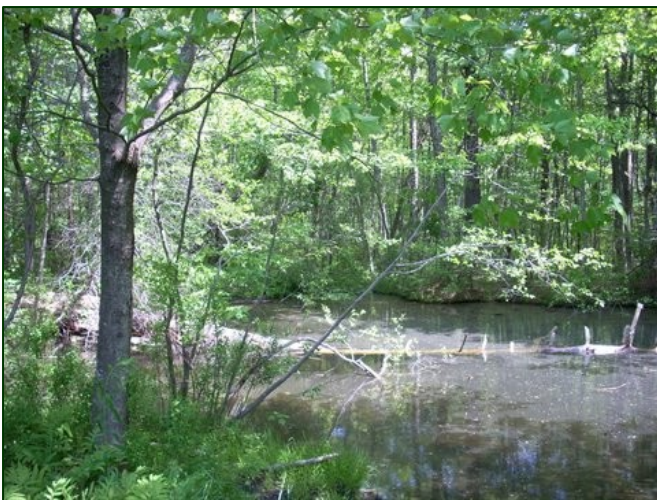


## Hyla Brook

By June our brook's run out of song and speed.  
Sought for much after that, it will be found  
Either to have gone groping underground  
(And taken with it all the Hyla breed  
That shouted in the mist a month ago,  
Like ghost of sleigh-bells in a ghost of snow)--  
Or flourished and come up in jewelweed,  
Weak foliage that is blown upon and bent,  
Even against the way its waters went.  
Its bed is left a faded paper sheet  
Of dead leaves stuck together by the heat--  
A brook to none but who remember long.  
This as it will be seen is other far  
Than with brooks taken otherwhere in song.  
We love the things we love for what they are.

Robert Frost

*Mountain Interval* 1916



**Hyla Brook**

**Robert Frost Farm**

**Derry, New Hampshire**