"A Feast of Poems: Belle and Roethke"

Introduction. Thanks Ann for praising Belle and so many aspects of her novel, including her long friendship with Ted Roethke, perhaps the greatest poet character ever in fiction or real life. And what you and your team have done to restore this historic home where Ted grew up and lived for so many years is remarkable, not just the physical attributes of his home but also all the programming and events that allow us to appreciate this great poet and man anew. It's an honor for Marty and me to be here to continue this tradition.

Marty and I grew up in Ann Arbor, and both our families summered up north. My family rented a cottage in Glen Arbor in the shadow of the Sleeping Bear Dunes on Little Glen Lake. I went to college at Amherst where I studied history and worked with original sources. This is also where Emily Dickinson lived and where Robert Frost long taught, composed and campaigned for his poetry, at least after he resigned in 1926 from a "lifetime appointment as a Permanent Fellow in Letters" at Michigan. At Michigan Law School I began my exploration of the primary and secondary sources on the framing, history, and interpretation of the Civil War Amendments that launched me as a civil rights lawyer with five cases going to the Supreme in the 1970's and then as Con Law Professor spending the better part of the 1980's trying to make sense of the mixed results, including in a dozen articles and three books. I spent the next two decades pursuing several careers, including nearly five years serving as a Special Assistant to President Clinton, to avoid being a real lawyer.

Ten years ago I turned to fiction so I could write better endings. Why not research and write a historical novel about places and people I knew? To do so, I needed to figure out how I could link Ann Arbor, Glen Arbor and Amherst and the greatest poet of the 19th century Emily Dickinson with perhaps the greatest poet of the first half of the 20th century Robert Frost. The answer eventually came to me, even if in the voice and from the perspective of a reclusive woman poet born up north and weaned by her invalid mother on Dickinson poems at the turn of of the 20th century, who travels downstate to go to college at the University of Michigan and meets Frost there in 1921. Buried in the archives of Michigan's Hatcher and Bentley libraries and Amherst's Frost Memorial

Library, lo and behold, my research soon revealed that Ted Roethke and Wystan Auden also spent much time at Michigan and became competitors and friends with Frost. Thus could the plot thicken with my Belle as the four poets battled their different internal demons mostly to a draw to share great poems and letters! Belle hid all her journals, letters, poems and this narrative of her life in a safe place: so private she refused to publish any during her life, her words would not embarrass any of friends, lovers or colleagues during their lives either.

And if you are going to write a book in which four poets play major roles, you better find someone who can compose poems in Belle's distinctive voice. My secondary-school classmate Marty Burh Grimes has studied, taught and written poetry for more than 50 years. Who better to play my Belle as a poet and compose poems that capture the rhythms, sounds and sights of the changing seasons of the dunes, forests and fields on the sandy shores of the Great Lake?

Ten years later, the rest is history: here we are with our Belle of Two Arbors. In the novel, our 25-year-old Belle meets the 17-year old Ted Roethke in Ann Arbor in the fall of 1925. The two share much in common: both lost a parent in their early teens; and each loved nature from their earliest days, Belle the many natural wonders around Glen Arbor, Ted the big greenhouses and woods behind this historic house in Saginaw.

We could regale you with hours of stories about Ted and Belle. Instead, we will share a feast of their poems. Marty will read the verse she composed as Belle, and I will do my best to read Ted's. Forgive me if I don't do justice to Ted's voice, but then again please remember that no one has ever been able to match his rumble and emotion, the crispness of his diction, the hard and sweet edges of his readings, the only true master reading his poems aloud. I spent the last two nights listening to Ted say many of his poems; and that makes my task here today even more daunting, as Ted was one of the best performers on stage and in front of a MIC ever.

We will start near the beginning, with one of the earliest poems we know each wrote. We will proceed thereafter with several types of poems Belle and Ted shared. We

will close with Ted's with their two villanelles, Belle's most-prized anthem "Up North" and the title poem of Roethke's Pulitzer winning 1953 book, "The Waking."

