a feeling of you know not what – a capricious restlessness of you can’t tell what, and a desire to tease, you don’t know why, give rise to it – overcome it; it will never make you more amiable, I more fond of either of us, more happy. If three weeks or three months of my society has wearied you, do not trifle with me, using me like any other toy as suits your humour for the moment; but make the acknowledgement to me frankly at once – I shall not forget you lightly, but you will need no second warning.”

Charlotte Brontë to Professor Constantin Héger, 18 November 1844



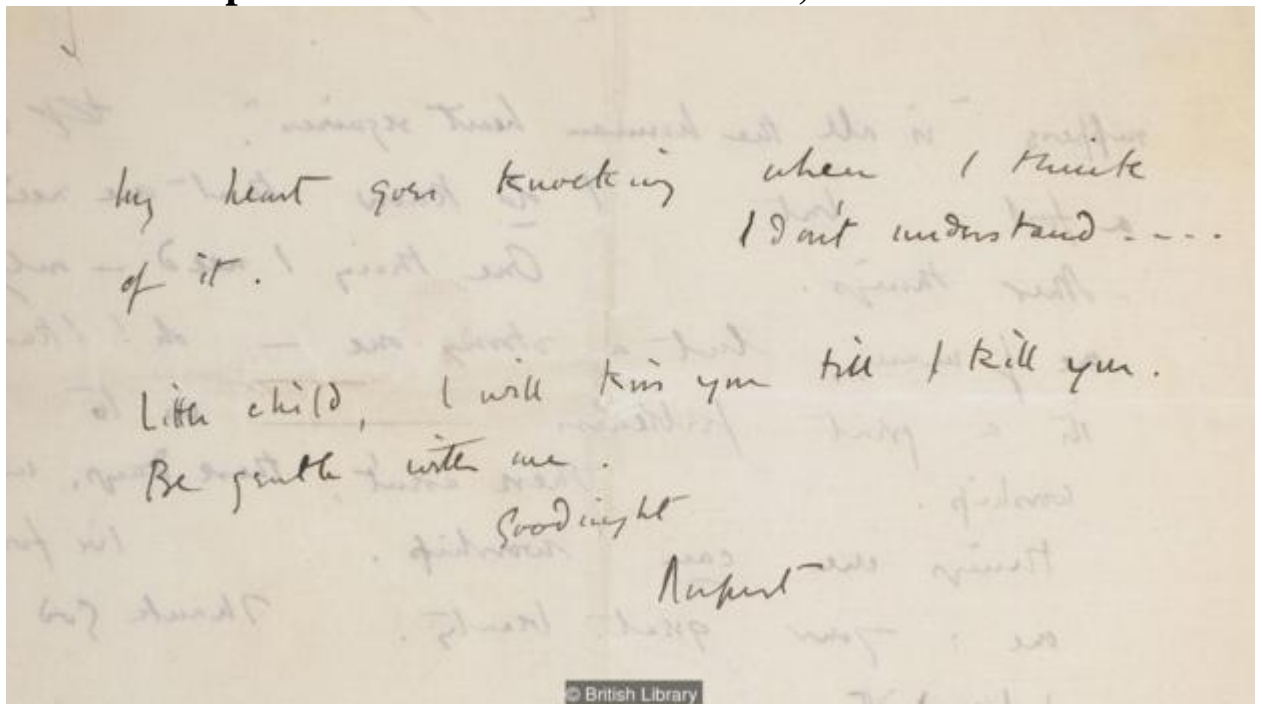
It's not the words alone that speak to us. "Some of the physical items have a story to tell on their own," Clarke tells BBC Culture. "There's an item that was torn up and then sewn together, or just the addition of a doodle, or you can see that some documents have been through the wars." One of the most fragile letters in the collection was ripped up and thrown away by its recipient. While studying languages at a boarding school in Brussels run by Professor Constantin Héger and his wife, Charlotte Brontë became infatuated with her teacher. After returning to England, she wrote several letters to him – but he discarded them all. "Incredibly four of her letters have survived," writes Clarke. "Curiously, it is thanks to his wife – who retrieved them from the waste paper basket and sewed them back together – that we are privy to their content today."

As Clarke points out, Brontë's stitched-together missives offer us a glimpse into the mind of the novelist. "The letters are deeply poignant and reveal the extent of Charlotte's passionate feelings for the professor, her desire to see him, her despair at his silence and ultimately her resigned desolation and sense of rejection – emotions that she would later pour into *Jane Eyre* and *Villette*."

Extract:

"I wish I would write to you more cheerful letters, for when I read this over, I find it to be somewhat gloomy – but forgive me my dear master – do not be irritated at my sadness – according to the words of the Bible: 'Out of the fullness of the heart, the mouth speaketh' and truly I find it difficult to be cheerful so long as I think I shall never see you more."

Rupert Brooke to Cathleen Nesbitt, 1913



“The raw passion of love is perhaps best represented in the letter sent by Rupert Brooke to Cathleen Nesbitt.” Clarke describes a letter written by the World War One poet in 1913 that was previously unseen. The British Library acquired a collection of 82 letters from Brooke to Nesbitt in 2007, unlocking a heartfelt testimony of the two-year romance between the couple.

Brooke died from blood poisoning on 23 April 1915, on his way to fight at Gallipoli. Clarke describes another letter: “As if intuiting his approaching death, he wrote to Cathleen from ‘off Gallipoli’ on 18 March: ‘Oh my dear, Life is a very good thing. Thank God I met you. Be happy and be good. You

have been good to me. Goodbye, dearest child – Rupert.””
Clarke says the letters show a human side to a famous figure. “You learn about history at a political level in school – in such and such a year this happened; in such and such a year, this happened – whereas looking at the manuscripts takes it back to that point where two people found themselves attracted to each other,” she says. “You see it through a personal lens – an intimate moment.”

Extract:

*“I wish to God you were coming in through the door now:
and that I could hold your hands. There’s beauty when we’re
together. I understand – in a way I understand
you completely: because I love you so.*

*I’m madly eager to see you again. My heart goes knocking
when I think of it. I don’t understand...*

*Little child, I will kiss you till I kill you. Be gentle with me.
Goodnight*

Rupert

*Do not answer lengthily. I write this because I like writing it.
But answer points of fact briefly. It’s a practical world.”*

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