

From a Railway Carriage

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.
Here is a child who clammers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill, and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone forever.



Robert Louis Stevenson

Beech Leaves

In autumn down the beechwood path
The leaves lie thick upon the ground.

It's there I love to kick my way
And hear their crisp and crashing sound.

I am a giant, and my steps
Echo and thunder to the sky.
How the small creatures of the woods
Must quake and cower as I pass by!

This brave and merry noise I make

In summer also when I stride
Down to the shining, pebbly sea
And kick the frothing waves aside.

James Reeves



Snow



No breath of wind, No gleam of sun- Still the white snow Whirls softly down- Twig and bough And blade and thorn All in any icy Quiet, forlorn. Whispering, rustling, Through the air, On sill and stone, Roof-everywhere,	It heaps its powdery Crystal flakes; Of every tree A mountain makes; Till pale and faint At shut of day, Stoops from the West One wintry ray. And, feathered in fire, Where ghosts the moon, A robin shrills His lonely tune.
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Walter de la Mare

Temper

The wind's in a temper today,

I say!

He's jostling and bustling

Most rudely; and hustling

Everything here

When it ought to be there,

He's whistling and whooping

And shrieking and shooing,

And slamming the doors:

Now what is the cause?

If I were the wind and could

Live in the treetops; could

Sleep on the hilltops and

Race with the rain,

I'd never-Oh, listen!

What clattering and clanging

And battering and banging-

He's at it again!

I say-

He is in a temper today!



Mary Daunt

The Wind

I can get through a doorway without any key,
And strip the leaves from the great oak tree.
I can drive storm-clouds and shake tall towers,
Or steal through a garden and not wake the
flowers.

Seas I can move and ships I can sink;
I can carry a house-top or the sent of a pink.

When I am angry I can rave and riot;
And when I am spent, I like quiet as quiet.

James Reeves



Snow in the Suburbs

Every branch bit with it,
Bent every twig with it;
Every fork like a white web-foot;
Every street and pavement mute:
Some flakes have lost their way, and grope back upward, when
Meeting those meandering down they turn and descend again.

The palings are glued together like a wall,
And there is no waft of wind with the fleecy fall.

A sparrow enters the tree,
Whereon immediately
A snow-lump thrice his own slight size
Descends on him and showers his head and eyes,
And overturns him,
And near inurns him,

And lights on a nether twig, when its brush
Starts off a volley of other lodging lumps with a rush.

The steps are a blanched slope
Up which, with feeble hope,
A black cat come, wide-eyed and thin;
And we take him in.



Thomas Hardy