Wandering Angus

Jolie Holland

I went out to the hazelwood
Because a fire was in my head
I cut and peeled a hazel wand
And hooked a berry to a threadAnd when white moths were on the wing
And moth like stars were flickering out
I dropped a berry in a stream
And caught a little silver troutWhen I had laid it on the floor
And went to blow the fire aflame
And something rustled on the floor
And something called me by my nameIt had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossoms in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran
And vanished in the brightening airThough I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands
I will find out where she has gone
And kiss her lips and take her handAnd walk through long green dappled grass
And pluck till time and times are done
The silver apples of the moon
And the golden apples of the sun

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