

IN MARCH



Here on the wide waste lands,
Take—child—these trembling hands,
Though my life be as blank and waste,
My days as surely ungraced
By glimmer of green on the rim
Of a sunless wilderness dim,
As the wet fields barren and brown,
As the fork of each sterile limb
Shorn of its lustrous crown.

See—how vacant and flat
The landscape—empty and dull,
Scared by an ominous lull
Into a trance—we have sat
This hour on the edge of a broken, a gray snake-
fence,
And nothing that lives has flown,
Or crept, or leapt, or been blown
To our feet or past our faces—
So desolate, child—the place is !
It strikes, does it not, a chill,
Like that other upon the hill,
We felt one bleak October ?
See—the gray wood still sober
'Ere it be wild with glee,
With growth, with an ecstasy
Of fruition born of desire.
The marigold's yellow fire
Doth not yet in the sun burn to leap, to aspire ;
Its myriad spotted spears
No erythronium rears ;