



MARCH

by: Douglas Malloch
(1877 - 1938)

In what a travail is our Springtime born! —
'Mid leaden skies and garmenture of gloom.
Wild waves of cloud the drifting stars consume
And shipless seas of heaven greet the morn.
The forest trees stand sad and tempest-torn,
Memorials of Summer's ended bloom;
For unto March, the sister most forlorn,
No roses come her pathway to illumine.
Yet 'tis the month the Winter northward flies
With one last trumpeting of savage might.
Now stirs the earth of green that underlies
This other earth enwrapped in garb of white.
And while poor March, grown weary, droops and dies
The little Springtime opens wide its eyes.

