

Swallows

Hartley, Marsden, 1877-1943

The Blueblack swallows with their saffron breasts
Punctuate the rooftree—and they make pretty commas
On the wires,
And place superb accents above the blowing corn--
How would it be to skim like them,
The surface of all things,
To graze the cheek of every beauty,
And press one's lips to the sky, with a sudden frenzy--
To dot the pale vowels on the pages of the sun
With swift points of beetle-blue;
They turn their breasts up to the sky
Swinging arrow-like, upon a skipping wind,
These countless commas with painted wings.