

### **It's All I Have to Bring Today (26)**

It's all I have to bring today—  
This, and my heart beside —  
This, and my heart, and all the fields —  
And all the meadows wide —  
Be sure you count — should I forget  
Some one the sum could tell —  
This, and my heart, and all the Bees  
Which in the Clover dwell.

*Emily Dickinson (1830–86)*

### **The Pasture Field**

When Spring has burned  
The ragged robe of Winter, stitch by stitch,  
And deftly turned  
To moving melody the wayside ditch,  
The pale-green pasture field behind the bars  
Is goldened o'er with dandelion stars.

When Summer keeps  
Quick pace with sinewy, white-shirted arms,  
And daily steepes  
In sunny splendour all her spreading farms,  
The pasture field is flooded foamy white  
With daisy faces looking at the light.

When Autumn lays  
Her golden wealth upon the forest floor,  
And all the days  
Look backward at the days that went before,  
A pensive company, the asters, stand,  
Their blue eyes brightening the pasture land.

When Winter lifts  
A sounding trumpet to his strenuous lips,  
And shapes the drifts  
To curves of transient loveliness, he slips  
Upon the pasture's ineffectual brown  
A swan-soft vestment delicate as down.  
*Ethelwyn Wetherald (1857–1940)*

### **Budding-Time Too Brief**

O little buds, break not so fast!  
The Spring's but new.  
The skies will yet be brighter blue,  
And sunny too.  
I would you might thus sweetly last  
Till this glad season's overpast,  
Nor hasten through.

It is so exquisite to feel  
The light warm sun;  
To merely know the Winter done,  
And life begun;  
And to my heart no blooms appeal  
For tenderness so deep and real,  
As any one

Of these first April buds, that hold  
The hint of Spring's  
Rare perfectness that May-time brings.  
So take not wings!  
Oh, linger, linger, nor unfold  
Too swiftly through the mellow mould,  
Sweet growing things!

And errant birds, and honey-bees,  
Seek not to wile;  
And, sun, let not your warmest smile  
Quite yet beguile  
The young peach-boughs and apple-trees  
To trust their beauty to the breeze;  
Wait yet awhile!  
*Evaleen Stein (1863–1923)*

### **Here by the Brimming April Streams**

Here by the brimming April streams,  
Here is the valley of my dreams.  
Every garden place is seen  
Starting up in flames of green;  
Breaking forth in yellow gold  
Through the blanket of the mould.

Slow unfolded, one by one,  
Lantern leaves hang in the sun,  
Like the butterflies of June  
Weak and wet from the cocoon.  
*Philip Henry Savage (1868–99)*

### **Heather**

You talk of pale primroses,  
Of frail and fragrant posies,  
The cowslip and the cuckoo-flower  
That scent the spring-time lea.  
But give to me the heather,  
The honey-scented heather,  
The glowing gypsy heather —  
That is the flower for me!

You love the garden alleys,  
Smooth-shaven lawns and valleys,  
The cornfield and the shady lane,  
And fisher-sails at sea.  
But give to me the moorland,  
The noble purple moorland,  
The free, far-stretching moorland —  
That is the land for me!  
*Flora Thompson (1876–1947)*

### **A Mood of Pavlova**

The soul of the Spring through its body of earth  
Bursts in a bloom of fire,  
And the crocuses come in a rainbow riot of mirth. . . .  
They flutter, they burn, they take wing, they aspire. . . .  
Wings, motion and music and flame,  
Flower, woman and laughter, and all these the same!  
She is light and first love and the youth of the world,  
She is sandaled with joy . . . she is lifted and whirled,  
She is flung, she is swirled, she is driven along  
By the carnival winds that have torn her away  
From the coronal bloom on the brow of the May. . . .  
She is youth, she is foam, she is flame, she is visible Song!  
*Don Marquis (1878–1937)*

### Found Objects

Watch how willow twigs,  
translucent feathers, lichen,  
fine hairs, all woven

into model coracles  
harboured high up in a tree.

*Pat Farrington (1943–)*

### A Moment

There it is, the wren.  
Keep still. Breathe in.  
The tiny bird  
with stumpy tail  
has landed near  
the windowsill  
and moves from twig to stem  
as quietly as rain.

Feathered and breathing,  
it matches its portrait  
on the bronze farthings  
of my childhood  
sixty years ago  
but look away  
and it has gone again  
from then to now.

*Duncan Forbes (1947–)*

### Glimpses

Blossoms fall  
and the first wink  
of spring  
drifts  
along the streets  
I know.

I am of  
the city,  
rarely see a lamb  
in the green field,  
I walk  
concrete paths.

I see sunsets  
behind  
towers,  
over fences,  
in parks the grass  
is cut short.

I just have  
glimpses  
once a year  
of what  
a time of rebirth  
really looks like.

Yet I am  
bee-minded,  
I see flowers  
and feel  
a thirst  
for life.

*Andy Eycott (1966–)*

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