

BLACKTHORN WINTER

I sought a dawn a-dazzle with the dew,
Cloud-fleece soft fondled by the fingering breeze,
Sun-syrup glossing on the candied leaves,
And sugar-floss of blossom spun in trees,
But cursed to see on April's tender skin
A leprous blight of frost's white blemish cleave.
Angry to find now winter's tricks were played.
That blackthorn had another up its sleeve,
I snarled that snow on blossom made a mock
Of all man's rhyme and reason, heart and head;
Forgetting how, one sweet and sudden day,
A fill-dyke summer sang to wake the dead,
And make the leaden land with roses trail,
And every raucous rook a nightingale!