

# After the Winter

Claude McKay

Some day, when trees have shed their leaves  
 And against the morning's white  
 The shivering birds beneath the eaves  
 Have sheltered for the night,  
 5 We'll turn our faces southward, love,  
 Toward the summer isle  
 Where bamboos spire to shafted grove  
 And wide-mouthed orchids smile.

And we will seek the quiet hill  
 10 Where towers the cotton tree,  
 And leaps the laughing crystal rill<sup>1</sup>,  
 And works the droning bee.  
 And we will build a cottage there  
 Beside an open glade,  
 15 With black-ribbed blue-bells blowing near,  
 And ferns that never fade.

## Textual Note

This poem also appeared in:

- *The Liberator* (July, 1919)
- *Spring in New Hampshire* (1920)
- *Cambridge Magazine* (Summer, 1920)

## Editorial Notes

1. **Rill:** a small stream.

---

1 **Winter** ] Winters. *Lib.*

1 leaves ] , *add. Lib.*

11 , ] *om. Spr., Cam.*

12 . ] , *Spr., Cam.*

13 cottage there ] lonely nest *Lib.*

15 With black-ribbed blue-bells blowing near, ] And there forever will we rest, *Lib.*

15 , ] *om. Spr., Cam.*

15 And ferns that never fade. ] O love—O nut-brown maid! *Lib.*