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AUTUMN SONG

1914, 1915, 1916
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1914

Albert Edward Clements

Of snow, see
The earth's bones, her stark yield
Of winded hills and fallen trees.

Ten birds, side by side,
Wing over wing. No breeze
Stirs their feathers, for the wide
Sky is amazed and blind
To all now but pain,
And ten birds without mind
Or wing to rise again.

Albert Edward Clements

TO THE POET IN AUTUMN

Now be the sharpened cold
That startles drowsy ground—
With words alert and bold,
Inflict a frosty wound!

Come freeze our breath to stone,
O tingling mind, and splinter
The sleep of the stolid bone
And the dreamy blood—be Winter!

Margaret Fraser

THE OLYMPIAN IN AUTUMN

The goddess stood among the falling leaves.
Her garments did not flutter in the wind.
Herankles were not outraged by the leaves
That hissed and rattled in the deathly wind.

What treasure did she bear, who had no arms?
What wisdom did she drink, who had no head?
I cannot learn the gesture of those arms.
I cannot think what grace was in that head.

I only know this goddess was immortal.
I worshiped her among the falling leaves.
I worshiped her, because she was immortal
And did not hear the falling of the leaves.

Garrett Oppenheim

DONALD DAVIE

AUTUMN IMAGINED

The shuffle and shudder of Autumn
Are in our love.
Those last thin garments, come
Let's have them off!

Drop them about your knees.
The beech-tree rains its gold.
We are deciduous trees,
And our year grows old.

We cannot procrastinate.
Although we seem to delay
By having children late,
Our Autumn is today.

Indeed, give my body its due,
It read the signs aright
When it trembled at Autumn's hue
On our wedding night.

HOT HANDS

"Warm hands, cold heart," they say; and vice-versa.
My hands are so hot always
That when they touch your coolness, they immerse
Hissingly, charred and ablaze.

Folk-wisdom! For such old wives' cynical tales
If natural law is thwarted,

MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT

And each day wears a different face
Of siren, fury, idiot, nun,
Of peace or passion, rage, or grace,
But sleeping, every one.

The heart calls out. The waters stir
To let each summoned day arise,
And rounding ripples gently blur
The vacant, half-closed eyes.

The heart gave all it had to give
To these remembered days O sweet
Or sad or bitter, they shall live
Until the heart's last beat!

Within this well whose waters flow
Nowhere, time like a ripple's ring
Spreads out but has no end, as though
Embracing everything.

AUTUMN

Laden with green and alien grief
Sad-whispering stood my heart's tree
The summer long, till leaf by leaf
The fall winds stripped it free.

Now what is left is wholly mine,
The deep roots clutching earth, the high
Bare branches in a pure design
Sharp-drawn against the sky.

Marjorie Allen Seiffert

BREVITIES

GHOSTS

If they were not
Entombed within my heart,
There would be Spring.

If they were fled
From out the cavern of my eyes,
There would be Joy.

If they were freed
From that dim shadow of my soul,
There would be God.

AUTUMN

The sound of man
Is the sound of a great discord
Struck by a blind god.

The way of man
Is the way of the kite
On the killing-grounds.

Blow me a song, O wind!—
A song barren as the autumn field,
A little song whereby to sleep,
To sleep.

Doris Cooper

Gladys Cromwell

This will has vanquished Death
And foiled oblivion.

But this indifferent clay,
This fine experienced hand,
So quiet, and these thoughts
That all unfinished stand,

Feel death as though it were
A shadowy caress;
And win and wear a frail
Archaic wistfulness.

AUTUMN COMMUNION

This autumn afternoon
My fancy need invent
No untried sacrament.
Mancan still commune
With Beauty as of old:
The tree, the wind's lyre,
The whirling dust, the fire—
In these my faith is told.

Beauty warms us all;
When horizons crimson burn,
We hold heaven's cup in turn.
The dry leaves gleaming fall,
Crumbs of mystical bread;
My dole of Beauty I break,

Victor Starbuck

The silver rain shall wet me and the wandering winds
shall dry;
And I will watch the seasons pass in green and golden
pageantry
And mark the annies of the night go marching through
the sky,

*For once I was a wanderer with wind and star for company,
And once I was the over-lord of all the clouds and trees.
But now I am a husbandman, with spade and hoe com-
panioned—
And you may have the winding roads, and all the seven
year!*

Victor Starbuck

AUTUMN PROPHECY

The dead leaves dance like withered witches;
Teetering, swirling,
Dropping and curling,
And crackling in the dried-up ditches.

