

Migrants

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HELLO, whom have we here
Under the orange-trees,
Where the old convent wall
Looks to the turquoise seas?

In his jacket of olive green
He slips from bough to bough,
With a familiar air
No venue could disavow.

Good-day to you, quiet sir!
We have been friends before,
When lilacs were in bloom
By the lovely Scituate shore.

When the surly hordes of snow
Came down on the trains of the wind;
Two sojourners, it seems,
Were of a single mind.