

**AN OLD FARMER LIVING IN TOWN VIEWS SPRING**

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Here all change  
Is from wet to dry;  
From snow on streets  
And the confining range of plow,  
To bare and hard and clean-swept street:  
The Sunday look about the world.  
Here is nothing strange—  
No miracle of spring;  
No sudden depth of sky,  
Layer on layer of blue,  
And the purple foam  
On the horizon-ring:  
O, here is no miracle of spring!  
I can not complain:  
My daughter and my daughter's man  
Are kind to me;  
My four grandchildren  
Are like gold about my knee.  
The church is near;  
No drudging work—  
My life is easy here.  
But, O! the spring  
Was God's release,  
His miracle to man.

The sudden softness in the air;  
The liveliness  
Of snow-water;  
Joyous, superfluous  
Ditch-digging everywhere  
In departing snow.  
The almost-welcome,  
Solitary crow  
At caw again.  
And sap  
In the trees,



Capillating home  
Again.  
The maples,  
Winter-washed,  
Neat, trim-loined  
As cat new-kittened  
And content in straw.

April,  
And the good bare ground;  
The shaggy, sun-warm coat  
Of last year's grass;  
The dull-brown,  
Chocolate-gleaming  
Fall-plowed fields.  
About the yard,  
And by fence  
Those scattered hardwood chips,  
And yellow, bleached-out  
Clots of sawdust  
On some scruffy bit  
Of late, malingering snow.

On the farm  
There was motion  
In spring;  
And movement, and life.  
The Renaissance  
Of optimistic  
Self-proclaiming hens,  
That held their loud revivals  
In the yard!  
The homely sounds of horses,  
And the clink  
Of swingle-tree  
On plow;  
The soft earth  
Balled on your feet.  
And calves,

And lambs,  
And mares in foal—  
And children all in the game  
Of life.

I dream of the warm, rich sun,  
In the first, fair days of May,  
When your wintered soul  
Spread itself to air  
In the breeze.  
And man's dignity in the sense of work—  
Of something done,  
And of something to do;  
And the good feel of muscles  
Against the rolled-up sleeve.

I'm lonely  
For the talk of men  
On spring:—  
Here is no speculation  
On the drying out of fields,  
No guaging of the clover catch,  
No neighbourly comparisons  
Of cropping done  
Or of fields begun to grow.  
Here is strange talk of games,  
Of the weight of world affairs,  
And the inexhaustible,  
Endless  
Creeping-in of radio.

—A. P. C.