Hear them whisper as we go past.
How each dry lip
Rustles gossip!
Do you hear them saying our love won't last?

J. M. March

E. L. MAYO

But all the answers I know are wordy or bloody
Sick with swords or social disease,
And though my country silence answered nothing
And vigilance and patience are unsure
I have given my love to the askers of hard questions,
Since what discovers darkness is dark's cure.

E. L. Mayo

AUTUMN

By the drawn leaf, the ravaged flower,
Is sullen Autumn articulate;
A necromancer, the patterned snake
Nettles the hour.

The poplar chimes his gold,
The grass bequeaths its color to the ground,
While in the lacy leaves
The hieroglyphs of Death are found.

The bitern weaves his cry
On misty slope,
The wind is never found
In stubble field,
Its cloak is wound
About the antelope.

Orian C. De Pledge

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

KINDRED

STRENGTH OF AUTUMN END

This is not today's pain that is in me,
This ache of dying autumn in the drum of my chest,
This longing in the marrow tubes of my hidden bones,
This crying that watchesthe blackbirds flurry and eddy,
full of intention,
Thatseesthe armor of frost on the pale grass at dawn
And hears the mountain streams in bells of ice
Goingdown through the fire-storm of trees turned and now
passing.
Somewhere out of my searching eyesthe strong precessor
looks
From a highrock ledge. With this pain in his sky-turned
face,
With the cold wind steadily blowing the hair of his
shoulders,
He watches the arrowhead of the wild swan shooting
south,
Diminishing under the low bed of the clouds;
And gropingly seeking theease of his tangled strength,
He also moves among the crags, in the continual over-
passing of birds
Down from the northern edge of summer.
I, remaining underthe chatter of leaves, must diewiththe
year.

Walter Lowenfels

FARMLAND

In bow the universe is divided into a geometry of squares.
When it rains a battleship sky shoots a fusillade of black
wires; earth oozes into loam; the wheat darkens.
Way off, a Ford zig-zags through the pulp.
An occasional farmhouse huddles damply.

When the rain stops, the sun with immaculate precision
cracks the sky.

The ooze coagulates into ruts.
It is too wet yet to plough, so Jem starts for the store.
A little while after the rain is very much like before.

Walter Lowenfels

AUTUMNAL MUSIC

Perhaps you do not know
That in the falling of the leaves
There's music sweeter than the song of garnerers
Bringing in their sheaves;
And in the wind's sigh
A note more plaintive than the cry
Of gulls cleaving a silent sky.

Le Baron Cooke

JULY 1936

RETURN ON A SHIELD

HEPHAESTUS IN AUTUMN

THIS GLOWING fire covers all the world, searching
For new reds, new greens, new ultramarines, new colors
To assert the endless brooding, which is
Prismatic in deviation, all-devouring
In bitterness. And my own sad time
Has grown old with waiting. The hills
Now rise in the sun and yawn in preparation.
(The long proud hills, the little threads
Of sky reflection . . . the rivers . . . and green things
Changing, yawn for a last and cold betrayal
As I have been undone. . . .)

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AUTUMN WALK

A maple, frost-ignited, was a sword
Of flame
That reared itself between them. The fine cord
Which bound the ir wrists was severed.

When they came
Upon a tree in autumn, the softword,
The gentle speech of fingers, were ashame
Challenged by that weapon of the Lord.

Hands that had clung so closely were at free
To beat with helpless fury the blue air,
To storm the portals of eterni ty
With wrists as cold as moon-light, and as bare.

And all because a flaming maple tree
Rose like asword le twee n them . . .
Or a prayer.

FALLIATIVE

They went at last to seek essenti al things
Within a wind-l ocked shelter, strippe d and still,
Where all they ever heard was rush of wings,
Or patter of wild ho ofs along the hill.

