

NOT YET

FRANCES R. ANGUS

Not yet, encroaching winter,
Can you claim our world,
Though noon is daily nearer night
And birds are few, though frost
Benumbs the margin of the pond
And icicles hang in the stream!

Green ferns still stand upright
Above the tangled roadside débris,
And mustard shines in furrowed field.
From birch and poplar tree
Last leaves still answer to the sun,
And water's fingers move
Beneath the ice of glistening pool,
Stretch out this way and that
And break their prisoning shell.