

SONNET

Long since, the flicker brushed with shameless wing
The pale earth crucified, and to all lands
Bore the death-cry; uplifting her frail hands,
You aged maple, bowed with sorrowing,
Caught the red life. New skies new seasons bring.
Wee red men build their lodge of yellow sands
In the primeval grass; the willow stands
Donned in her ermine, to be crowned with Spring.

How high the sky's vast purple palace towers!
And lo, the pride of majesty beguiled,
With playful hands, King Winter's laughing child,
Sweet April Heaven, from that royal brow
Hath plucked the snowy wreath of cloud, and now
Flings from her lap the million fluttering flowers.