**The Wish, By a Young Lady**

*By* [*Laetitia Pilkington*](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/laetitia-pilkington) *(1708-1750)*

I ask not wit, nor beauty do I crave,

Nor wealth, nor pompous titles wish to have;

But since, 'tis doomed through all degrees of life,

Whether a daughter, sister, or a wife;

That females should the stronger males obey,

And yield implicit to their lordly sway;

Since this, I say, is ev'ry woman's fate,

Give me a mind to suit my slavish state.

**The Tunnel**

*By Robert Creeley (1926 – 2005)*

Tonight, nothing is long enough -

time isn’﻿t.

Were there a fire,

it would burn now.

Were there a heaven,

I would have gone long ago.

I think that light

is the final image.

But time reoccurs,

love - and an echo.

A time passes

love in the dark.