

364

The Morning after Woe—  
 'Tis frequently the Way—  
 Surpasses all that rose before—  
 For utter Jubilee—

As Nature did not care—  
 And piled her Blossoms on—  
 And further to parade a Joy  
 Her Victim stared upon—

The Birds declaim their Tunes—  
 Pronouncing every word  
 Like Hammers—Did they know they fell  
 Like Litanies of Lead—

On here and there—a creature—  
 They'd modify the Glee  
 To fit some Crucifixal Clef—  
 Some Key of Calvary—

511

If you were coming in the Fall,  
 I'd brush the Summer by  
 With half a smile, and half a spurn,  
 As Housewives do, a Fly.

If I could see you in a year,  
 I'd wind the months in balls---  
 And put them each in separate Drawers,  
 For fear the numbers fuse---

If only Centuries, delayed,  
 I'd count them on my Hand  
 Subtracting, til my fingers dropped  
 Into Van Dieman's Land,

If certain, when this life was out---  
 That yours and mine, should be  
 I'd toss it yonder, like a Rind,  
 And take Eternity---

But, now, uncertain of the length  
 Of this, that is between,  
 It goads me, like the Goblin Bee---  
 That will not state--- its sting.

668

“Nature” is what we see—  
 The Hill—the Afternoon—  
 Squirrel—Eclipse—the Bumble bee—  
 Nay—Nature is Heaven—  
 Nature is what we hear—  
 The Bobolink—the Sea—  
 Thunder—the Cricket—  
 Nay—Nature is Harmony—  
 Nature is what we know—  
 Yet have no art to say—  
 So impotent Our Wisdom is  
 To her Simplicity.

362

It struck me—every Day—  
 The Lightning was as new  
 As if the Cloud that instant slit  
 And let the Fire through—

It burned Me—in the Night—  
 It Blistered to My Dream—  
 It sickened fresh upon my sight—  
 With every Morn that came—

I thought that Storm—was brief—  
 The Maddest—quickest by—  
 But Nature lost the Date of This—  
 And left it in the Sky—

913

And this of all my Hopes  
 This, is the silent end  
 Bountiful colored, my Morning rose  
 Early and sere, its end

Never Bud from a Stem  
 Stepped with so gay a Foot  
 Never a Worm so confident  
 Bored at so brave a Root