

# Afternoon on a Hill

Edna St Vincent Millay

I will be the gladdest thing  
Under the sun!  
I will touch a hundred flowers  
And not pick one.  
I will look at cliffs and clouds  
With quiet eyes,  
Watch the wind bow down the grass,  
And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show  
Up from the town,  
I will mark which must be mine,  
And then start down!