1. Early Poem each composed: both quite short.

Belle, Blue Salvation (1913), p. 13. Share story of mother dying on day of Belle's 13th birthday celebration while ice-fishing; Belle swimming her 6-year-old brother to shore; Belle's hypothermia, shock, grieving; and going to her attic room. As if in a frenzy, sitting on her Mama's big wooden chest, a new song burst forth from Belle's lips about her confrontation with the deep, cold waters of the Great Lake: [Marty Read]

> Your lips are
> Blue Salvation—
> flowing over my
> hills and valleys
>
> cooling the red heat
> of my Passion—
> soothing summer balm
> after the wintry storm—

Not bad for a first try, but Belle hid the poem in her mother's wooden chest and spent the next 18 years trying to compose an adequate "Goodbye to [her] Mama." When she did, Frost honored the poem at the first Hopwood Awards ceremony as the best written by anyone in Michigan that year.

Roethke, To Darkness (unpublished). In our novel, Ted appears first in a scene in the spring of 1926. By then, Belle was already Frost's mentee, assistant, typist and junior colleague; and Ted had already built a glasshouse to cover Belle's new 2-lane, 25 yard-long pool in back of her big house on Cambridge road. Belle arranged for her tennis partner – only a Frosh – to get into Frost's poetry seminar limited to 15 students. Frost soon canceled the class sessions and asked each to write "just one poem you like enough you want to keep it…and to meet with me at my house to explore how to deepen it." At the end of the term, Frost hosted a celebration at his house on Pontiac Trail for all 75 of U of M's student writers to give out awards. Near the end, Frost said, "Now, I'll read you the best short poem by anyone at the University of Michigan in 1926, and I do mean

short." Frost said the four brief lines of "To Darkness" matter of factly with a wry caste, as if blindness were just another condition that once afflicted had to be accepted, as with birds going to nest at dark in his poem "Acceptance."

When the "Big Man" shambled up in his double-breasted suit and Johnson and Murphy shoes to receive the award, all the students clapped and cheered. Instead of saying thank you, Ted sang his poem in such a baleful tone, Belle and the rest of the crowd felt as if they'd become blind. Then he said it again:

To Darkness
Thou are not light's negation
Thou art another light
That lives in sweet relation
With Souls that have no sight.

The silence after Ted finished continued, until their host clapped and the rest of the students joined. "Mr. Roethke's already a poet," Frost said. "He knows his verse is meant to be heard rather than eyed, and he won't let any other speaker, no matter how much more experienced, substitute for his voice."

2. **Seasonal Poems.**

Roethke, "The [First] Waking" (1948) p. 49.* Listen now to the young boy Ted's joy in summer as told by the poet man-child twenty-five years later:

I strolled across
An open field;
The sun was out;
Heat was happy.

This way! This way!
The wren's throat shimmered,
Either to other,
The blossoms sang.

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* Citations are to Theodore Roethke, *Collected Poems* (1975); Dimond, *The Belle of Two Arbors* (2017).

The stones sang,
The little ones did,
And flowers jumped
Like small goats.

A ragged fringe
Of daisies waved;
I wasn't alone
In a grove of apples.

Far in the wood
A nestling sighed;
The dew loosened
Its morning smells.

I came where the river
Ran over stones:
My ears knew
An early joy.

And all the waters
Of all the streams
Sang in my veins
That summer day.

In November of 1929, Belle drove Ted up north for Thanksgiving. The recent Magna graduate of Michigan, already sick of his first year in law school, walked alone for much of the next two days, savoring the scent of the harvest from the fruit orchards on the east side of Leelanau Peninsula, exploring the Empire Bluffs overlooking Lake Michigan on the west coast, and striding through the forests on the hills above Belle's cottage in Glen Arbor overlooking Sleeping Bear Bay.

Let's compare the two poems they composed and shared that trip. First, hear Marty say her poem as Belle:

After the Harvest (p. 301)
Frothy waves hasten back and forth
along Lake Michigan's sandy shore,
keeping time with the thump of the wind—

Sweet scent from a cider press

mingles with the pungent tang
of smoke that coils from chimney tops—

Aspens, birches, maples, oaks
layer the forest floor with color:
crimson sepia, orange, and ocher—

Underfoot leaves crackle and crunch,
squirrels hurry to hollowed logs
to store their cache of seeds and acorns—

Hopeful children, buttoned up tight,
Pull wool hats low over ruddy ears
Haul out sleigh bells, skates, and sleds—

While hot chocolate simmers on the stove,
Winter sneaks in with downy flakes
that dance wildly in the frosty wind.

