
THE MADNESS OF ISHTAR

Odour of tulip and cherry,
Scent of the apple blow,
Tang of the wild arbutus —
These to her crucible go.

Honey of lilac and willow,
The spoil of the plundering bees,
Savour of sap from the maples —
What will she do with these ?

Oboe and flute in the forest,
And pipe in the marshy ground,
And the upland call of the flicker —
What will she make of sound ?

Start of the green in the meadow,
Push of the seed in the mould,
Burst of the bud into blossom —
What will her cunning unfold ?