

We Like March

Emily Dickinson

We like March, his shoes are purple,
He is new and high;
Makes he mud for dog and peddler,
Makes he forest dry;
Knows the adder's tongue his coming,
And begets her spot.
Stands the sun so close and mighty
That our minds are hot
. News is he of all the others;
Bold it were to die
With the blue-birds buccaneering
On his British sky.