

1936

Futile Spring

Ethel B. Cheney

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the proper speed the effect is that of a motion picture projector, with the shutter speed perfectly synchronized with the film travel. So with a faint stone-gray flicker we observe one life killing another kind of life. Newark smoking like a map of a battle spreads wide and shallow below; trains, moved by the insect-like and mysterious vigor of electricity, thread the gaseous pall on the meadows; deeply American, amiable meadow withered, river sky stetched, traffic as triumph, the abstractness of beauty, the picture that to be a likeness must be told with speed and motion, the stuff and the art of machinery, both life and death to man.

Futile Spring

By ETHEL B. CHENEY

I can endure it that the house is still,
Dark shuttered to the sunlight, that the doors
That knew no keys are fast to April's call
And only silence creaks across the floors.

I can endure it that the narrow path,
Winding through orchard ways, beneath the grass
Holds all unknown pale violets and stars
Of wild strawberries where no footsteps pass.

I can endure that petals drift unseen
On hidden streams, that swallows dip and wing
Thrice circling round; but grief too great is this:
The wide barn doors are closed against the spring.