

"Winter"
Hayter



Who has known Winter?
Perhaps before Spring,
Winter
I know it not,
Though it comes as well as then
The grasp is a different touch
Despair at too little too much;
as it will be caught
in the whirl.

The storm is to calm the curl
And the curl is to calm
and the calm is of the soul
and the soul can all Winters absorb.
...

and the spring, the Paradise spread:
Only one calm exists
The Time -
Winter, now you are bound
To the Queen
For the Queen is to dance
The symphonic poem of mind,
The sea in the surge of the soul.

Winter this Autumn
Be bound - there in the bond;
Too
My Love
In the touch of this Winter
Returns.