



SOMETHING

It may have been the west wind
That woke that sleeping pain,
Perhaps a way-side blossom,
Or a lightly whistled strain,
But something, scarcely seen or heard,
A half-forgotten longing stirred.

It may have been a robin—
It might have been the rain
That, sweet with April's promise,
Tapped on the window pane,
But something brought that old unrest—
That memory of a rain-bow quest.

It may have been the fragrance
Of bloom-tipped orchard ways,
That called the lilting laughter
From joyous "other days,"
But something—something vague may bring
Our hearts to sigh—our hearts to sing.

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin