

To a Bunch of Lilac

By Theo Marzials

"Dis-moi la fleur, je te dirai la femme"

Is it the April springing,
Or the bird in the breeze above?
My throat is full of singing,
My heart is full of love.

O heart, are you not yet broken?
O dream, so done with and dead,
Is life's one word not spoken,
And the rede of it all not read?

No hope in the whole world over!
No hope in the infinite blue!
Yet I sing and laugh out like a lover—
Oh, who is it, April—who?

And the glad young year is springing;
And the birds, and the breeze above,
And the shrill tree-tops, are singing—
And I am singing—of love.

* * * *

O beautiful

To a Bunch of Lilac

O beautiful lilac flowers,
Oh, say, is it you, is it you
The sun-struck, love-sick hours
Go faint for murmuring through?

O full of ineffable yearning,
So balmy, mystical, deep,
And faint beyond any discerning,
Like far-off voices in sleep—

I love you, O lilac, I love you!
Till life goes swooning by,
I breathe and enwreath and enfold you,
And long but to love, and die.