Now Close the Windows by Robert Frost

Now close the windows and hush all the fields;
   If the trees must, let them silently toss;
No bird is singing now, and if there is,
   Be it my loss.

It will be long ere the marshes resume,
   It will be long ere the earliest bird;
So close the windows and not hear the wind,
   But see all wind-stirred.

-Excerpt from A Boy's Will (1915)