

Oscar Wilde

"Each Man Kills The Thing He Loves"

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Yet each man kills the thing he loves
by each let this be heard,
some do it with a bitter look,
some with a flattering word,
the coward does it with a kiss,
the brave man with a sword!

Some kill their love when they are young,
and some when they are old;
some strangle with the hands of lust,
some with the hands of gold:
the kindest use a knife, because
the dead so soon grow cold.

Some love too little, some too long,
some sell, and others buy;
some do the deed with many tears,
and some without a sigh:
for each man kills the thing he loves,

Yet each man does not die.

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