



## **Spring Wind in London (1909)**

**By Katherine Mansfield**

I blow across the stagnant world,  
I blow across the sea,  
For me, the sailor's flag unfurled,  
For me, the uprooted tree.  
My challenge to the world is hurled;  
The world must bow to me.

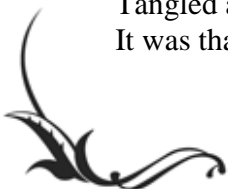
I drive the clouds across the sky,  
I huddle them like sheep;  
Merciless shepherd-dog am I  
And shepherd-watch I keep.  
If in the quiet vales they lie  
I blow them up the steep.

Lo! In the tree-tops do I hide,  
In every living thing;  
On the moon's yellow wings I glide,  
On the wild rose I swing;  
On the sea-horse's back I ride,  
And what then do I bring?

And when a little child is ill  
I pause, and with my hand  
I wave the window curtain's frill  
That he may understand  
Outside the wind is blowing still  
...It is a pleasant land.

O stranger in a foreign place  
See what I bring to you.  
This rain--is tears upon your face;  
I tell you--tell you true  
I came from that forgotten place  
Where once the wattle grew.

All the wild sweetness of the flower  
Tangled against the wall.  
It was that magic, silent hour....



The branches grew so tall  
They twined themselves into a bower.  
The sun shown... and the fall

Of yellow blossom on the grass!  
You feel that golden rain  
Both of you could not hold, alas,  
Both of you tried, in vain.  
A memory, stranger. So I pass....  
It will not come again

