

Poems for site:

Under Glass

Alfred Kreymborg, 1883 - 1966

If I could catch that moth,
that fluttering, wayward thing
that beats about inside me all the day and half the night,
(and insignificant net could certainly do it)
I'd stick him through the head
with a pin that's long and thing,
a pin that long and strong enough to mount him under glass;
(an insignificant pin could certainly do it)
I'd learn of him once for all,
the color of his wings,
the nature of those crazy things that fooled me all these
years:
purple, red or blue,
yellow, white or black,
and whether they're one and all of these and a shade or two
besides;
(an insignificant harmony or dissonance they could be)
I'd learn them once for all,
I'd know them, every vein,
so clear to all my neighbors, so invisible – to me.

Weeds

Edna St. Vincent Millay, 1892 - 1950

White with daisies and red with sorrel

And empty, empty under the sky!—

Life is a quest and love a quarrel—

Here is a place for me to lie.

Daisies spring from damnèd seeds,

And this red fire that here I see

Is a worthless crop of crimson weeds,

Cursed by farmers thriftily.

But here, unhated for an hour,

The sorrel runs in ragged flame,

The daisy stands, a bastard flower,

Like flowers that bear an honest name.

And here a while, where no wind brings

The baying of a pack athirst,

May sleep the sleep of blessèd things,

The blood too bright, the brow accurst.

April

Ella Higginson, 1862 - 1940

Ah, who is this with twinkling feet,
With glad, young eyes and laughter sweet,
 Who tosses back her strong, wild hair,
 And saucy kisses flings to Care,
 The while she laughs at her? Beware—
You who this winsome maiden meet!

She dances on a daisied throne,
About her waist a slender zone
 Of dandelion's gold; her eyes
 Are softer than the summer skies,
 And blue as violets; and lies
A tearful laughter in her tone.

She reaches dimpled arms and bare;
Her breath is sweet as wild-rose air;
 She sighs, she smiles, she glances down,
 Her brows meet in a sudden frown;
 She laughs; then tears the violets down—
If you should meet her—ah, beware!