

# SONNETS

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Sonnets by Charles Erskine Scott Wood

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**CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD**

# **SONNETS**





# Honnets

Throughout my many years  
begot of introspective sense  
and love for kith and kin.



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**C**elebrate 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 vagrant way,  
Sure that our memories of yesterday  
Are life-threads twined like interlaced roots.



**T**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-dew'd 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  
Out every thought; and birds in evening flight  
Rest on great cherry trees in chattering delight  
'Till the garden sleeps in star-lit quietness.





**T**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  
Me 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 robins 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.





**O**n the Southern slope some terraced grapevines run  
And the fir grove points its spires up to the sky,  
Inviting 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 mob 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 fragranc  
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.





**T**ulips red and yellow, arow and starred,  
Goblets of beauty along the turfy lawn  
Where new-bathed robins bask, fluffed in the sun.  
Pretty things. The stolid heart is hard  
Which slays the quick and cheerful little bard  
Of Springtime groves. A poet's curse upon  
All murderers of the poets of the Dawn.  
Against the northern street sentinels stand guard;  
Pine, larch and linden, horsechestnuts, serbers  
With altar-candles 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.

