

THE QUICKENING

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Out of my harbouring palm
 Drifted a seed
 While the thrush freed
His heart, fluting a psalm.

There in Earth's arms it lay—
 That small, slight guest—
 Lipping her great brown breast
Day after day.

Day after day I found
 No stir, no sign:
 Slowly Earth's milk-and-wine
Flowed, without sound,

Till out of the warm loam stole
 A tiny spire
 Glowing with pale-green fire—
A gnome with a soul.

Then I and the thrush my brother
Blithe music made,
 Blessing that virgin blade,
And another, and another.