And she had thrown her satin shoes away,
For she was very tire d of being gay,

Marya Zaturenska

UNVEIL THE AUTUMN

While summer's loosened sun-enamoured hair
And bright abstracted green
Pallor, and starry sheen
Envelops us as the warm seasons fade
Into a cooler shade,
Then flows upon the lawn
The golden signal, the red leaf, the autumn's messenger,
Glad Goddess winged with morning and cloud born
Whose snowy feet the celestial meadows stir
Herald this day with russet, yellow and brown
And in full season scatter the harvest down
While deepening thought on the calmed heaven grows.

Dispelled is the wild legend of the rose
But light pours from the heaven, hopes fall from the
sky.

Strange the migrating birds' departing cry
And softly, lightly, now less ardently
We face a world robbed of the sun's glare,
Now with the heart to see,
Not with the blinded brain
Nor with the limited eyes' impassioned stare
Too weak to pierce the growing mystery
Of time, and change, and the fast withering tree.

Marya Zaturenska

POETRY

FOUNDED IN 1912 BY HARRIST MONROE

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JEAN GARRIGUE

THE FLUX OF AUTUMN

All is a gold en burst, the wind burning
The golden trees that plunge
Headmost into the burning light and make
A sound as fierce as waterfalls—
Excitable air of dying changes,
Autumn of the year and of the height!

So I by Shady walking saw old leaves
Whirled in hardy rings and circles plunged,
Gyration of the fire-plagued spirits crying!
And saw it was a fight to the death this year,
The fortress mountains thinning their own shapes,
Advancing now from thickets of the sense,
From wayward, tall, exultant, sap-choked green,
A hardy brambled green that founders us,
Into this umbre, sombre, earth-dark thing

Marion Strobel

And though the sun, in sinking, shall forsake
These vaulted windows, still I'll clearly
Define your fingers' length, and take
Your hand—O cold, forgotten nearly!—
That droops from mine and comesto rest
A phantom bird, re membered, heard,
A shadow moving on my breast.

THROUGH AUTUMN ARBORS

Through autumn arbors wherethe grape
Is purple-belled upon the vine,
Love will assume an other shape
And still be mine.

Wherethere is silen æ, or the sound
Of leaves—wherever on the mute
Of other leaves, or on the ground
The sound of fruit;

Wherever clouds are cool above
And grapes below are bruised and warm,
There is another form of love:
Corroded form

Not opening with the bud in spring,
Not where the summer rose is blown,
Not rounded—but a ravaged thing,
And still my own.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

TRAVELLING VI

1

Autumn again. Heavy and hot
 Between rain. With a flowering still,
 Belladonna, hibiscus, honeysuckle
 While the leaves turn.
 Around noon
 From treeless pavements the sun
 Hits back. All over them lie
 Cicada, locust, moth
 And butterfly, dying.
 Neither frost nor gale
 Hurt them. Their end
 Was inside them, always.

But even on grey mornings now
 It is birdsong I hear, and the dove's call,
 Dark, not heard when I woke
 To the slant of rays on to branches
 Or brick. In all seasons,
 All weathers, the first light,
 Though less than the straight, lifts
 A weight from foliage, from roofs,
 From dew-wet grass, from
 Those who slept.

2

There will be a second warbling
 Before dusk, of thrush or mockingbird,
 No matter now which, when the day's dregs,
 Business half-done, half-botched
 Beyond undoing, yes and no knotted

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Of shadows; like a hidden memory
Which knows its power to hurt, and thus can wait.
A golden melancholy brushed her face,
As she tore petals from an old regret
Of some long-withered blossom. Oh, the chase
Of time had left her somehow in his debt.
Like a tired traveller, I stopped to ask
Her charity; but slowly leaf by leaf
She stripped her flower. Hers was the woman's task
To sit in mourning, mine to fly from grief.

LADY OF AUTUMN

Lady of Autumn, in your cold repose
Dreaming among the brown-leaved empty vines
With sable robe drawn close, the night wind blows,
And Winter with his icy hand prefaces
Your lease on this bright garden of wild youth.
Soon you will nod by the dry sticks of age.
Lady of Autumn, do I speak the truth?—
Put on red shoes, make Love a pilgrimage!

THE HOUSE OF LAURELS

Gray in eternal twilight are its hills,
The country where my house is hidden away;
And melancholy with blind whippoorwills
That cannot fly to hunt their vanished day.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

THE LITTLE SPRING FLOWS CLEAR AGAIN

The little spring flows clear again
While I stand watching close to see
What clouded it. If wings were here
To splash the silver merrily
They flew before I came too near.

