

The Red-Bird

by Evalene Stein

Swept lightly by the south wind
The elm-leaves softly stirred,
And in their pale green clusters
There straightway bloomed a bird!

His glossy feathers glistened
With dyes as richly red
As any tulip flaming
From out the garden bed.

But ah, unlike the tulips,
In joyous strain, ere long,
This red-bird flower unfolded
A heart of golden song!



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