

POEM
IN YOUR
POCKET

AFTERNOON ON A HILL

I will be the gladdest thing
Under the sun!

I will touch a hundred flowers
And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
Up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
And then start down!

ENDA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

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