

Poetry On the Trail



Wetlands

Emily Dickinson - Nature is What I See

"Nature" is what we see—
The Hill—the Afternoon—
Squirrel—Eclipse—the Bumble bee—

Nay—Nature is Heaven—
Nature is what we hear—
The Bobolink—the Sea—
Thunder—the Cricket—

Nay—Nature is Harmony—
Nature is what we know—
Yet have no art to say—

So impotent Our Wisdom is
To her Simplicity

Wetlands

Margaret Yacavace - Twilight

Soft comes the hush of eventide
And songbirds hide
In limbs of budded trees
To bid farewell to setting sun
With lullabies they've sung

Each night for centuries.
A lark is winging swiftly home –
Black dot alone –
Beneath auroral clouds.

All nature makes a homeward rush
As twilight's rosy blush
The eyes of night arouse.

Newell

Teresa Underwood - Spring

The air is cool, the breeze is light.
The clouds in the sky are fluffy and white.
The flowers open to show their bright faces,
as the garden snail alongside paces.
The trees unfold their bright green leaves.
The spider a silken web she weaves.
The birds sing their notes high and clear.
Cheer up! Cheer up! Spring is here!

Newell

John Clare - All nature has a feeling

All nature has a feeling: woods, fields, brooks
Are life eternal: and in silence they
Speak happiness beyond the reach of books;

There's nothing mortal in them; their decay
Is the green life of change; to pass away
And come again in blooms revived.

Its birth was heaven, eternal it its stay,
And with the sun and moon shall still abide
Beneath their day and night and heaven wide.

Wetlands

Emily Dickinson - The Bee is Not Afraid of Me

The Bee is not afraid of me.
I know the Butterfly.

The pretty people in the Woods
Receive me cordially—

The Brooks laugh louder when I come—
The Breezes madder play;

Wherefore mine eye thy silver mists,
Wherefore, Oh Summer's Day?

Newell

Annette Wynne

Man and dog and horse and tree,
All are valued friends to me;

Who loves one and leaves the rest
Hardly chooses for the best;

I choose all—so let me be
Friend to man, dog, horse and tree.