

TWO POEMS

MARY WILEY

REALISM

I do not like the barrenness of skies
Nor the hard earth whose face denies that spring
Can ever come again. When beauty flies
I find a death of hope in everything.
No kindly covering of snow can bring
To fruitless trees the foliage; nor to
Bleak nests, nostalgic of the new-tried wing,
The songs of birds. The dark, unlovely hue
Of storm-swept hills and skies is desolate to view.

The stern sterility of winter-time
Has frugal charm for such as I,
Who love the fragrance of a warmer clime,
The feel of lush, rich earth on which to lie,
Nose buried in the grass. These things defy
The fickleness of season. But it is cold
And frozen fast, where under summer sky
I dipped my hand in clover. I was not told
How soon the world would weary; how soon the world grows old.

FINALE

We built our love securely. In the fall
We took the ripened gold of summer leaf
And piled it high against the wall
That crossed our separate yards; in sharp relief
The treasure burnished bold stood to the sky,
And none to trouble it came passing by.

But late that year there came a wind that blew
Our shining mound from its imperial height;
It was no use for one so frail as you
With stricken hands to stem that golden flight.
Too swift for palsied limbs to grasp they sped
Across the barren yard. I watched them go
Without a tear, until I turned my head
And marked your fading foot prints in the snow.