



A Feminist's Response to They Flee From Me

Sarah Powell

I flee from thee that daily does me seek,
With naked thing, stalking me out of chambers
Thy prick too gentle, tame, and meek,
That thou thinks't wild for you do not remember,
It took no time for the wee thing to wake
But failed to make my dear knees quake,
So I did range, busily seeking a pleasurable change.

Thanked be fortune it hath been otherwise,
Twenty times better; it's been more special,
With literally any other guy's.
By my own hand I can answer my call,
Better than you can, Sir Wyatt, you doll.
With ease you could improve your kiss,
Just simply ask, "Dear heart, how like you this?"

By getting the thoughts of ladies out,
You could become much less of a gout.
It's not so hard, just like your weapon,
But the mud in your mind is too deep to step in.
Thus you call me a dame of forsaking,
And brag of your gentleness all know you're faking;
If your goodness had been good enough,
My vile "strange fashions" you would not rebuff.

They Flee From Me
by Sir Thomas Wyatt

They flee from me that sometime did me seek
With naked foot, stalking in my chamber.
I have seen them gentle, tame, and meek,
That now are wild and do not remember
That sometime they put themself in danger
To take bread at my hand; and now they range,
Busily seeking with a continual change.

Thanked be fortune it hath been otherwise
Twenty times better; but once in special,
In thin array after a pleasant guise,
When her loose gown from her shoulders did fall,
And she me caught in her arms long and small;
Therewithall sweetly did me kiss
And softly said, "Dear heart, how like you this?"

It was no dream: I lay broad waking.
But all is turned thorough my gentleness
Into a strange fashion of forsaking;
And I have leave to go of her goodness,
And she also, to use newfangledness.
But since that I so kindly am served
I would fain know what she hath deserved.