Now hear the first stanza of Roethke's final version of "The Coming of the Cold" (p.13):

The late peach yields a subtle musk,
The arbor is alive with fume
More heady than a field at dusk
When clover scents diminished wind.
The walker's foot has scarcely room
Upon the orchard path, for skinned
And battered fruit has choked the grass.
The yield's half down and half in air,
The plum drops pitch upon the ground,
And nostrils widen as they pass
The place where butternuts are found.
The wind shakes out the scent of pear.
Upon the field the scent is dry:
The dill bears up its acrid crown;
The dock, so garish to the eye,
Distills a pungence of its own;
And pumpkins sweat a bitter oil.
But soon cold rain and frost come in
To press pure fragrance to the soil;
The loose vine droops with hoar at dawn,
The riches of the air blow thin.

3. Four Children's Songs:

At Amherst, Pip married his townie sweetheart Senior Year, but she died giving birth to Ruth in the spring of 1927. For the first of only a handful of times in her life, Belle left her two safe arbors to help her brother raise the newborn baby in the home Frost made available to them in their time of greatest need. On the drive back to Michigan after Pip graduated, Belle composed this song:

Marmie's Lullaby, p. 239
Daisies droop their weary heads
White tails curl in forest beds
Sparrows sleep in downy nests
Time for baby's eyes to rest.

Sunset paints the clouds with copper
Sailors turn their prows to port
Honeybees on the wing to hives
Gossamer wings as soft as sighs.

Pine scent fragrances cooling air
Squirrels are seeking hidden lairs
Farmers put their plows away.
Until the morning dawns the day,

Close your eyes, my tired babe—
Stars are winking through the trees,
A silvery moon sails high above:
Happy dreams, my dearest love.

Two years later, Belle composed this song for the 2-year-old niece she helped raise:

The Legend of Ruth, p. 291.
Twin fawns are sleeping in the wood,
Fox kits are in their den,
A gentle breeze rocks the maple,
Where roosts a mother wren.

Trillium nod their snow-white heads,
Morels sprout near mossy logs,
Ducklings swim upon the pond

Serenaded by bull frogs.

Of the many blessings
Spring has brought this way
The best is little Ruthie,
Our delight of life each day.

That spring of 1929, the day after Belle hosted a graduation party for the summa graduate, Ted showed up for a last swim in his glasshouse pool with Belle and two-year-old Ruthie. While Belle prepared lunch after their romp in the pool, Ted got down on the floor to play blocks with Ruthie in kitchen. They built a tower higher than the counter. Once completed, of course, he helped the toddler knock the tower down. As the Big Man and the little girl picked up all the blocks, Ted sang "Dinky:"

Dinky (p. 110)
O what's the weather in a Beard?
It's windy there and rather weird,
And when you think the sky has been cleared
-Why, there is Dirty Dinky.

Suppose you walk in a Storm,
With nothing on to keep you warm,
And then you step barefoot on a Worm
Of course, it's Dirty Dinky.
****
You'd better watch the things you do.
You'd better watch the things you do.
You're part of him; he's part of you
- [We] may be Dirty Dinky

By the end of this song, the blocks sat neatly stacked in their box under the counter.

After lunch, little Ruthie was tuckered out and needed a nap. Belle and Ted carried her up the big center staircase and deposited her in her bed. Roethke sang Ruthie to sleep by repeating, ever more slowly and softly, "The Whale" (p. 172):

There was a Monstrous Whale:
He had no skin, he had no tail.
When he tried to spout, that Great Big Lubber,
The best he could do was Jiggle his Blubber

By the end of the third time through, Ruthie was sound to sleep.

4. Four very different Love Songs. First, a rueful delight in young passion by Belle – about Rabbie O'Bannon, Belle's first love and at the end her loyal companion, who became Ted's faculty mentor, good friend and, yes, the biographer and world class swimmer modelled after Allan Seager. See *The Glass House* (1968).

My Golden Laddie, p. 261

A golden laddie one fine day
Stole my smitten heart away—
Twas in a field of new mown hay.

I pine for him from morn to night,
His bonnie smile his dark eyes bright—
Our afternoon of pure delight.

His lips were warm, his body firm,
This maiden had no will to spurn—
I was butter in his churn.

