

November 5, 2019



The Lost Love Sonnets

—Joy's poetry to C.S. Lewis with Dr. Don W. King

Episode Six

End notes:

Montreat College [Website](#)

Jacob Goins. A special thank you to the studio.

Dr. Don W. King [Website and Bio](#)

Professor of English Montreat College

Book References:

[Yet One More Spring: A Critical Study of Joy Davidman](#) —by [Don W. King](#)

[Out of My Bone: Letters of Joy Davidman](#)— by [Don W King](#)

Joy Davidman's Poetry:

Joy Davidman (1915-1960) was an American poet and writer who married C. S. Lewis in 1956. Her published books include Letter to a Comrade, an award-winning volume of poetry, and Smoke on the Mountain: An Interpretation of the Ten Commandments.

[A Naked Tree: Love Sonnets to C.S. Lewis and other poems](#) —by [Joy Davidman](#) and edited by [Don W. King](#). Sonnet XXIIX

Narrator for the Poetry section:

[Lauren Woodward](#), the narrator of the [Becoming Mrs. Lewis](#) audiobook and the upcoming Behind the Scenes of Becoming Mrs. Lewis [Podcast audiobook](#) coming Dec 10, 2019 and available for pre-order now.

The Author and Host:

New York Times Bestselling Author Patti Callahan Henry Writing as [Patti Callahan. Website](#) (The Novel) [Becoming Mrs. Lewis](#): The Improbable Love Story of Joy Davidman and C. S. Lewis. (The Podcast) Behind the Scenes of Becoming Mrs. Lewis [Podcast Series](#).

Sonnet XXXiX

Do not be angry that I am a woman
And so have lips that want your kiss, and breasts
That want your fingers on them; being human
I need a heart on which my heart can rest;

Do not be angry that I cry your name
At the harsh night, or wear the darkness through
With blind arm groping for you in a dream;
I was made flesh for this, and so were you.

Quarrel with God if you like, but not with me,
That hands beat impotently for three years
Against an iron door, could still caress
The naked body of love with ecstasy,
And might have ways to teach you tenderness.
More than you have learned from all your prayers
"Begin again, must I begin again
Who have begun so many loves in fire

And ended them in dirty ash? Despair
Of treating you better than other men

Would take the taste of love out of my mouth
Before I had spoken half the lying word
I would have loved you once if I had dared
And made a song of it. I'll save my breath

And save your peace, God love you! But for me,
I'll measure my affection by the drachm
As men weigh poisons. Honoured sir, I am
Somewhat your friend, as far as courtesy.

Requires, your servant; not at all your slave.
I love you far too well to give you love."

— Joy Davidman

[A Naked Tree: Love Sonnets](#)

Sonnet XXXIX