And if a fawn had rubbed its nose,
Thru st deep in silver running cool,
Upon the bottom of the spring,
It heard me wading in the pool
Of shadow where the thrushes sing.

The little spring flows clear again,
But now is clouded in my mind
The flight of wings that went away—
And something that I came to find
Was loveliness afraid to stay.

A TOAST IN AUTUMN

This last pale water-lily leaf I shape
Into a cup and fill it at the springs
And drink a toast, O season of the wings
Departing, and of frail designs that drape
This beauty soon to tremble in the rape
Of roistering winds! To each flushed leaf that flings
Itself again to the haze, to downy things
Air-tossed, I drink the gestures of escape.

COMPLEX AUTUMNAL

I let the smoke out of the windows
And lift the hair from my ears.
A season of birds and reaping,
A level of light appears.

Sun lies in urns on the terrace
Like the cat on the chimney. Near
Fall stirs the curtains, narrow

Ribbons of air nip my fingers.
Warm under foot, the carpet
Reminds my skin I am here.

All things begin together:
Weather and love. The ear
Hears the earth turn; we make an adjustment

To that motion: the dip of the sphere
Into autumn, and rustling music
As the leaves are shaken away . . .

All things begin together,
Here, as I shake, at the day's
Beginning, with pleasure and fear,

Numb with night's dip and turning
When I weathered love-in-a-sphere,
Like the siamese cat on the chimney

Mildred Flew Merryman

You th is a spicy potpourri—
None may guess what the contents be;
Bu t old folk all must come to an hour
Whenthey turn quite plainly sweet or sour.

Mildred Flew Merryman

AUTUMN

My maple tree is yellow green
Against a blue-gray sky.
In little groups of three and four
I see the restless pigeons fly.

The air is rain-washed—fresh and sweet,
Mingled with pungentscent of pine.
Kissed by the faintest glint of sun,
Amber and bronze the poplars shine.

He knew the woods—how many times
I've seen him tramping in the rain,
Singing among the trees he loved
The songs I'll never hear again!

Francesca Rios

SEASONS

BORROW IN SUMMER

As if to mock the stricken heart, the tree,
A fountain quivering and indolent,
Sprays green leaves on the grass-pools quietly;
Fluent as fish, white flowers are swirled and blent
In the blowing streams of grass. Innocent
Of my pain, shadowed in green, the birds sing
Or brush the leaves with a fan of blue wing.
What matter to summer that my heart grieves?
Summer is sunlight and birds and the beautiful drifting of
leaves.

AUTUMNAL

More beautiful than summer is green, this yellow;
More beautiful than spring is pale, this scarlet of leaves;
The airs of day in autumn are sweet, nevertheless I weep;
The moon of night in autumn is mellow,
But under the leaf of the moon I can not sleep.
The tree of autumn burns so intensely that I hold my breath,
Knowing too well its silver skeleton of death,
Knowing that leaves put on fire but to drift down the sky. . .
Because I am so happy with you, beloved, I can only cry.
Marie Luhrs

THE LAKE HOUSE IN AUTUMN

A silence in the house at summer's wake:
the last leaves fall in one night's wind,
the mice are eaten, and the cats begin
a rumbling sleep. There's nothing much at stake.
It's not quite cold enough to stoke
the furnace, and the neighbors never seem to mind
if leaves are raked. I'm staring through a blind
at less and less beside a cooling lake.

I keep forgetting that this absence, too,
must be imagined. I cannot just frown
or fill the vacancy with stately rue.
The mind is darker, deeper than a windblown
lake that tries to mirror every hue
of feeling as the dusky season takes me down.

Jessica Nelson North

- The Second Dream.* I hear men say
He had ceased to love her.
Even today
His voice can move her.
- The Third Dream.* I have seen her tremble
When she meets his eyes.
She is deft with lies,
She is quick to dissemble.
- The Fourth Dream.* How is this done,
Brother and brother,
To sleep with one
And dream of another?
- Night.* A sheaf of dreams, of dreams . . .
- The Sleeper.* My wife.
My wife.

