AN OLD WIND: A POEM FOR MARCH

Behold! A wind asleep!
Let him lie quiet you quick-leaping grasses,
You weathen boughs, bursting in pride of buds.
He lieth, happed and lulled by magic masses
Chanted low in the earth by hidden floods
That through rock channels creep.

Asleep! And very old!
A palsied piping giant, thin and frore,
No more he girdles Earth in anger wild,
Harrying clouds and fleets with thunderous roar,
But shrills as fretful as a puling child,
Left frightened, lone, and cold.

He hath confessed!
The Star of Stars bent down amazed to listen,
What time his gusty brethren round him stood,
With doubting ears, and mocking eyes a-glisten,
Taunting him with the ruth that shamed the blood
But envying his rest.

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Ravager of East and West,
Fate-driven, star-shriven,
Let him rest!

Martha McCulloch-Williams