

# Robert Frost Farm

## Hyla Brook

### From “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 elsewhere in song.  
We love the things we love for what they are.  
written in Derry 1906

A stream which flows during the spring but dries up in summer, like Hyla Brook, is an intermittent stream. In spring, it is the habitat of aquatic insects such as water striders and diving beetles. Robert Frost named Hyla Brook for the “peepers,” tiny tree frogs of the genus Hyla, which shrill in the spring. The small brook just south of the farm drains a swampy area to the east. Along the brook grew the alders to be cut and in the marshy area grew the rose pogonias, lady slippers, violets, cowslips, and ferns that delighted Frost the “botanizer.” All this was reflected in his poetry.

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