FIRST AUTUMN

All in our pearl-pale window
The moon's aroma hung.

My love and I together
Our heads upon one pillow,
Looked out where an elm upflung
A branch like a peacock feather.

Heigho, first autumn weather!

Glenn Ward Dresbach

Then, having drunk to these, I fill once more
The fragile cup with this imperishable
Bright water, and I drink to things that stay:
These cobweb ladders slanting to a store
Of ruddy fruit, these secret seeds that fell
Upon the great breast, to be tucked away.

AUTUMN CRICKETS

A drowsy music drifts across the dusk
Where crickets fiddle fore wings out of tune
With half heard threnodies of grass and husk
And leaf-waves breaking on the low red moon.
This is the music that we heard below
The opened rose, in harmony with all
The fragrant rhythms of thenight, the slow
Dance of the moonlight on a flowered wall.

Beneath the shadow-dances of the grass
Earth-pulses throbbed in these articulate wings.
They stay . . . though on this night the witch-clouds pass
Above the pathways of departing things.
We find, where shadow circles now are drawn,
The music playing . . . and the dancers gone.

CIDER

So quickly were the blossoms drifted by,
And for so brief a time the boughs could hold

NOCTURNE FOR AUTUMN

Si ttingon the front porch when the evening
Is spil tlight soaking into the ground,
I come after many years

To a book that is an abandoned house
Where darkness sings in the corners, a house
That echoes the silence of other lives.

Like winter grass, mold grows on the cover,
And faces line the pages in rows
Even as headstones. After the light

Goes, my fingertips touch a face
In the warped and musty paper
The way a blind man's touch a lover.

Astonishing as the moon
Tha tswa minato Ga lileo's lens,
She once commanded the tides of my body.

Now the harvest moon looms above
The elms, the pale face of a stranger
Who comes as in a dream to say:

*I am your lost youth, risen
From its bed of dust to startle you
With the ageless faces of the forgotten;*

*I am the one you love, though you will never
Know, the black tracks in snow that lead
Nowhere, though you follow until you wake.*

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

NOTES ON SEASONS

AUTUMN

Though autumn severs
The golden fruit
And bares the tree
From branch to root,

Mournful therefore,
Shall we mourn
The broken vine
The fallen corn,

And failure from
The golden wing
Where autumn goes
Hovering?

And when we find
The trees go lean
Shall we think it
Unforeseen?

THE PRODIGALS OF SUMMER

When every leaf will be irrevocable,
With autumn squandering verdure everywhere,
We'll not find laden branches trivial,
As now, when heavy wealth crowds on the air

EDGAR BOWERS

From

AUTUMN SHADE

I

Nights grow colder. The Hunter and the Bear
Follow their tranquil course outside my window.
I feel the gentian waiting in the woods,
Blossoms waxy and blue, and blue-green stems
Of the amaryllis waiting in the garden.
I know, as though I waited what they wait,
The cold that fastens ice about the root,
A heavenly form, the same in all its changes,
Inimitable, terrible, and still,
And beautiful as frost. Fire warms my room.
Its light declares my books and pictures. Gently,
A dead soprano sings Mozart and Bach.
I drink bourbon, then go to bed, and sleep
In the Promethean heat of summer's essence.

II

Awakened by some fear, I watch the sky.
Compelled as though by purpose they know,
The stars, in their blue distance, still affirm
The bond of heaven and earth, the ancient way.
This old assurance haunts small creatures, dazed
In icy mud, though cold may freeze them there
And leave them as they are all summer long.
I cannot sleep. Passion and consequence,
The brutal given, and all I have desired
Evade me, and the lucid majesty

Richard Esler

And how still farther northward is a town
Spent in the wind's shuck and the lean sun's ray
Where from the shadows as the dawn sifts down
The gradual white buildings answer day.

There is for me no word beyond a Word,
For him no fear beyond a futile fear;
And I was driven to forget the spring
And walk in the last strict fabric of the year.

Richard Esler

AUTUMNAL

Then light is so clear that the stars have come down to us;
All day the leaves have been falling.
I am cold for the end of the year. I have heard you calling,
And come to you quite old and still with fear.

The grass is tinsel, the stalks are tangled in frost;
And I am afraid, for the stars have been saying
That this is the end of the year, and I am lost
In ways where the winds have been playing.

