

The Easter Flower Full Poem

Writer: Claude McKay | Generated: Jan 26, 2026

The Easter Flower

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.

From *Harlem Shadows* (New York, Harcourt, Brace and company, 1922) by Claude McKay. This poem is in the public domain.