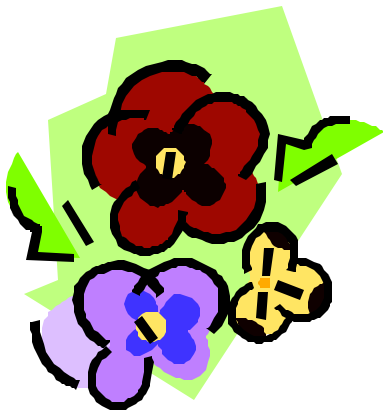


# Smells

Through all the frozen winter  
My nose has grown most lonely  
For lovely, lovely, colored smells  
That come in springtime only.

The purple smell of lilacs,  
The yellow smell that blows  
Across the air of meadows  
Where bright forsythia grows.

The tall pink smell of peach trees,  
The low white smell of clover,  
And everywhere the great green smell  
Of grass the whole world over.



*Kathryn Worth*