



AFTERNOON ON A HILL

I will be the gladdest thing

Under the sun!

I will touch a hundred flowers

And not pick one!

I will look at cliffs and clouds

With quiet eyes,

Watch the wind bow down the grass

And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show

Up from the town

I will mark which must be mine;

And then start down!

Edna St. Vincent Millay