

Not even New Hampshire farms are much for sale.  
The farm I made my home on in the mountains  
I had to take by force rather than buy.

I caught the owner outdoors by himself  
Raking up after winter, and I said,  
“I’m going to put you off this farm: I want it.”  
“Where are you going to put me? In the road?”  
“I’m going to put you on the farm next to it.”  
“Why won’t the farm next to it do for you?”  
“I like this better.” It was really better.

Apples? New Hampshire has them, but unsprayed,  
With no suspicion in stern end or blossom end  
Of vitriol or arsenate of lead,  
And so not good for anything but cider.  
Her unpruned grapes are flung like lariats  
Far up the birches out of reach of man.

A state producing precious metals, stones,  
And—writing; none of these except perhaps  
The precious literature in quantity  
Or quality to worry the producer  
About disposing of it. Do you know,  
Considering the market, there are more  
Poems produced than any other thing?  
No wonder poets sometimes have to seem  
So much more businesslike than businessmen.  
Their wares are so much harder to get rid of.

She’s one of the two best states in the Union.  
Vermont’s the other. And the two have been  
Yokefellows in the sap yoke from of old  
In many Marches. And they lie like wedges,  
Thick end to thin end and thin end to thick end,  
And are a figure of the way the strong  
Of mind and strong of arm should fit together,