

April is the cruellest month, breeding

Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing Memory and
desire, stirring Dull roots with spring rain. Winter

kept us warm, covering Earth in forgetful snow,
feeding A little life, because we died, with tubers. Summer

surprised us, coming like the Sun like gersees With
a shower of rain: we stopped in the colonnade,

And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten, And
drank coffee, and talked for an hour. Bei gar

keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.
And when we were children, staying at the arch-

duke's, My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
And I was brightened. He said, 'Marie,

Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.
In the mountains, there you feel free. I read,

much of the night, and go south in the winter.

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POETRY

WRITING AND

REVISING

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Nov 6, 16-18 and Nov 27, 16-18

Room SH 1.104

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"Poetry Writing and Revising"