



**Very Early Spring (1912)**

**By Katherine Mansfield**

The fields are snowbound no longer  
There are little blue lakes and flags of tenderest green.  
The snow has been caught up into the sky  
So many white clouds – and the blue of the sky is cold.  
Now the sun walks in the forest  
He touches the bows and stems with his golden fingers  
They shiver, and wake from slumber.  
Over the barren branches he shakes his yellow curls.  
. . . . Yet is the forest full of the sound of tears . . . .  
A wind dances over the fields.  
Shrill and clear the sound of her waking laughter,  
Yet the little blue lakes tremble  
And the flags of tenderest green bend and quiver.

