SONNETS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649760800

Sonnets by Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

SONNETS





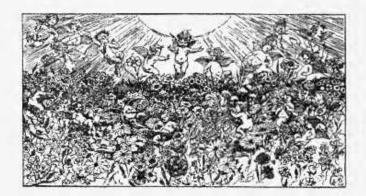


celebrate in hesitating lines,
As Autumn leaves falter through the crisp air,
A garden blossoming beneath the care
Of one whose love on me unaltered shines
As the sun on these tall-grown and rugged pines.
Well I remember how she would not spare
The smallest nursling and now how fair
A wilderness, outbursting all design.
This is her poem coared from stubborn clay;
her life-joy wrought in tree and blossom shoots.
Though I must wander in my soul's pursuits
I know her love follows my bagrant way,
Sure that our memories of yesterday
Are life-threads twined like interlaced roots.



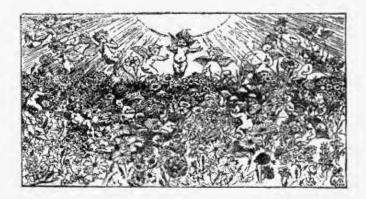


his garden is but little plot of ground:
A hedge of holly pricks the outer foe;
A graveled path between dwarf trees a-row,
Peach, pear, apple, cherries ruby round;
In the southeast corner a grove of firs is found,
There roses climb and beds of iris blow
And as eyes of children peeping below
Tear-dewed lids, April's blue violets abound.
Glossy periwinkle creeps, purple and white
Clothing, some rough rock-steps with tenderness
As charity aught cloak in gentleness
Our every thought; and birds in evening flight
Kest on great cherry trees in chattering belight
'Till the garden sleeps in star-lit quietness.



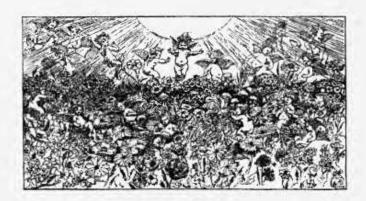


here is a group of oak and beech and pines, Shady in the day and spicy in the night;
And a walnut, thirsty for the eastern light,
Throws its long leafy arms above the lines
Of trellised fruit trees. When the hot sun climbs
To August noon, this shady grove invites
He and my book. Here children take delight
And here I watch my brother ant's designs.
Hidden in this dark temple's deepest part
Where rovins build and finches grow half tame
A Japan maple spreads its boughs of flame,
A burning altar 'till its leaves depart
One by one; as our hopes leave the heart,
But Spring shall newer buds to life reclaim.





In the Southern slope some terraced grapevines run
And the fir grove points its spires up to the sky,
Indicting children of the air and sun
To perch awhile and chirrup fitfully.
I like to be here on the silky grass
Watching these swift sky-passengers in flight:
A saucy mod which pass and over-pass,
Stealing our cherries boldly in our sight.
Here I breathe strawberry leaves, when warm, the ground
Is mellow with the drying fragrancy
Of Summer. Robber-calls and chirps resound
From thieves who wrangle in sweet melody.
So listening to the parliament of birds,
My heart with love for all that lives is stirred.





ulips red and yellow, arow and starred,
Goblets of beauty along the turfy lawn
There new bathed robins bask, fluffed in the sun.
Pretty things. The stolid heart is hard
Thich slays the quick and cheerful little bard
Of Springtime groves. A poet's curse upon
All murberers of the poets of the Dawn.
Against the northern street sentinels stand guard;
Pine, larch and linden, horsechestnuts, servers
Thich altaricandles lifted to the Spring:
Their arms love-locked and close about their knees
As a dancer's skirts, bloomy shrubs and fleur;
De-lis, azaleas and spirea cling.
The city noises sift subdued through these.

