

AUTUMN WAKE

I stood a moment still to hear, unseen,
The cooing doves, which keening, doleful call,
Muted within their muffling evergreen,
Seemed last sad sobs for failing summer's fall;
As tipsy wasps, in ferment, sipped the sap
That seeped from weeping windfalls, at which light
And softly sudden thud came thunder-clap
Of startled flap of starlings' lightning flight
That woke and broke the dreams of all that slept
In summer slumber till September keep
Its tryst with truth in time with those who kept
A wake for all that soon must fall asleep;
Once sown, soon grown; once grown, soon due to die,
Doves, windfalls, wasps, and starlings, yes and I.