

Dice one Confederation poet
complete with verse
(remove mould first).

Drain, bring to a simmer,
but avoid a boil.
Pour, place in oven, bake.

Slice in pieces, or leave whole.
Serves nineteen million
when cold.

To N. H. B., who doubted that he would write more poems

Hugh Finn

“The spring is fingering the world’s cold shoulder”?
The spring has never left these granite hills!
Although the pine-trees sigh their wintry sorrows
They strain their sounds from the winds’ breath with strings
Greener than youth itself; the death-pale grass
Hides ironies of green among its solemn
Talks with the wind on mortuary subjects;
The aloe, patient, confident, now has waited
Long months of heat and rain for its own spring,
Matured its ode to the sun in its careful cells—
Can hardly wait now for the spring’s approval
As it publishes its paeon of crimson stanzas—
Which critic sun-birds will most surely probe
For nectarous hidden meanings. Even the robin,
Scornful of Europe, stays the warm year through;
The black-footed cat, too, springs its kittens’ fury
Four times a year among the seed-plump pigeons,
While hoopoe crowns the sad black veld of winter
With hope, and all year round the granite’s warm.