

Katherine Anne Porter

(1890-1980)

This Transfusion (1922-23)

You need not be afraid, I shall not wound
Your pride with my edged scorn,
Nor flagellate with my despairs
The surface of your heart:
For this my hate
Is not a lash, nor thorn
But a measureless, distilled
Vial of torment endlessly refilled.
And it shall fix upon your senses so,
Shall of your slakeless fibres be such part
As your wild blood shall mix within your veins
My hard, enduring pains,
In corporate with your immediate being.
And if your pulse should
From this transfusion that was the life of me.