A golden laddie one fine day
Stole my smitten heart away—
How I yearn for his return!

Now hear a more angry memory of Ted's torrid affair with an older woman out east in the 1930's:

I knew a Woman, p.122

I knew a woman, lovely in her bones,
When small birds sighed, she would sigh back at them;
Ah, when she moved, she moved more ways than one:
The shapes a bright container can contain!
Of her choice virtues only gods should speak,
Or English poets who grew up on Greek
(I'd have them sing in chorus, cheek to cheek.)

How well her wishes went! She stroked my chin,
She taught me Turn, and Counter-turn, and stand;
She taught me Touch, that undulant white skin:
I nibbled meekly from her proffered hand;
She was the sickle; I, poor I, the rake,
Coming behind her for her pretty sake
(But what prodigious mowing did we make.)

Love likes a gander, and adores a goose:
Her full lips pursed, the errant note to seize;
She played it quick, she played it light and loose;
My eyes, they dazzled at her flowing knees;
Her several parts could keep a pure repose,
Or one hip quiver with a mobile nose
(She moved in circles, and those circles moved.)

Let seed be grass, and grass turn into hay:
I'm martyr to a motion not my own;
What's freedom for? To know eternity.
I swear she cast a shadow white as stone.
But who would count eternity in days?
These old bones live to learn her wanton ways:
(I measure time by how a body sways.)

The famous critic and poet Louise Bogan thereafter became Ted's colleague and friend. Ted paid Ms. Bogan the ultimate respect when he made her the subject of his 1960 Hopwood lecture.

A remembrance of what will too soon be missed? Now listen to an expression of a different kind of love: of Belle from her deathbed in the fall of 1953 for the younger brother Pip she helped raise, swam safely to shore when the ice cracked and they lost their mother, shared homes with in Glen Arbor and Ann Arbor for the next 25 years, helped raise his daughter Ruthie, and became lifelong partners in trying to make Michigan a better university and -- with their Ojibwe friend David -- in expanding the family empire and conserving Up North till death did them part: November Hike, p. 633:

Leaves Crunch –
forgotten memories
beneath my feet

I wind up gentle hills
and around the shells of fallen oaks—
watch a squirrel skitter

carrying its cache of acorns
into a hollow trunk—
back and forth it goes--

the birds sang
when we walked this path

one sunny day in April—

we carved our initials
into an elm tree trunk—
it died of disease years ago—

though you clung to me
like lichen to bark,
I journeyed on—alone –

now, autumn is in me—
its crimson, gold, and orange
its rusts and regrets—

the raucous cry of geese
pierces the air--
and I can't remember

if your eyes were blue

Meanwhile, in 1953 Ted Roethke married his former Bennington student, Beatrice O'Connell, in New York at a private ceremony in which Wystan Auden served as best man and Louise Bogan as Matron of Honor. Ted and Beatrice overstayed their honeymoon in Auden's Ishcia villa on Forio so long both Ted and Wystan had to beg off joining Belle for the Up North Writer's Conference she hosted at the Old Homestead Inn for two weeks every summer. Just as well, as this allowed Belle to avoid telling any of her three poet friends that she was dying of ovarian cancer. Ten years later, now listen to one of Roethke's last poems, published posthumously in 1964 in *The Far Field* (p. 210):

Wish for a Young Wife
My lizard, my lively writher,
May your limbs never wither,
May the eyes in your face
Survive the green ice
Of envy's mean gaze;
May you live out your life
Without hate, without grief,
And your hair ever blaze,
In the sun, in the sun,

When I am undone,
When I am no one.

Turned out much too soon thereafter to be a prescient gift to Ted's much young wife.

5. One of Roethke's Poems at Belle's Memorial Service.

In the fall of 1953, Belle's brother Pip presided at her memorial service to a standing room-only throng at the First Presbyterian Church in Ann Arbor. He introduced Ted Roethke, Wystan Auden and Robert Frost, each to share one of their poems and one of Belle's to honor their long-time friend, colleague and correspondent. Ted batted lead-off.

