Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

There will come soft rain

There will come soft rain and the smell of the ground,  
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;   
  
And frogs in the pools singing at night,  
And wild plum trees in tremulous white;   
  
Robins will wear their feathery fire,  
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;   
  
And not one will know of the war, not one  
Will care at last when it is done.  
  
Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,  
If mankind perished utterly;   
  
And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn  
Would scarcely know that we were gone.