

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY

by Henry James

It has made me better loving you...
it has made me wiser, and easier,
and - I won't pretend to deny - brighter and
nicer and even stronger.

I used to want a great many things before,
and to be angry that I didn't have them.
Theoretically, I was satisfied, as I once told you.
I flattered myself I had limited my wants.

But I was subject to irritation; I used to have
morbid, sterile, hateful fits of hunger, of desire.
Now I really am satisfied, because I
can't think of anything better.