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**I do not envy in any of my moods / I envy not in any moods**

I have taken more liberties than usual with this poem as I find there are two lines that I cannot paraphrase at all. The struggle to create this interpretation, though, has made me look at it very closely. So I feel that making a perfect version is not necessarily the most important outcome.

I do not envy in any of my moods

Whose only passion is upon the page;

The linnet born within the cage,

That never knew the summer woods.

I do not envy the beast that takes

What it pleases, at whatever time,

Unfettered by a sense of crime,

Or whose conscience never wakes.

I don’t envy those who count themselves as blest,

With hearts that never plighted troth

But stagnate in the weeds of sloth;

To live their lives bereft of zest.

In the winter and the fall

I feel it, when I sorrow most:

'Tis better to have loved and lost

Than never to have loved at all.

I envy not in any moods

The captive void of noble rage,

The linnet born within the cage,

That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes

His license in the field of time,

Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,

To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,

The heart that never plighted troth

But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;

Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;

I feel it, when I sorrow most;

'Tis better to have loved and lost

Than never to have loved at all.

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