

SONNET 1

March 1940

Art thou to pour upon this weary earth
A holocaust of searing hate and hell
O Spring? Is roaring War, with work so fell
To rage along with thee, choking the mirth
Thou used to bring to this world's ample girth?
Oh say that these things surely cannot be!
Has lust and hate bereft Persephone
Of all the swells that leap with her to birth?

"O mortal man, it is thy sin which stains
My name--Still shall the cheery blue-bird's song
And perfumed violets and trillums throng
The days that sunshine and the gentle rains
Shall fell. Though scarifying war loud scream
My minion still--a silver singing stream"