

THE CANARY

I THOUGHT he was so yellow in the sun,
All barred about by his small cage of gold,
And always as he leapt from perch to perch
His little notes bespoke a timid joy.
But all so soon I wearied of him there,
Disdaining him that he had dared no flight,
Against the wind and up into the sky,
To touch the dizzy stars with eager wing
Above the dark cloud canopies of night.
For there he hopped through hours of every day,
And if he were to fly beyond the pane
He could not ride upon the least of winds
Or ever dare the silences of sky.
And then I turned with song upon my lips,