

LOVE

When I was five I loved to swing
And run around the playground like a hare
Climb onto the monkey-bars and sing,
And tell things to the grey attendant there.

In winter when my fingers became cold
From zipping gloveless down the sliding-pond
He took my hands in his — and he was old —
And rubbed them, as a vagabond

Protects his fire from the wind.
Now, often when I have misplaced a glove,
Despondent that my passions must be pinned,
I brood about those chilly days of love.

Florence Victor