

**Natural Music**  
by Robinson Jeffers

The old voice of the ocean, the bird-chatter of little rivers,  
(Winter has given them gold for silver  
To stain their water and bladed green for brown to line their banks)  
From different throats intone one language.  
So I believe if we were strong enough to listen without  
Divisions of desire and terror  
To the storm of the sick nations, the rage of the hunger smitten cities,  
Those voices also would be found  
Clean as a child's; or like some girl's breathing who dances alone  
By the ocean-shore, dreaming of lovers.