

After Love

There is no magic any more,
We meet as other people do,
You work no miracle for me
Nor I for you.

You were the wind and I the sea—
There is no splendor any more,
I have grown listless as the pool
Beside the shore.

But though the pool is safe from storm
And from the tide has found
surcease,
It grows more bitter than the sea,
For all its peace.

By Sara
Teasdale

Courier Prime



Sorrow

“After Love” by Sara. Teasdale is a 12 line poem about the pain you feel after losing your partner. I picked this poem because she really goes into small detailed about being in pain. Reading the poem has reminded me of myself in the first breakup I experience and it was the same feeling as Sara is describing. “You were the wind and I the sea” this stanza mostly stood out to me because she uses wind and sea as a metaphor describing that she was not happy in that relationship, there was no peace and for my situation I did feel like that, there was constantly wind making the sea flow heavy. I like that after the relationship she said she felt like a pool meaning it was peaceful now away from the storm.

Sara Teasdale was born in
St. Louis, Missouri.

growing up Sara had a
passion in writing poetry.

In total she wrote 7 books
of poetry and one of them
in "After Love". In all Sara

poems she would make it
about her love life, beauty,
and death. "After Love"

were based on her actual
love life that ended. Sara

made many
accomplishments such as
winning the first Colubian

poetry prize in the year
1918. But, Sara was not

happy with herself, she got
into depression which in

1933 she took her life away.

Dear My
**"But though the
pool is safe
from storm
And from the
tide has found
surcease"**



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