

The Harvard Years, 1911-16

EARLY POEMS

I

SEMI-SPRING

A thin, foul scattering of grim, grey snow,
Reaching out scrawny limbs, deep digs its nails
Into the bleeding face of suppliant earth,
And grins with all its broken, yellow teeth.

A warm, serene, soft heaven gazes down
With dreamy eyes upon the fiend-cramped world.
The rosy eastern glow, the sun's I Come,
Patters about the sky, and coos, and smiles—
Sweet babe with tender, rose-begetting feet.

From a black corpse of tree, the hideous rasp
Of staring grackles, clucking and bowing each
In drivelling salute, splits the soft air
To inharmonious fragments; everywhere
A nervous, endless, hoarse, incessant chirp
Of sparrows telling all the evil news.

Ah, God—for the flower-air of Spring! To see
The world in bud! To press with eager feet
The dear, soft, thrilling green again! To be
Once more in touch with heaven upon earth!
One soul-toned thrush's perfect harmony,
One little warbler's huge felicity,
One buttercup! One perfect butterfly!