

And the caged yellow bird  
Hung over her in tune,

He marked her though the pane,  
He could not help but mark,  
And only passed her by  
To come again at dark.

He was a winter wind,  
Concerned with ice and snow,  
Dead weeds and unmated birds,  
And little of love could know.

But he signed upon the sill,  
He gave the sash a shake,  
As witness all within  
Who lay that night awake.

Perchange he half prevailed  
To win her for the flight  
From the firelight looking-glass  
And warm stove-window light.

But the flower leaned aside  
And thought of naught to say,  
And morning found the breeze  
A hundred miles away.

*Примечание.*

В Интернете можно найти стихотворение «Wind and Window Flower» в переводах Виктора Топорова, Татьяны Дюльгер, Жанны Жаровой.