Do you think they will return, the leaves and the deep
white air?

I have lost count, and I am weary of days
That burn in the forest until the trees are bare,
And fume in the west, and smoke in the morning haze.

Oscar Brynes

ODE TO AUTUMN

Season of gusty days and cloudy nights,
The wind which showers wine apples to the ground
Blows at midday the long, pale, lunar lights
O'er weedy fields with melancholy sound.
Summer has gone, but she has left a show
Of downy clouds against the autumn sky,
Which the chill breezes chafe until they glow—
Ghosts of that luxury
Which now is by.

The golden trees against a sky of June
Seem like a life that is too soon grown gray;
Through smothering clouds the large autumnal moon
Rolls argently her undiminished way.
The wonder of night's bright processional
Abates not with the fading of the flowers,
Still glorious on all the earth doth fall—
But for those withered bowers
The pain is ours.

~~~~~  
If spring and summer be thy mask, O year,  
Which falls in autumn, leaving hideous  
The thing we deemed was to our being dear,  
Then life may not be that it seems to us  
In youth—but sometime may reveal—  
When the worn heart the shock can scarcely bear

*Your Winters*

The summer ages.  
The people come and go.  
And I shall go—  
For my gray fence is old,  
My letters quiet,  
And these lines forgotten.

STATIC AUTUMN

Inimitably quick  
To taut deceit, I  
Note a bird  
Amid the autumn,  
  
And my glossy bitch  
Shatters leaves  
Like water,  
And the air  
  
Is resonant  
With pain.  
I wait like one  
Who has stood here before  
  
With sunken head  
In dropping leaves.

*Your Winters*

ROSES, REVISITED, IN A PARADOXICAL AUTUMN

Poets have been writing about the death of flowers  
at least since Ausonius, but these November roses  
defy all images of autumn gardens. The Michaelmas  
daisies  
left with the death of September, and the last late  
sunflowers  
drooped and went dark three weeks ago. These silly roses  
bloom like a hysterical couplet out of Rilke,  
and new buds still blush like conventional metaphors.  
Undisciplined endings like this offend us. We want cold  
in November,  
petals dropping like autumn leaves, earth slipping into  
seasonal sleep  
decently and in order, as in a late Latin epic  
or a universe ordained by Thomas Aquinas.  
Flowers and the bright day fail. What's left, we embody  
in elegies.  
That's how we made sense of life, and the death of  
women.  
These roses and hot sunlight in early November  
decline responsibility for their scheduled mortality,  
leaving us with old sonnets and our own uncertain wrists.

# P O E T R Y

## A MAGAZINE OF VERSE

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### FIVE POEMS

#### IN AUTUMN'S WAKE

QUIETLY waking, I am no longer tense.  
I vow to catalogue no longer the unrest  
that wasted me and spent my winter strength.

Autumn is here; fragrant with bronze leaves burning  
and spiraled smoke and wide air winged with gusts  
of spirit flinging poems to the hills.  
Anew, anew! I am no longer haggard;  
pale autumn slowly moves to palliate  
the kindled blood, to scour with plunging rains

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

THREE POEMS

AUTUMN RAINDROPS

From bough to bough the raindrops fly  
As the winds wing under an autumn sky.  
The earth is darkly overbent  
With the vast heavy firmament.

O beautiful wet leaves and bark  
That glow within the cloudy dark,  
You are as fleet with lovely light  
As raindrops shimmering in flight.

You are as softly bright and rounded  
As the bright heart in darkness hounded—  
The heart too falls from a cloudy birth  
Into the darkening of earth.

LEVELS

I toe-danced on a tower-point  
Under the horn of the moon.  
I lost my balance when a breeze  
Rushed in with a trivial tune.

*Oh the lightning vision,  
As I tumbled through space!  
And the gasp of my heart,  
Storm on my face!*

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

AUTUMN ROAD-SONG

I fling my thoughts along the road  
As we ride—  
Smoothly, as the river flows,  
Over the autumn country-side.  
Silent my friend at the guiding wheel,  
Silent I,  
Flinging thoughts along the road  
As the hills roll by.

Young passion was a heavy load  
Left far back  
(Calm-eyed to face the shadows  
Of the forest track).  
Young passion was a heavy load  
