## ‘I, being born a woman and distressed’

### **By Edna St. Vincent Millay**

I, being born a woman and distressed  
By all the needs and notions of my kind,  
Am urged by your [propinquity](http://www.oed.com/view/Entry/152731#eid28243659) to find  
Your person fair, and feel a certain [zest](http://www.oed.com/view/Entry/232811#eid13680791)  
To bear your body’s weight upon my breast:  
So subtly is the fume of life designed,  
To clarify the pulse and cloud the mind,  
And leave me once again [undone](http://www.oed.com/view/Entry/212608#eid16801188), possessed.  
Think not for this, however, the poor treason  
Of my stout blood against my staggering brain,  
I shall remember you with love, or season  
My scorn with pity,  – let me make it plain:  
I find this frenzy insufficient reason  
For conversation when we meet again.