

Pastoral by William Carlos Williams

When I was younger
It was plain to me
I must make something of myself.
Older now
I walk back streets
Admiring the houses
Of the very poor:
Roof out of line with sides
The yards cluttered
With old chicken wire, ashes,
Furniture gone wrong;
The fences and outhouses
Built of barrel-staves
And parts of boxes, all,
If I am fortunate,
Smeared a bluish green
That properly weathered
Pleases me best
Of all colors

No one
Will believe this
Of vast import to the nation.