

Perhaps you'd like to buy a flower,  
But I could never sell—  
If you would like to borrow,  
Until the Daffodil

Unties her yellow Bonnet  
Beneath the village door,  
Until the Bees, from Clover rows  
Their Hock, and Sherry, draw,

Why, I will lend until just then,  
But not an hour more!

It makes no difference abroad—  
The Seasons— fit— the same—  
The Mornings blossom into Noons—  
And split their Pods of Flame—

Wild Flowers— kindle in the Woods—  
The Brooks slam— all the Day—  
No Blackbird bates his Banjo—  
For passing Calvary—

Auto da Fe— and Judgment—  
Are nothing to the Bee—  
His separation from His Rose—  
To Him— sums Misery—

849

The good Will of a Flower  
The Man who would possess  
Must first present  
Certificate  
Of minted Holiness.