And bet ter gone,  
But in this singing autumn wind  
Fair to think upon.

*I have given my daughter  
A flame-colored gown,  
With sash of gold  
And flower crown.  
She shall be fair  
To companion her lover  
As over this road  
They start together,*

*Norman Macleod*

AUTUMN

There is a touch of sadness in the air this fall,  
Such as recurs to fellows of melancholy:  
Memory of its passage out of time  
Follows the year's progression,  
Ash that settles a twister of flame  
On mountaintops,  
Autumn is quick to remember  
And passes like a sunbeam in the wave.

DRUNKARD OUT OF THE COUNTRY

A gentle delapidation of soul  
Props his weight on bars, foot astride rail:  
The angle of utterance to stiffen his spine—  
Through deep doorways of saloons  
No brusque sunlight falls  
Open upon clear air. The buzzards dine  
Within refectories of memory.

*Norman Macleod*

GEORGE JOHNSTON

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OLAFUR JOHANN SIGURDSSON:  
AUTUMNAL EQUINOX

Golden late light fades and at last dies down,  
day narrows to streaks of red.  
Leaf-weariness of trees makes itself felt within  
--bright nights no more seduce me from my bed.

In cold weather little officerslee,  
every leaf withers, lets go, and is gone.  
Oh, had I only, like this tree  
as summer passed, sunk my roots deeper down.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Suddenly a heavy snake  
Reared black upon a stone.

AUTUMN DUNE

I saw above a sea of hills  
A solitary planet shine,  
And there was no one, near or far,  
To keep the world from being mine.

A DECEMBER DAY

Dawn turned on her purple pillow,  
And late, late, came the winter day;  
Snow was curved to the boughs of the willow,  
The sunless world was white and grey.

At noon we heard a blue-jay scolding,  
At five the last cold light was lost  
From blackened windows faintly holding  
The feathery filigree of frost.

*Sara Teasdale*

ELIZABETH SAIT

While Murasaki brushed her worldly tales  
In countless frugal strokes, the occident  
Builded the naves, the blessed altar rails  
Of Notre Dame; and nether force is spent  
That last arcanum, Time, al one defines  
The manuscript, the cornerstone, these lines.

*Elizabeth Sait*

AUTUMNAL

O grieving heart believe, be told,  
These did not die but were enchanted;  
And trees became still founts of gold,  
And earth fell dreaming, twilight-haunted.

In breathless bloom this loveliness  
Is held until the spell be ended;  
The swift-dream taken motionless,  
Just as we dreamed it, wild and splendid.

This land now charmed with secret light  
Will stand untouchable and lonely,  
And death that creeps beneath the night  
Find dust and windy ruin only.

*Henry Rago*

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

But let your hand wander through my hair?  
There would be no hurt now, we are both too tired.  
I would finger the soft silk of your dress the same  
As long ago, when you were first desired,  
As long ago when the wind whirled us to flame.

For we know the bitter tune the wind sings;  
There will be silence now, there will be rest,  
And eyes will heal after the wind stings,  
And I shall hear your heart under your breast  
Moving across time with a great flow.  
And we shall hear no more the wind's calling,  
But only the silence of it falling and falling,  
And always the room will throb quietly and slow.

BRUSHWOOD

TO HIMSELF IN AUTUMN

Take bitterness into your wailing;  
Be like the rock, the hard gray stone;  
See there is hunger in your ailing,  
Walk scornfully and alone.  
Walk scornfully on the fall-brown hills;  
And maybe where the wind heaves  
And scatters the littered poplar leaves,  
Releasing tardy ones to the ground,  
You will hear the faint authentic sound  
And remember why the wind grieves.

SANDRA McPHERSON

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AUTUMNAL

Wind carries you away like a leaf.  
A thousand leaves  
Begging, begging,

So extravagant.  
What's to  
Hold out for?

Feel the ice, little  
Blades ganged precariously  
In air,

Fall. Rainlike, you never  
Tire of a descent, of  
Going no-hands. If

You were  
Water what  
Miracle would you do?

I'm evaporation—just  
Try making  
Me visible. Or yourself

Green leaf. Time for  
The disappearance of everything  
From cats to

Color. Time for the cold  
Shoulder of snow.  
And if we