February

O where are you going? stay with me here!
  Were the vows you swore me deceiving, deceiving?
No, I promised to love you, dear,
  But I must be leaving.

O it’s broken the lock and splintered the door,
  O it’s the gate where they’re turning, turning;
Their feet are heavy on the floor
  And their eyes are burning.

W.H. Auden

February

‘It’s a lovely, lovely morning, and the world’s a lovely place;
I know it’s going to be a lovely day.
I know we’re going to be good friends; I like your honest face;
Together we might go a long, long way.’

The baker’s girl rang up the sale, ‘I’ll wrap your bun,’ said she.
‘Oh no, you needn’t bother,’ I replied.
I smiled back at that cinnamon bun and ate him, one two three,
And walked out with his friendliness inside.

Russell Hoban

The Friendly Cinnamon Bun

Shining in his stickiness and glistening with honey,
Safe among his sisters and his brothers on a tray,
With raisin eyes that looked at me as I put down my money,
There smiled a friendly cinnamon bun, and this I heard him say: