

COLD

THE cold,
The slow, slow cold,
That steals so stealthily through all the earth,
Chilling the metals hidden in the ground,
Lying in wait in deep green watered wells,
Or in dank ruins fringed with coarse leafed
weed.

The cold,
The slow, slow cold,
That rises to the heart of sun-dyed flowers,
And shelters in green sheathing lily leaves,
That lies in pools so deep the sun's slim gold
Can never pierce nor warm with its flecked light.