

A Winter Bluejay  
by Sara Teasdale

Crisply the bright snow whispered,  
Crunching beneath our feet;  
Behind us as we walked along the parkway,  
Our shadows danced,  
Fantastic shapes in vivid blue.  
Across the lake the skaters  
Flew to and fro,  
With sharp turns weaving  
A frail invisible net.  
In ecstasy the earth  
Drank the silver sunlight;  
In ecstasy the skaters  
Drank the wine of speed;  
In ecstasy we laughed  
Drinking the wine of love.  
Had not the music of our joy  
Sounded its highest note?  
But no,  
For suddenly, with lifted eyes you said,  
"Oh look!"  
There, on the black bough of a snow flecked maple,  
Fearless and gay as our love,  
A bluejay cocked his crest!  
Oh who can tell the range of joy  
Or set the bounds of beauty?