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;

   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,
   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).