

A silver sudden parody of snow
 tickles the air to golden tears, and hark!
 the flicker's laughing yet, while on the hills
 the pines deepen to whispers primeval and throw
 backward their foreheads to the barbarous bright
 sky, and suddenly from the valley thrills
 the unimaginable upward lark
 and drowns the earth and passes into light

(slowly in life's serene perpetual round
 a pale world gathers comfort to her soul,
 hope richly scattered by the abundant sun
 invades the new mosaic of the ground
 —let but the incurious curtaining dusk be drawn
 surpassing nets are sedulously spun
 to snare the brutal dew,—the authentic scroll
 of fairie hands and vanishing with dawn).

Spring, that omits no mention of desire
 in every curved and curling thing, yet holds
 continuous intercourse—through skies and trees
 the lilac's smoke the poppy's pompous fire
 the pansy's purple patience and the grave
 frailty of daises—by what rare unease
 revealed of teasingly transparent folds—
 with man's poor soul superlatively brave.

Surely from robes of particoloured peace
 with mouth flower-faint and undiscovered eyes
 and dim slow perfect body amorous
 (whiter than lilies which are born and cease
 for being whiter than this world) exhales
 the hovering high perfume curious
 of that one month for whom the whole year dies,
 risen at length from palpitating veils.

O still miraculous May! O shining girl
 of time untarnished! O small intimate
 gently primeval hands, frivolous feet
 divine! O singular and breathless pearl!
 O indefinable frail ultimate pose!
 O visible beatitude sweet sweet
 intolerable! silence immaculate
 of god's evasive audible great rose!