

SECOND APRIL

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Second April by Edna St. Vincent Millay

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EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

SECOND APRIL

SECOND APRIL

BY THE SAME AUTHOR
THE HARP-WEAVER AND OTHER POEMS
A FEW FIGS FROM THISTLES
SECOND APRIL



THREE PLAYS
ARIA DA CAPO
TWO SLATTERNS AND A KING
THE LAMP AND THE BELL
THE KING'S HENCHMAN



Book
SECOND APRIL

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY



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SECOND APRIL

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TO VIVID
ASSOCIATION

TO
MY BELOVED FRIEND
CAROLINE B. DOW

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA
(Ure)

SPRING

*To what purpose, April, do you return again?
Beauty is not enough.
You can no longer quiet me with the redness
Of little leaves opening stickily.
I know what I know.
The sun is hot on my neck as I observe
The spikes of the crocus.
The smell of the earth is good.
It is apparent that there is no death.
But what does that signify?
Not only under ground are the brains of men
Eaten by maggots.
Life in itself
Is nothing,
An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.
It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,
April
Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.*