

## **Song ("Love has crept...")**

By D. H. (David Herbert) Lawrence (1885-1930)

Love has crept into her sealed heart  
As a field bee, black and amber,  
Breaks from the winter-cell, to clamber  
Up the warm grass where the sunbeams start.

Love has crept into her summery eyes,  
And a glint of colored sunshine brings  
Such as his along the folded wings  
Of the bee before he flies.

But I with my ruffling, impatient breath  
Have loosened the wings of the wild young sprite;  
He has opened them out in a reeling flight,  
And down her words he hasteneth.

Love flies delighted in her voice:  
The hum of his glittering, drunken wings  
Sets quivering with music the little things  
That she says, and her simple words rejoice.

Originally published in *Poetry*, December 1914.

### **Poëzie-vertaalwedstrijd 2015**

**Organisatie Bibliotheek Huizen-Laren-Blaricum**

**i.s.m.**

**Stichting Kunst & Cultuur Huizen**

**Gala en bekendmaking winnaar op**

**woensdagavond 28 januari 2015**