

## No One Knows the Countryside

No one knows the countryside,  
Sweet and deep and amplified,  
Until he's watched it day by day,  
Month by month, from frost to hay.  
First the bare and breathing earth,  
Then the tenuous shy birth,  
Then the color in the hedges,  
In the furrows, on the sedges;  
Then the streams, released and quick,  
Then the shadows, warm and thick,  
Then the grain, invincible,  
Then the drowsy lingering spell,  
Water running quietly,  
Willows weaving tapestry,  
And then—a silence like a horn—  
And the great encampments of the corn.

—STRUTHERS BURT.