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## These Woods

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# THESE WOODS

BY BARBARA HAUPT

I'm dizzy with these woods, amazed to praising at  
this symphony rehearsed how many springs have gone?  
compound of careless colors rioted in wind-  
tune and a dissonance of sun on mapledown  
here-there crashed pianissimo through crystal-green  
wet waves andante-rising crashing down to blue-  
winged flutes who catch the cue and burst upon the pond  
in key with two small boys whose shrill's oblivious too.

On all this askless skill there rides a questioning:  
how can the singer know the song  
or I yet sing?

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