

THEN APRIL

I saw the silent golden leaves
Fall from the autumn pear,
With sorrow for a summer's end,
A bough of love left bare.

And through the gray of winter days,
Unwinding like a thread,
My heart knew peace as it is known
Among the dreamless dead.

But these things brought life throbbing back
With a swift stab of pain—
Wet fragrance from a lilac tree,
A bird-song through the rain.²⁶

Good Housekeeping, April 1937

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