Adlestrop

By Edward Thomas

Yes. I remember Adlestrop—
   The name, because one afternoon
   Of heat the express-train drew up there
   Unwontedly. It was late June.

The steam hissed. Someone cleared his throat.
   No one left and no one came
   On the bare platform. What I saw
   Was Adlestrop—only the name

And willows, willow-herb, and grass,
   And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry,
   No whit less still and lonely fair
   Than the high cloudlets in the sky.

And for that minute a blackbird sang
   Close by, and round him, mistier,
   Farther and farther, all the birds
   Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

Source: Poems (1917)