THE LIBERTY GRANTED

I wake into the month of May
In Hampshire, where my friend and I
Are given leave to stay away
From rule and boarding school all day
In Sussex with his family.

An unfamiliar angle slanting,
The first of sunshine on the floor
Touches the beds and basins granting
Light where no novelty is wanting
Already to the day hoped for.

In the breathing room of beds we dress,
Flannel our faces clean, and creep
Down three well-polished staircases,
Clear and alert with happiness.
All the familiar is asleep!

No planes, no anti-aircraft guns
Yet intersect the opening sky,
And concentrated in the sun's
First warmth we are the only ones
Alive to what we hasten by.

In thought we dawdle still between
The field and flowering hedge we pass,
Where no specific shade of green
We notice could have been foreseen
Among exuberant leaves and grass.

Thus an obscure but undeniable
Promise of joy possesses us
At the fair thrust of chance implied
In not the path but the path's side,
While hurrying for the early bus.
**DESCRIPTION**

... was noted for her charms

... you've got arms