

Poetry Break with Joanne Limburg

Accompanying Poems

The Red Sunsets, 1883

The boding sky was characterized with cloud,
The scripture of the storm - but high in air, 2
Where the unfathomed zenith still was bare,
A pure expanse of rose-flushed violet glowed 4
And, kindling into crimson light, o'erflowed
The hurrying wrack with such a blood-red glare, 6
That heaven, igniting, wildly seemed to flare
On the dazed eyes of many an awe-struck crowd. 8

And in far lands folk presaged with blanched lips
Disastrous wars, earthquakes, and foundering
ships 10
Such whelming floods as never dykes could stem,
Or some proud empire's ruin and eclipse: 12
Lo, such a sky, they cried, as burned o'er them
Once lit the sacking of Jerusalem! 14

MATHILDE BLIND

Untimely Love

Peace, throbbing heart, nor let us shed one tear
O'er this late love's unseasonable glow; 2
Sweet as a violet blooming in the snow,
The posthumous offspring of the widowed year, 4
That smells of March when all the world is sere,
And, while around the hurtling sea-winds blow -6
Which twist the oak and lay the pine tree low -
Stands childlike in the storm and has no fear. 8

Poor helpless blossom orphaned of the sun,
How could it thus brave winter's rude estate? 10
Oh love, more helpless love, why bloom so late,
Now that the flower-time of the year is done? 12
Since thy dear course must end when scarce begun,
Nipped by the cold touch of untoward fate. 14

MATHILDE BLIND