

The sun in the new-cut narrow gap  
Was hot enough for the first of May,  
And stifling hot with the odor of sap  
From stumps still bleeding their life away.

The frogs that were peeping a thousand shrill  
Wherever the ground was low and wet,  
The minute they heard my step went still  
To watch me and see what I came to get.

Birch boughs enough piled everywhere!—  
All fresh and sound from the recent axe.  
Time someone came with cart and pair  
And got them off the wild flower's backs.

They might be good for garden things  
To curl a little finger round,  
The same as you seize cat's-cradle strings,  
And lift themselves up off the ground.

Small good to anything growing wild,  
They were crooking many a trillium  
That had budded before the boughs were piled  
And since it was coming up had to come.  
1916 "Mountain Interval".

*Примечание.*

Стихотворение «Pea Brosh» можно найти в Интернете в русских переводах Вадима Белякова, Василия Бетаки, Лидии Иотковской, Вячеслава Толстова.

