

*Morning*

I love all soft, morning things—  
 The sleepy call of a bird,  
 Light through the bathroom window on pink soap and  
 white towels,  
 The green of young wheat on the hillsides,  
 And our hearts wondering about the day.

*Kings*

What is this talk of overthrowing kings?  
 Monstrous!  
 Have we not all smelt rain  
 On new ploughed earth?  
 Are we not all kings?

*Paints*

I looked at my brown garden  
 And I said  
 "You are too sombre for the springtime,  
 I will get out my paints  
 And paint you all gay colors.  
 First I will splash on red and yellow tulips, under the  
 long window-sill.  
 Then I will put poppies by the side porch  
 Where the sun will get them.  
 A bed of orange lilies somewhere;  
 Irises and larkspur for cool shady places under the trees;  
 Sunflowers coming up over the hill,  
 Then there will be hollyhocks."  
 I said,  
 Oh, my brown garden,  
 I will paint you so that you will flame and blaze with  
 color  
 All through the long summer days  
 Until the fall,  
 When all colors die,  
 Like a fading sunset."  
 And it all came about just as I had said.

*Nature Study*

I saw a bit of green pushing above the mould this morn-  
 ing,  
 And I knew it was my soul.  
 I cannot tell yet whether it is a fair woods lily,  
 Or a skunk cabbage.  
 I do not greatly care,  
 So long as I can watch it grow.

*The Crazy Pine Tree*

I passed under a pine tree,  
 That tossed dark limbs about, and raved in the wind.  
 At once that crazy pine tree  
 Became a part of me.  
 It drinks my milk with me,  
 Speaks to my friends,  
 Plans my day,  
 Helps to make great decisions,  
 Helps to unmake them.  
 It will do this,  
 Long after I have lost the memory of it.  
 When, at death, my body lies down in the cool earth,  
 And my soul goes off a-wandering,  
 That crazy pine tree  
 Will lie down with my body in the earth,  
 And go wandering off with my soul.

*April Night*

We are so cosy here in the lamplight,  
 And so comfortable.  
 You with your cigar,  
 And I with my knitting.  
 Now and then  
 We say pleasant, friendly things to each other.  
 Through the open window  
 Come the voices of people strolling by.  
 Good, peaceful folk like ourselves.  
 There is no hint of care to ruffle our serenity.  
 Only—  
 It's hardly the way to treat an April night.

*Windows*

I don't like curtains much,  
 But I like windows.  
 Long windows, that show you a whole tree up and down;  
 Low, broad windows, with limbs of trees sweeping by;  
 Little high windows, where the moonlight sifts in and  
 makes the room look ghostly and solemn—  
 Lots and lots of windows.

*Old Thoughts*

Old thoughts,  
 What are you doing here in my soul?  
 My soul, that is made over new like the world in spring-  
 time.  
 You are useless and dead,  
 Like the last year's leaves that cling to the oak trees in  
 March—  
 And you cling as tight as they.

*Weaving*

While we sat and worked at our looms,  
 The Master came and spoke to each one,  
 To me he said,  
 "You have worked long and patiently with those dull  
 threads I gave you.  
 You have made a decent border,  
 And good, quiet, even spaces.  
 But don't you see that it's only a background?  
 Take these colors,  
 Gold, purple, blue,  
 Orange, and red.  
 Now, child, make a brave design."  
 He passed on.  
 I looked down, dumb with joy,  
 At the rainbow thing in my lap.

*A Visit to Hagerstown*

Sun beating down on black umbrellas,  
 Tired feet treading on.  
 Ladies in mourning who are very deeply attached to us,  
 Showing us the town.  
 Trees too green,  
 Grass too green,  
 Affection as close and thick as the heat of the day;  
 When affection wanes;  
 Polite interest.  
 Hours and hours of polite interest.  
 Then—oh, then, home!  
 A tanager flaming in the quiet woods,  
 And my long, cool room, with its books.

PHOEBE CROSBY ALLNUTT.