The rain set early in to-night;
The sullen wind was soon awake,
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
And did its worst to vex the lake:
I listened with heart fit to break.

When glided in Porphyria; straight
She shut the cold out and the storm,
And kneeled and made the cheerless grate
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm;
Which done, she rose, and from her form
Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,
And laid her soiled gloves by, untied
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,
And last, she sat down by my side
And called me When no voice replied.
She put my arm about her waist,
And made her smooth white shoulder bare,
And all her yellow hair displaced,
And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,
And spread, o’er all, her yellow hair,
Murmuring how she loved me—she
To set its struggling passion free
From pride, and vainer ties dissever,
And give herself to me for ever.
But passion sometimes would prevail,
Nor could to-night’s gay feast restrain
A sudden thought of one so pale
For love of her, and all in vain.
So, she was come through wind and rain.
Be sure I looked up at her eyes
Happy and proud; at last I knew

Comment [l23]: So far the lady is doing everything – the man has neither moved voluntarily nor spoken
Comment [l24]: Is this provocative/temptation?
Comment [l25]: He is very specific about the colour
Comment [l26]: Verb to suggest messed up – it had been pinned up but was now loose
Comment [l27]: She has to bend down towards him – she pulls him towards her
Comment [l28]: Whispering to him
Comment [l29]: Could mean she is too weak for the passion she creates
Comment [l30]: Can’t express her physical feelings towards him
Comment [l31]: Suggests that she is too proud and conscious of social attitudes to consummate their relationship
Comment [l32]: Sense that he wants her only for himself
Comment [l33]: Sometimes they were physically close
Comment [l34]: Happy occasion
Comment [l35]: He is sick with love for her
Comment [l36]: He sees his live as futile
Comment [l37]: There is the suggestion that she has struggled to be with him
Comment [l38]: He is looking up to her
Comment [l39]: Moment of realisation that she loves him beyond measure – worshipped – very powerful verb
Porphyria worshipped me; surprise

Made my heart swell, and still it grew

While I debated what to do,

That moment she was mine, mine, fair,

Perfectly pure and good: I found

A thing to do, and all her hair

In one long yellow string I wound

Three times her little throat around,

And strangled her. No pain felt she;

I am quite sure she felt no pain

As a shut bud that holds a bee,

I warily ope’d her lids: again

Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.

And I untightened next the tress

About her cheek, her cheek once more

Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss

I propped her head up as before,

Only, this time my shoulder bore
Her head, which droops upon it still:

The smiling rosy little head,

So glad it has its utmost will,

That all it scorned at once is fled,

And I, its love, am gained instead!

Porphyria's love, she guessed not how

Her darling one wish would be heard.

And thus we sit together now,

And all night long we have not stirred.

And yet God has not said a word!

Robert Browning

\textbf{Comment [157]}: strangled
\textbf{Comment [158]}: sweetly smiling forever preserved in this perfect state
\textbf{Comment [159]}: her head
\textbf{Comment [160]}: she is perfect to him now – any disagreements they had have gone
\textbf{Comment [161]}: he feels better now he is in possession of her true love
\textbf{Comment [162]}: her expressed desire to love him forever has been granted by him killing her
\textbf{Comment [163]}: As though there is nothing out of the ordinary
\textbf{Comment [164]}: suggests companionable sitting together even though she's dead
\textbf{Comment [165]}: He is mocking the fact that God has not punished him for his crime