

Time

Winter Magnolia

MAGNOLIA, could I but convey
The words within my winter heart!
Bare-stemmed, brave-budded, you display
Defiance as an arctic art.

This misty, grey December dawn
That's cold and bleak and tolls dismay,
The future's promise is reborn:
Within you breathes bright April day.

What though black branches drip with dew
And make my soul cry out to quit?
There at their tips, life springs anew:
Bud-candles, waiting to be lit.

My thankful words may well portray
Precocious hope whose flames you've fanned,
Yet I am sad: I have to say
I wish that you could understand.
