

Winter in Durnover Field

Scene.--A wide stretch of fallow ground recently sown with wheat, and frozen to iron hardness. Three large birds walking about thereon, and wistfully eyeing the surface. Wind keen from north-east: sky a dull grey.

(Triolet)

Rook.--Throughout the field I find no grain;

The cruel frost encrusts the cornland!

Starling.--Aye: patient pecking now is vain

Throughout the field, I find . . .

Rook.--No grain!

Pigeon.--Nor will be, comrade, till it rain,

Or genial thawings loose the lorn land

Throughout the field.

Rook.--I find no grain:

The cruel frost encrusts the cornland!

About the Author

Thomas Hardy's (1840-1928) own life wasn't similar to his stories. He was born on the Egdon Heath, in Dorset, near Dorchester. His father was a master mason and building contractor. Hardy's mother, whose tastes included Latin poets and French romances, provided for his education. After schooling...

Source: <http://poems.writers-network.com>