

## Tulips

On dappled dawn forth rides the pungent sun  
with hooded day preening upon his hand  
followed by gay untimid final flowers  
(which dressed in various tremulous armor stun  
the eyes of ragged earth who sees them pass)  
while hunted from his kingdom winter cowers,  
seeing green armies steadily expand  
hearing the spear-song of the marching grass.

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).