

our generation is not, he reminds us, Prince Hamlet, nor is he  
 Captain Ahab. He only remembers that he

heard the mermaids singing

and his pathetic conclusion is

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves  
 Combing the white hair of the waves blown back  
 When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea  
 By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown  
 Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

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## POEMS FOR SPRING

By THOMAS SAUNDERS

### i.

Now bursts the earth  
 In the million miracles  
 That are the miracle  
 Of spring:

A chain-reaction  
 Bursting in tree and flower  
 And grass.

The first stirrings  
 Of a wintered heart.

### ii.

Sudden is the word for spring. Now heat glows  
 In the sun again; frost rises in earth;  
 The snow, robbed of its crispness, sinks in fields;  
 Rivers, ice-gutted, burst in raucous mirth,  
 Crash the winter-barrier, speed the ice-flows  
 Lakeward for burial.

Now winter yields  
 On every front, knowing no strategy  
 To hold her lines. Before the onslaught  
 She knows one word, "Retreat." She cannot cling  
 To aught that she has gained. Her forces, caught  
 Exposed, look to the long road north, and flee  
 In terror from the soldiery of spring.