



# HAZEL HALL

## THINGS THAT GROW

I like things with roots that know the earth,  
Trees whose feet, nimble and brown,  
Wander around in the house of their birth  
Until they learn, by growing down,  
To build with branches in the air;  
Ivy-vines that have known the loam  
And over trellis and rustic stair,  
Or old grey houses, love to roam;  
And flowers pushing vehement heads,  
Like flames from a fire's hidden glow,  
Through the seething soil in garden-beds.  
Yet I, who am forbidden to know  
The feel of earth, once thought to make  
Singing out of a heart's old cry!  
Untaught by earth how could I wake  
The shining interest of the sky?



## COUNTERPANES

I will make myself new thought;  
My own is worn and old.  
And old counterpanes will not  
Keep out the wind and cold.

From borrowed thought I will choose  
Pieces, and, row on row,  
Patch a quilt of many hues  
Like the quilts of long ago.

It cannot be so fine  
As what the years have thinned,  
But I dread the smothered whine  
Of four grey walls' grey wind.

I will patch me a counterpane,  
For mine is worn to scars,  
And I fear the iron rain  
Of a ceiling's splashing stars.



## HOURS

I have known hours built like cities,  
House on grey house, with streets between  
That lead to straggling roads and trail off,  
Forgotten in a field of green;

Hours made like mountains lifting  
White crests out of the fog and rain,  
And woven of forbidden music—  
Hours eternal in their pain.

Life is a tapestry of hours  
Forever mellowing in tone,  
Where all things blend, even the longing  
For hours I have never known.

## THE ANSWER

I asked the watchful corners of a ceiling,  
And the little darkened cracks the years scrawled  
there,  
Why there are suns, and if there is a purpose  
Behind this mask of life that people wear.

I asked some gnarled and patient shadows groping  
Like wise hands of old blind men, on my wall;  
And everything I asked answered my question  
With that one answer which does well for all.

## SUN GLAMOUR

The day has brought me sun-loaned cheer,  
And to unchangeable ways, change . . .  
But dusk is here to make them strange,  
Making them clear.