First, hear Belle's elegy to her father that Ted shared at her memorial service. He noted that at their first writer's conference up north after World War II, she gave him a sorely needed bonus and added a personal note with this poem: "Now that you've found your voice and can say a proper goodbye to your father, I know you're ready for mine to my father:"

Papa's Goodbye, p. 329
A gentle breeze among the birches sings,
And graying clouds float silently above –
Your wooden casket cold to touch, on winged
Death, blasé Thief of my paternal Love –

And yet your whiskey breath wafts in the breeze,
Your lips – I swear! – caress my tear-stained cheek –
So I turn, slowly, and vainly reach
For your Arm so late I have sought to seek –

And o'er our heads a golden Eagle soars,
Illumined by a single shaft of Sun –
A Sign that You will haunt these Blessed Shores –
That your earthly journey is far from done:

O Woe, its lonely lament fills the Sky,
My Hopes muffled in a mournful Sigh –

Theodore Roethke lowered his head and whispered, "Belle, you inspired me to explore my youth growing up in the greenhouses. Please listen to this remembrance of the father I lost when I was too young."

My Papa's Waltz, p. 43
The whiskey on your breath
Could make a small boy dizzy;
But I hung on like death:
Such waltzing was not easy.

We romped until the pans
Slid from the kitchen shelf;
My mother's countenance
Could not unfrown itself.

The hand that held my wrist
Was battered on one knuckle;
At every step you missed
My right ear scraped a buckle.

You beat time on my head
With a palm caked hard by dirt,
Then waltzed me off to bed
Still clinging to your shirt.

Theodore Roethke lowered his head and whispered, "Thank you, Big Mama."

While the audience in the church clapped, Ted hobbled off-stage and sat down next to Wystan Auden. Pip stepped up to the pulpit: "I'd be remiss if I didn't share Belle's last promise to her Big Teddy Bear. She wrote Ted, 'Next spring, you will win the Pulitzer for your latest book of poems, *The Waking*." And he did.

Auden and Frost followed Roethke at the memorial service. I like to think no three poets will ever gather again to pay as high an honor to remember such a close woman friend and fellow poet as Belle, whether in real life or fiction

5. That brings us to Two of the Best Villanelles Ever. Marty share form: 19 lines, with a rolling and repeating rhyme scheme than ends with the final couplet a refrain from the first and third lines of the first stanza. Sometimes, the great poets who know the rules bend them to achieve a different sound or to convey a more powerful "pang" in the end.

Belle, "Up North" (1926) p. 213. Now hear Belle's Villanelle, her anthem for the ages to her home place:

Up North

My yearning for Leelanau is like a disease--
the sun through my window bids me awake:
a chorus of robins sings from the trees

to return to Her bosom, where She offers ease
from the thorns and the thistly losses that ache--
my yearning for Leelanau is like a disease—

The shoreline's now free from its ice-sculpted frieze,
and frothy white waves roll, tumble, and shake.
Five or six finches peek out through the leaves—

I dream of the pond near our bubbling creek,
the nest of a wood duck and her handsome drake—
my yearning for Leelanau is like a disease—

a riot of flowers--the hum of the bees,
the honeyed fragrance of spring in their wake,
a redheaded woodpecker taps on a tree:

Soon Brown-Eyed Susans will sway in the breeze.
The squawk of the seagulls, the bluest of seas—
My yearning for Leelanau is like a disease:
A chorus of robins sings from the trees.

In our novel, early on Belle shared this poem -- along with the best of the villanelles by their good friend Auden – with Ted. Now, hear Roethke's villanelle many praise as the best ever:

The Waking (p. 104)

I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.
I feel my fate in what I cannot fear.
I learn by going where I have to go.

We think by feeling. What is there to know?
I hear my being dance from ear to ear.
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Of those so close beside me, which are you?
God bless the Ground! I shall walk softly there,
And learn by going where I have to go.

Light takes the Tree; but who can tell us how?
The lowly worm climbs up a winding stair;
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Great Nature has another thing to do
To you and me, so take the lively air,
And, lovely, learn by going where to go.

This shaking keeps me steady. I should know.
What falls away is always. And is near.
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.
I learn by going where I have to go.

