

Whoever the surly freedom took
Of such an unaccountable stay
Busying by my woods and brook
Gave me a strangely restless day.

He might be opening leaves of stone,
The picture book of the trilobite,
For which the region round was known,
And in which there was little property right.

'Twas not the value I stood to lose
In specimen crab in specimen rock,
But his ignoring what was whose
That made me look again at the clock.

Then came his little acknowledgement:
He asked for a drink at the kitchen door,
An errand he may have had to invent,
But it made my property mine once more.



Сбор листвы



Лопатой брать листья,
Не лучше, чем ложкой.
Мешки пузырями,
А веса немножко.

Шуршу целый день я,
Шум не затихает,
Как будто по лесу
Олень убегает.