“Again I am attracted by the Clam shell reach of the river running E & W- as seen from Hubbard’s fields- now beginning to be smoothed as in the fall- First next the meadow is the broad dark green rank of pickerel weeds &c &c (polygonum &c) then the light reflecting edging of pads -& then the smooth still could reflecting water. My thoughts are driven inward- even as clouds and trees are reflected in the smooth still water- There is an inwardness even in the mosquitos hum- while I am picking blueberries in the dank wood”