

# The Easter Flower

Claude McKay

Far from this foreign Easter damp and chilly  
My soul steals to a pear-shaped plot of ground,  
Where gleamed the lilac-tinted Easter lily  
Soft-scented in the air for yards around;

5 Alone, without a hint of guardian leaf!  
Just like a fragile bell of silver rime,  
It burst the tomb for freedom sweet and brief  
In the young pregnant year at Eastertime;

And many thought it was a sacred sign,  
10 And some called it the resurrection flower;  
And I, a pagan, worshiped at its shrine,  
Yielding my heart unto its perfumed power.

## Textual Note

This poem also appears in *The Liberator* (March, 1921).

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6 rime ] rhyme *Lib.*

11 worshiped ] worshipped *Lib.*