

**Sonnet to Spring  
(for Ruth)**

Had I all the world to give, I would for you  
Set aside a perfumed field, a handpicked portion  
In tended bloom, tree and flower of every hue,  
Laid out in fanciful pattern, in artful proportion.  
Played with, turned this way, bent that,  
So the unheralded traveler, happening on this garden,  
Blazoned with its sweet pea and forget-me-nots  
Enwinding, would have his guarded heart unhardened.  
Then his armor, donned in 'necessity's sharp pinch,'  
Could fall to mealy earth, and unravel to its atoms,  
Regalia of the rude clash replaced with blooming tints;  
His herald, instead, your floreate pattern.  
    Since I haven't the world to parcel before me,  
    On a blank field, here, I bear your fleur-de-lis.

— *WILLIAM ROUTHIER, Boston*