

# *Seamus Heaney*

## Field Work

Where the yellowhammer flared out of the bushes,  
Where the perfect eye of the nesting blackbird watched,  
Where one fern was always green

I watched you through the mossed shins of the hedge  
Take the pad from the gate-house at the crossing  
And lean to pluck a white wash off the whins.

I could see the vaccination mark  
Stretched on your upper arm and smell the coal smell  
Of the train that comes between us, a slow goods,

Waggon after waggon of big-eyed cattle.