

## But Not Forgotten

I think, no matter where you stray,  
That I shall go with you a way.  
Though you may wander sweeter lands,  
You will not soon forget my hands,  
Nor yet the way I held my head,  
Nor all the tremulous things I said.  
You still will see me, small and white  
And smiling, in the secret night,  
And feel my arms about you when  
The day comes fluttering back again.  
I think, no matter where you be,  
You'll hold me in your memory  
And keep my image, there without me,  
By telling later loves about me.

by Dorothy Parker