

Glory-June Greiff

February Thought

I am giddy with the ecstasies
 of a spring not yet come.
 There is beauty in neutrality—
 brown woods and white swamp
 and invisible hands
 hidden in the breezes,
 that guide my wandering way.

“April, when she comes . . .”

April, when she comes,
 will whisper softly in my ear
 and say, “You silly sad child,
 come away, and wander with me.”
 Wistfully smiling, I will follow—
 together we will roam the early-flowered meadows
 under soft skies,
 and our laughter will ring in the fresh damp woods.
 Bleak winds chill me now, no cheering zephyrs
 run with my heart.
 Mud March is my guest now, and keeps me home,
 but April, when she arrives, will say
 “Come away,
 and wander with me.”

Gone

A night that reluctantly dies into dawn,
raindrops casually caught in his hand
and tossed away,
golden leaves carelessly strewn in his step,
thus am I
to him whom all the earthly angels once adored
when we as one
soared to their heights
throughout the nights
that had to end.
Now I descend
into the dark valleys
of the river Why.