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My Conversion

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Spring the First

MY CONVERSION

What is all this talk of spring
When May endures our hopes to bring
New things to touch and
New faces to see.
I have responded to stronger hopes
And regarded newer and better joys
to be honest
beauty has stepped in before
and cast the spell to me:

I saw a child and he sat on my knee
As I once did
When we sat along those banks and watched
The barges churn water
(but that was when the fish weren't jumping)
because we were buddies
him and me.

These lines were made when I was ten.
What could prescribe a new hope
If brought back again
They could only be
The other times that weren't like that
though only memory searches the spirit
you see:
I have given all to the other three
But only spring gives all to me.

—Ronald Ashe
I do not know much about gods; but I think that the river
Is a strong brown god—sullen, untamed and intractable . . .

—The Dry Salvages