The floods slip, and slip, from the low fields
Leaving only pools like broken mirror bits
And herons stand beside them, or peer out of sedge,
Warily as hunted kern, and an ash finger
Stirs with a kind wind in from the river,
Green spears of young corn, and the halved cocks
Of the old year’s hay beside the yellow farm.
Hens go scratching the soft ridges of spring ploughing

Bent over hilly fields, up to green headlands,
Under hedge-eaves speckled with blackthorn snow.
The sun silvers rain-wet roads that go
Up to farmhouses, between green, insurgent hedges.
The wood, thinly walled, and roofed with leaves,
Cups the birds’ song, and the song the stream
Sings, slipping like a silver eel, to yellow stars
Of new-born primroses, and green fern plumes.