Classic Poetry Series

Myra Morris

- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

A Morning Walk

From Frankston into Cranbourne The road runs all along Between green-golden stretches, A lovely way of song, With thrushes singing loud and gay And blackbirds clear and strong. From Frankston into Cranbourne We went, and cared for none. The pines along the wayside Showed yellow shoots, each one; And the bare old orchard trees were gray As cobwebs in the sun. Where the bracken's frosted silver Rimmed spikes of pearly heath We saw the cream clematis Weave lacy wreath on wreath Above the jade-green fuchsia bells And greenhoods underneath. The purple sarsparilla Spread out a cloak of pride, And flat-faced little sundews---Each chalice opened wide---Were white flotillas floating on Some tangled, moveless tide. We knelt beside still waters, As dark as dark could be, And plucked the strange swamp-lilies, Their fretted ivory Flung up in two black-dusted wings With fairy symmetry. We watched the firesmoke rising Behind its dim blue veil; The shy young gum-trees dancing In a vision sweet and frail, And the far-off hills that lay in dream, Pale as the dawn is pale. From Frankston into Cranbourne The road runs all along Between green-golden stretches, The lovely way of song, With thrushes singing loud and gay And blackbirds clear and strong.

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