

Eclogue LX

by Frederick Smock

after Juhan Liiv

Where is it,
the original harmony,
is it hidden somewhere in our nature,
or in the rotation of the stars,
or in the perennial's sure rebirth,
or in the morning song of the cardinal,
clipped yet free?

It must still exist somewhere,
the original harmony—
how else could it have led us to this question?