

Prothalamium

Judy Collins

Come, all of you who are not satisfied
As rulers in a lone wallpapered room
Full of mute birds and flowers that falsely bloom
And closets choked with dreams that long ago died

Come, let us sweep the old streets like a bride
Sweep out the dead leaves with a relentless broom
Prepare for spring as if he were our groom
For whose light footstep eagerly we bide

We'll sweep out the shadows, where the rats long fed
Sweep out our shame and in its place we'll make
A bower for love, a splendid marriage bed
Fragrant with flowers a quiver for the spring

And when he comes, our murdered dreams shall wake
And when he comes, all the mute birds shall sing
And when he comes, all the mute birds shall sing