

Lyric of the Larks

Ronald Wilcox

*Sobbing boughs above me bend,
Throbbing red in August wind.*

Down within the bloom of gentle days
in summer warming,
I hear the crystal birds who shatter dew
to sing your name in
rain in
shining meadow hush, and larks, who soar,
alarming
me by singing you, can kill with, love, your
cruel blaming.
If I die by larks, then you will too, for
who will form in
rhyme your perfect eyes, or
who conserve their lucid framing?

*Throbbing boughs in August wind,
Sobbing, red above me, bend.*

I heard the earth hush
when you washed your hair
like after warm rain
and then you smiled
 and there were singing birds
and I captured one gently
and gave him to you
and like a little girl
in ignorant delight
you crushed him to your breast
until he died.

*Sobbing boughs, in August wind,
Throbbing red, above me bend.*

Ah then may you
who were warm summer rain
melting snow from the wind-cooling rose,
white in green-darkened glades here below,
know we lay beneath this tree
a million or more than a year ago,
and oh,

*Sobbing boughs above me bend,
Throbbing red in August wind,*

and something shudders through my veins
calling
 calling
in the sound of the apples
 falling