

RESURGENCE

I hear them pass my window in the night,
The little ghosts of Aprils that we knew—
Over the hills they trail their robes of white,
And through the dark my hands reach out to you.
Men call it Spring; to me it is a name
To mark a season with—a cycle done;
For since the wind that blew away Life's flame.
The almond trees may blossom in the sun
And hawthornes gladden every lane, for me
Spring does not come. These silver days wind by
Tarnished and dim, like waters to the sea
Across the furrowed, empty sands while I
Fance dawns where eagerly beyond the gates
Of some clear, unborn day it waits . . . it waits!⁷

Muse & Mirror, 1924

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