

THE HOUSE

-DAVID CONSTANTINE

You won't forget the house
Will you? I never will
The south wind rattled the sash
And the rain came in on the sill
And the wind denuded the moon
White and the white of the tide
Wheeling into the wind
Lifted, showed and frayed

The speaker is asking his beloved that if she would forget the house. He knows that she will not forget the house and he also. They enjoyed the south wind rattling the sash and enjoyed the rain came in on the sill. The wind blew away the clouds and exposed the moon. The white tide also rolled away with the wind. The wind lifted the tide, showed and frayed.

And the sun came out the sea
And all that way across
Easily found the house,
The bed, the looking-glass.
Remember the house so well
That somebody else elsewhere
Will say, 'we had a house
The same as where you were

When the sun rose from the sea and shone the bed and the looking-glass. The speaker remembers the house so well. Some other person somewhere will say that they had a house like the speaker had.

But a hundred miles from the sea
And it was the north from that blew
And the sky was as sheer as steel
And everything flared and flew

But this man's house is far away from the sea and so there was north wind. The sky there was as clear as steel.

Stable went down the wind
The oaks were filled with a voice

And the stars in the Milky Way

Screamed like a slide of ice

And the sun that found our bed

Rose over oaks and a hill

But the house was surely the same

Except for the sash and the sill

The stubbles were blown down by the wind. The oaks created sound when wind ruffled their leaves. The stars in the Milky Way looked like a slide of ice. Here, the Sun rose over oaks and a hill. But both the house was same except the sash and the sill. This house is almost similar to the previous one but there are some differences.

And there was a looking-glass

And though they were mine and hers

The faces shown by the sun

Might have been hers and yours

The speaker says they had a looking-glass in their past house. At that time the speaker and his beloved looked at the glass. And with the passage of time, the poet says faces might change and it could be the face of the reader and his friend. The houses are the same except the fact that one was by the sea and the other was not; and one got the North wind and the other got the south wind. That was surely the house of the past, but the poet and his friend remembers it differently. For him and for her the house is not the same.