

CLASS 407 - POETRY AGES 9-10

THE CALENDAR

I knew when Spring was come –
Not by the murmurous hum
 Of bees in the willow-trees,
 Or frills
 Of daffodils,
 Or the scent of the breeze;
But because there were whips and tops
By the jars of lollipops
In the two little village shops.

I knew when Summer breathed –
Not by the flowers that wreathed
 The sedge by the water's edge,
 Or gold
 Of the wold,
 Or white and rose of the hedge;
But because, in a wooden box
In the window at Mrs Mock's,
There were white-winged shuttlecocks.

I knew when Autumn came –
Not by the crimson flame
 Of leaves that lapped the eaves
 Or mist
 In amethyst
 And opal-tinted weaves;
But because there were alley-taws
(Punctual as hips and haws)
On the counter at Mrs Shaw's.

I knew when Winter swirled –
Not by the whitened world,
Or silver skeins in the lanes
Or frost
That embossed
Its patterns on window-panes:
But because there were transfer-sheets
By the bottles of spice and sweets
In the shops in two little streets.

BARBARA EUPHAN TODD