Crowned.

By Lowell, Amy .

You came to me bearing bright roses,

Red like the wine of your heart;

You twisted them into a garland

To set me aside from the mart.

Red roses to crown me your lover,

And I walked aureoled and apart.

Enslaved and encircled, I bore it,

Proud token of my gift to you.

The petals waned paler, and shriveled,

And dropped; and the thorns started through.

Bitter thorns to proclaim me your lover,

A diadem woven with rue.