Song Of An April Bride

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Sonnet To A Straight-A Student

Muriel Park

Are you so busy, then, you haven’t time
To see the green of maples turn to gold?
Nor lushness of the oak tree in its prime
Before its brilliancy of red grows cold?

Are you so full of chi square deviations
You cannot see brown spider’s dangling thread?
You tear it down unknowing; computations,
Of random sampling filter through your head.

Are you so deep in “Der, die, das” and all
You fail to glory in the wood-smoke smell
Of burning leaves? What, then, to you is fall?
A time to do your work, as always, well?

I’d give no price for all your knowing looks.
You have to learn of fall by reading books.

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I found a rabbit, moist with dew and small
In silken grass, a quivering ball
of dawn-gray silk.

One winter’s end, by drifts of melting snow
I watched a pale blue flower grow
As soft as silk.

Trembling, I climbed a tired, deep-barked oak
And bent above a nest to stroke
A young hawk’s down.

When spring was here, and birch leaves golden-green
I sewed from froth of silken sheen
A wedding gown.