

**SOUR GRAPES: A  
BOOK OF POEMS**

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Sour grapes: a book of poems by William Carlos Williams

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**WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS**

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Certain of the poems in this book have appeared in the magazines: *Poetry, a Magazine of Verse, The Egoist, The Little Review, The Dial, Others, and Contact.*

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SOUR GRAPES





## THE LATE SINGER

Here it is spring again  
and I still a young man!  
I am late at my singing.  
The sparrow with the black rain on his breast  
has been at his cadenzas for two weeks past:  
What is it that is dragging at my heart?  
The grass by the back door  
is stiff with sap.  
The old maples are opening  
their branches of brown and yellow moth-flowers.  
A moon hangs in the blue  
in the early afternoons over the marshes.  
I am late at my singing.

MARCH

I

Winter is long in this climate  
and spring—a matter of a few days  
only,—a flower or two picked  
from mud or from among wet leaves  
or at best against treacherous  
bitterness of wind, and sky shining  
teasingly, then closing in black  
and sudden, with fierce jaws.

II

March,  
    you remind me of  
the pyramids, our pyramids—  
stript of the polished stone  
that used to guard them!

March,  
you are like Fra Angelico  
at Fiesole, painting on plaster!

March,  
    you are like a band of  
young poets that have not learned  
the blessedness of warmth  
(or have forgotten it).

At any rate—  
I am moved to write poetry  
for the warmth there is in it  
and for the loneliness—  
a poem that shall have you  
    in it March.