

Words

by James Reeves

In woods are words.
You hear them all,
Winsome, witless and wise,
When the birds call.

In woods are words.
If your ears wake
You hear them, quiet and clear,
When the leaves shake.

In woods are words.
You hear them all
Blown by the wet wind
When raindrops fall.

In woods are words
Kind or unkind;
Birds; leaves and hushing rain
Bring them to mind.

