

SPRING MORNING

AH, through the open door

Is there an almond tree

Aflame with blossom!

--Let us fight no more.

Among the pink and blue

Of the sky and the almond flowers

A sparrow flutters.

--We have come through,

It is really spring!--See,

When he thinks himself alone

How he bullies the flowers.

--Ah, you and me

How happy we'll be!--See him

He clouts the tufts of flowers

In his impudence.

--But, did you dream

It would be so bitter? Never mind

It is finished, the spring is here.

And we're going to be summer-happy

And summer-kind.

We have died, we have slain and been slain,

We are not our old selves any more.

I feel new and eager

To start again.

It is gorgeous to live and forget.

And to feel quite new.

See the bird in the flowers?--he's making

A rare to-do!

He thinks the whole blue sky

Is much less than the bit of blue egg

He's got in his nest--we'll be happy

You and I, I and you.

With nothing to fight any more--

In each other, at least.

See, how gorgeous the world is

Outside the door!

SAN GAUDENZIO