

Snow flakes.

I counted till they danced so
Their slippers leaped the town,
And then I took a pencil
To note the rebels down.

And then they grew so jolly
I did resign the prig,
And ten of my once stately toes
Are marshalled for a jig!

898

How happy I was if I could forget
To remember how sad I am
Would be an easy adversity
But the recollecting of Bloom

Keeps making November difficult
Till I who was almost bold
Lose my way like a little Child
And perish of the cold.

What did They do since I saw Them?
Were They industrious?
So many questions to put Them
Have I the eagerness—

That could I snatch Their Faces—
That could Their lips reply—
Not till the last was answered
Should They start for the Sky.

Not If Their Party were waiting—
Not If to talk with Me
Were to Them now, Homesickness
After Eternity—

Not If the Just suspect me—
And offer a Reward—
Would I restore my Booty
To that Bold Person, God—

927

Absent Place— an April Day—
Daffodils a-blow
Homesick curiosity
To the Souls that snow—

Drift may block within It
Deeper than without—
Daffodil delight but
Him it duplicate—

1316

Winter is good– his Hoar Delights
Italic Flavor Yield
To Intellects inebriate
With Summer, or the World–

Generic as a Quarry
And hearty– as a Rose
Invited with Asperity
But welcome when he goes.