

Archibald Lampman (1861-1899)

Solitude

*How still it is here in the woods. The trees  
Stand motionless, as if they do not dare  
To stir, lest it should break the spell. The air  
Hangs quiet as spaces in a marble frieze.  
Even this little brook, that runs at ease,  
Whispering and gurgling in its knotted bed,  
Seems but to deepen with its curling thread  
Of sound the shadowy sun-pierced silences.*

*Sometimes a hawk screams or a woodpecker  
Startles the stillness from its fixed mood  
With his loud careless tap. Sometimes I hear  
The dreamy white-throat from some far-off tree  
Pipe slowly on the listening solitude  
His five pure notes succeeding pensively.*

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