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ALICE MEYNELL

SPRING ON THE ALBAN HILLS

O’er the Campagna it is dim warm weather;
The Spring comes with a full heart silently,
And many thoughts; a faint flash of the sea
Divides two mists; straight falls the falling feather.
With wild Spring meanings hill and plain together
Grow pale, or just flush with a dust of flowers.
Rome in the ages, dimmed with all her towers,
Floats in the midst, a little cloud at tether.
I fain would put my hands about thy face,
Thou with thy thoughts, who art another Spring,
And draw thee to me like a mournful child.
Thou lookest on me from another place;
I touch not this day’s secret, nor the thing
That in the silence makes thy sweet eyes wild.