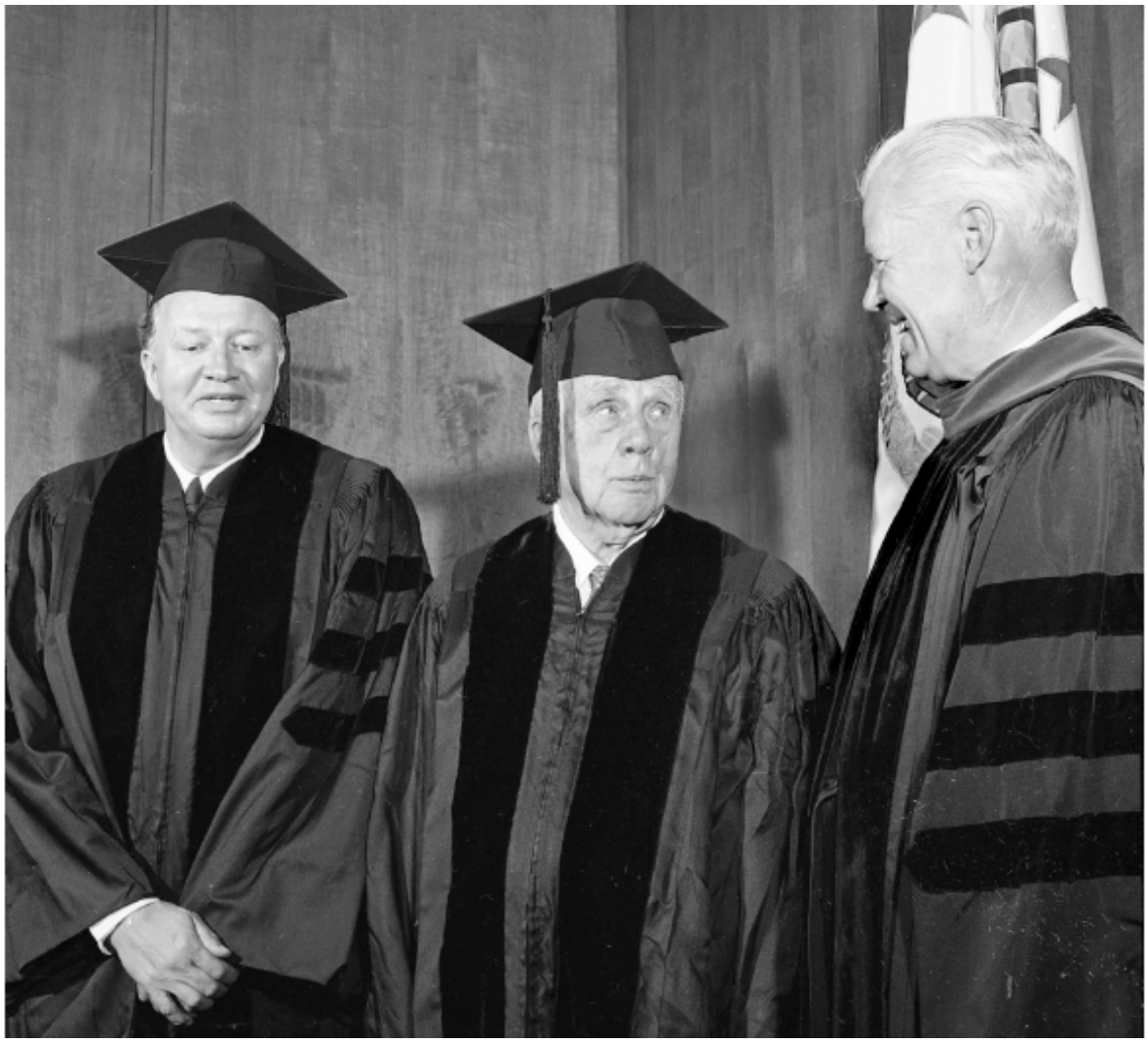
Conclusion: Let's close with one last story. Please join Robert Frost and me in the spring of 1962 to witness Michigan's lost son return to receive an honorary degree. Three decades before, Michigan's academic snobs had blackballed the only undergraduate of the University ever to win the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry and certainly the most compelling teacher of poetry in higher education. In Michigan's Big House, the largest football stadium in America, listen as President Hatcher awards Theodore Roethke A.B., summa cum laud, 1929, and A.M., 1936 the highest honorary degree:

> In a period when poets often free themselves from older and more general traditions only to borrow lavishly from particular compeers, Mr. Roethke has been at once of his own time and his own master. In a period when poetic emotion seems forever on the verge of becoming lugubrious and poetic expression of declining by way of obscurity into dullness, Mr. Roethke has transmuted experiences often cheerless enough in themselves into unfailingly interesting and delightful works of art. Celebrating the union of strength and delicacy which distinguishes his work and the forthrightness that distinguishes him as a man, the University proudly tenders to this son of Michigan the degree of Doctor of Letters.

