

Sunshine in March

Where are you, Sylvia, where?
For our own bird, the woodpecker, is here,
Calling on you with cheerful tappings loud!
The breathing heavens are full of liquid light;
The dew is on the meadow like a cloud;
The earth is moving in her green delight —
Her spiritual crocuses shoot through,
And rathe hepaticas in rose and blue;
But snowdrops that awaited you so long
Died at the thrush's song.

" Adieu, adieu! " they said.
" We saw the skirts of glory, and we fade;
We were the hopeless lovers of the Spring,
Too young, as yet, for any love of ours;
She is harsh, not having heard the white-throat sing
She is cold, not knowing the tender April showers;
Yet have we felt her, as the buried grain
May feel the rustle of the unfallen rain;
We have known her, as the star that sets too soon
Bows to the unseen moon. "
-Edmund W. Gosse.