

## Spring Pools

These pools that, though in forests, still reflect  
The total sky almost without defect,  
And like the flowers beside them, chill and shiver,  
Will like the flowers beside them soon be gone,  
And yet not out by any brook or river,  
But up by roots to bring dark foliage on.

The trees that have it in their pent-up buds  
To darken nature and be summer woods—  
Let them think twice before they use their powers  
To blot out and drink up and sweep away  
These flowery waters and these watery flowers  
From snow that melted only yesterday.

Robert Frost

*West-Running Brook*, 1928

*The Poetry of Robert Frost*. Ed. Edward Connery

Lathem. New York: Holt, 1969. 245.