

## **THE POND AT DUSK** *by Jane Kenyon*

A fly wounds the water but the wound  
soon heals. Swallows tilt and twitter  
overhead, dropping now and then toward  
the outward-radiating evidence of food.

The green haze on the trees changes  
into leaves, and what looks like smoke  
floating over the neighbor's barn  
is only apple blossoms.

But sometimes what looks like disaster  
is disaster: the day comes at last,  
and the men struggle with the casket  
just clearing the pews.

How is this poem like a Romantic poem?

How is this poem different from a Romantic poem? (It's late 20<sup>th</sup> Century New Hampshire. It's a preview of next year's journey in Brit. Lit.)