

**Stephen Robertson**

## **The well of love**

*'Stay me with raisins, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love'*

*The song of songs, which is Solomon's*

Raisins are all very well in their place  
—in muesli, say, or maybe Christmas cake,  
or more appropriately, Suliman's pilaf.  
But stay me not with them, nor comfort me  
with apples, for I am well of love.

The usual translation is not raisins  
but flagons. Flagons might indeed  
distract me, or Suliman, from his pilaf.  
But stay me not with raisins nor  
with flagons, for I am well of love.

Apples may perhaps be comforting  
as any fruit, though Suliman's pilaf  
is real comfort food. But comfort me not  
with apples, nor with pilaf. I can't speak  
for Suliman, but I am well of love.