Now this particular girl
During a ceremonious April walk
With her latest suitor
Found herself, of a sudden, intolerably struck

By the birds irregular babel
And the leaves' litter.
By this tumult afflicted, she
Observed her lover's gestures unbalance the air,
Her gait stray uneven

Through a rank wilderness of fern and flower.
She judged petals in disarray,
The whole season, sloven.
How she longed for winter then! -
Scrupulously austere in its order

Of white and black
Ice and rock, each sentiment in border,
And heart's frosty discipline
Exact as a snowflake.
But here - a burgeoning

Unruly enough to pitch her five queenly wits
Into vulgar motley -
A treason not to be borne. Let idiots
Reel giddy in bedlam spring:
She withdrew neatly.

And round her house she set
Such a barricade of barb and check
Against mutinous weather
As no mere insurgent man could hope to break
With curse, fist, threat

Or love, either.