After the Voices, by W.S. Merwin

Youth is gone from the place where I was young even the language that I heard here once its cadences that went on echoing a youth forgotten and the great singing of the beginning have fallen silent with the voices that were the spirit of them and their absences were no more noticed than were those of the unreturning birds each spring until there were no words at all for what was gone but it was always so I have no way of telling what I miss I am only the one who misses it