

Classic Poetry Series

Rachel Field
- poems -

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Rachel Field()

Barefoot Days

In the morning, very early,
That's the time I love to go
Barefoot where the fern grows curly
And grass is cool between each toe,
On a summer morning-O!
On a summer morning!

That is when the birds go by
Up the sunny slopes of air,
And each rose has a butterfly
Or a golden bee to wear;
And I am glad in every toe
Such a summer morning-O!
Such a summer morning!

Rachel Field

If Once You Have Slept On An Island

If once you have slept on an island
You'll never be quite the same;
You may look as you looked the day before
And go by the same old name,
You may bustle about in street and shop
You may sit at home and sew,
But you'll see blue water and wheeling gulls
Wherever your feet may go.

You may chat with the neighbors of this and that
And close to your fire keep,
But you'll hear ship whistle and lighthouse bell
And tides beat through your sleep.
Oh! you won't know why and you can't say how
Such a change upon you came,
But once you have slept on an island,
You'll never be quite the same.

Rachel Field

Something Told The Wild Geese

Something told the wild geese
It was time to go.
Though the fields lay golden
Something whispered, -'Snow.'

Leaves were green and stirring,
Berries, luster-glossed,
But beneath warm feathers
Something cautioned, -'Frost.'

All the sagging orchards
Steamed with amber spice,
But each wild breast stiffened
At remembered ice.

Something told the wild geese
It was time to fly,
Summer sun was on their wings,
Winter in their cry.

Rachel Field

The Playhouse Key

This is the key to the playhouse
In the woods by the pebbly shore,
It's winter now, I wonder if
There's snow about the door?

I wonder if the fir trees tap
Green fingers on the pane,
If sea gulls cry and the roof is wet
And tinkle-y with rain?

I wonder if the flower-sprigged cups
And plates sit on their shelf,
And if my little painted chair
Is rocking by itself?

Rachel Field