

Alfalfa Coming

By Mark Van Doren

Rain last night has left the field
Bare as though a goblin kept it;
Inch by inch the fellow kneeled
And picked it clean; and his wife swept it.

Tomorrow morning when I pass
A million particles will shine,
As if the sky had been of glass
And had fallen, shattered fine.

But on the third day will appear,
Green between me and the sun,
Behind each cloud a mouse's ear—
I shall go softly, lest they run.