

Premonition

By George Sylvester Viereck

*This is my Singing season, and the dearth
Of music ended; I am pregnant thus
With sound and colour, and melodious
Mine unborn poems clamour after birth.
Perchance, arising from the tuneless earth
To bring sweet gifts of cadence unto us,
Some vocal brother to Theocritus
Inspires my lips with his diviner worth.*

*Or yet, some ghostly elder singer's breath
Is floating to me, and strange voices ring
On my soul's ear with sound that quickeneth:
"Build now or never," say they, and they bring
The premonition of an early death
That bids me hasten with my harvesting.*