



# Poetry IN THE PLAZA



## Birds at Winter Nightfall

by Thomas Hardy  
(1840-1928)

Around the house the flakes fly faster,  
And all the berries now are gone  
From holly and cotoneaster  
Around the house. The flakes fly!--faster  
Shutting indoors that crumb-outcaster  
We used to see upon the lawn  
Around the house. The flakes fly faster,  
And all the berries now are gone!