

## **PARTING GIFT**

*Wylie, Elinor, 1885-1928*

I cannot give you the Metropolitan Tower;  
I cannot give you heaven;  
Nor the nine Visigoth crowns in the Cluny Museum;  
Nor happiness, even.  
But I can give you a very small purse  
Made out of field-mouse skin,  
With a painted picture of the universe  
And seven blue tears therein.

I cannot give you the island of Capri;  
I cannot give you beauty;  
Nor bake you marvellous crusty cherry pies  
With love and duty.  
But I can give you a very little locket  
Made out of wildcat hide:  
Put it into your left-hand pocket  
And never look inside.