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## Holland

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## Holland

When I stood on the bridge, I saw the land,  
empty, withered under the watery sky.  
Basely the ditches flashed, the clouds swept high,  
panic stricken and raffling underhand.

Above the horizon, beyond repair,  
the spires of a half a dozen burnt-out towns.  
Besides me the quiet cross of a renown  
old windmill, obstinate, lonesome and square.

The sound of milk pails, being washed by the maid,  
proves an abundant life under the yoke  
of flood, tide, and wind, and announcing the call

of a renewed season that soon will invade.  
And I, always bucking eastern winds, choke,  
when I see pastures green, wheat becoming tall.

Jan H. de Groot, translated by Case J. Boot  
from *Moder Koren*

♦