

Spring at Mr Allen's Highfield House

Here, the hedges *bristle*. Milky blades
burst small-swording at the sky.
And from the general barrack of the earth
its flagged army shoulder-storms into the field.

The sun provokes. The air excites.
The Magnets draw their sap and stretch
in Mr Allen's eyes.

This little, ranty snowdrop, see,
marching out to snatch existence with its petal-fist
atop a ram of glaucous flesh,
figures forth the happy new attack
of flimsy fairness. Good. He pats his beard.

Dear Ellen, the field is full ;
the arms of beauty's escalade
all unsheathed : and we will have
another white-won Summer.

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John Gallas, Markfield