Some of you may have read that much to Roethke's chagrin Frost overshadowed his much younger competitor by receiving an Honorary Doctor of Laws on the same stage only a few minutes later. Others may have heard that Ted also complained the night before to a friend about Frost: "New England is a *mere* literary convention." And Ted may also have boasted on his final trip to Ann Arbor, "I'm at my peak and writing longer poems. My next book's going to drive Frost…and the rest *into the shadows.*"

In my more extensive research for this novel, I found a different truth: before Roethke published his first book of poems, Frost hosted Ted at his Breadloaf Writers' Conference in Ripton Vermont. America's premier poet invited Ted as a member of the paid teaching faculty. They played tennis together there. In our novel, the stirring match between Belle and Ted on one side and Frost and Wallace Stegner on the other decided the "First World Literary Doubles Championship." But the "poor loser" there mad as he was didn't hold a grudge: Frost helped Ted land a job near Frost's summer home at Bennington.

Here's the conclusive proof: In the spring of 1962 when Ted returned to Seattle with his honorary degree, he sent President Hatcher a request: a copy of the photo of two great poets standing together in their full academic regalia with Michigan's President:



Unfortunately, both died the next year, Frost at 88, Roethke at only 55. Although Ted won his second National Book Award for his posthumously published *Far Field*, Columbia decided differently. From the letter of the Pulitzer Advisory Committee, we know that two of the three judges felt that Roethke's last book should be awarded the 1964 Prize, but the powers that be determined a second Pulitzer should not be awarded to a dead poet. After all, Columbia had already awarded the Pulitzer posthumously to Amy Lowell in 1926. We will never know how many more Pulitzers – or even the Nobel – the Big Man might have won if his bigger heart had not given out.

Nevertheless, Marty and I will be forever grateful that such a great character and man now lives anew as the most beloved of our Belle's poet friends. Thank you.

Q & A: 20 minutes. (Answer to question "How much of your novel is autobiographical?" can be reviewed on Blogs on website. See *https://belleoftwoarbors.com/*.)

Let's close with two poems emblematic of their different wellsprings: up north for Belle's "Delight of Life;" and the greenhouses for Ted's "Big Wind." Hear them now:

Delight of Life (p. 51)

We walk along the sandy shore among
piles of pale driftwood, carved smooth, bleached white
by decades of nature's slow and steady strum—
fuel perfect for a campfire any night

with you sitting close beside me to share
a rite of passage as old as Eden's vine;
joined by the slap of waves against the pier
a soft *too-loo* echoing through the pine

the whine of wind against a sailboat's mast;
amidst the burning crackle and shifting fire,
the silver crescent moon rising in the east
the flicker of fireflies sparking love's desire

fading like tiny stars to memory, dear—
as soon the imprint of our bodies here.

Big Wind (p. 39)

Where were the greenhouses going,
Lunging into the lashing
Wind driving water
So far down the river
All the faucets stopped?—
So we drained the manure-machine
For the steam plant,
Pumping the stale mixture
Into the rusty boilers,
Watching the pressure gauge
Waver over to red,
As the seams hissed
And the live steam
Drove to the far
End of the rose-house,
Where the worst wind was,
Creaking the cypress window-frames,
Cracking so much thin glass
We stayed all night,
Stuffing the holes with burlap;
But she rode it out,
That old rose-house,
She hove into the teeth of it,
The core and pith of that ugly storm,
Ploughing with her stiff prow,
Bucking into the wind-waves
That broke over the whole of her,
Flailing her sides with spray,
Flinging long strings of wet across the roof-top,
Finally veering, wearing themselves out, merely
Whistling thinly under the wind-vents;
She sailed until the calm morning,
Carrying her full cargo of roses.

Thank you. Friends of Theodore Roethke stand and applaud. Book signing follows.