

ALL SOUL'S DAY

days--some sun-gleamed, some dark--

sink by the wayside.

Hark!...

They are transparent;

they drip like drips of

rain from the brown thorns

of the yawning rose-stem,

and into the eternity of the ground...

As since the cruel cold

day the world began.

Delicate petals are falling, spent.

In the thick grey autumn morning, atremour,

some lone brown bird, plaintive and resigned,

tentatively sings a "farewell" to summer.

Gold-crisped leaves enflame upon the hill;

Time does not stand still. !

--J. F. Lowe