

4/1/1939

War

The wide sweep of your living dwindles me
And my horizon to a hole-in-wall
Room for no movement save the roving eye's
And cat acquaintance with a gutter world.

You in your spring possess the greening leaf
The early leap from bed, the splashing song
As from a water-tap the fountain falls---
Inundate bliss, skin open to barrage.

And inwardly your mind takes broader scope
From its environment; a sea-plane set
Amidst the fuzz of foam, but free to rise
And storm the volleys of the alien fire.

Compared with yours, my thoughts limp in their gait
And seem a feeble protest when the guns roar out.