

Loss

There was a flower that bloomed so fair
And cast sweet fragrance on the summer air,
And charmed the robins in the trees above,
While they responded with a song of love;
The good earth fed it, and the sun was warm,
And the hedge-row sheltered from the summer storm.

The summer is gone and the robins flown;
The pining flower is left all alone.
And now bare hedges no shield afford
Against the steel of Winter's sword;
The sun still shines, but the earth is dead,
And the broken flower lies withered.

The spring will come full soon again,
The frozen earth will warm again,
The hedge will thicken with verdure gay,
But the stricken flower is gone for aye.
Another as fair may bloom in its stead,
But it no more will raise its head.

—J. M., '34