

The Furrow

Did I think it would abide as it was forever

all that time ago the turned earth in the old garden

where I stood in spring remembering spring in another place

that had ceased to exist and the dug roots kept giving up

their black tokens their coins and bone buttons and shoe nails

made by hands and bits of plates as the thin clouds

of that season slipped past gray branches on which the early

white petals were catching their light and I thought I knew

something of age then my own age which had conveyed me

to there and the ages of the trees and the walls and houses

from before my coming and the age of the new seeds as I

set each one in the ground to begin to remember

what to become and the order in which to return

and even the other age into which I was passing

all the time while I was thinking of something different

--W.S. Merwin

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