



AUTUMN POEMS

Autumn fires

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!



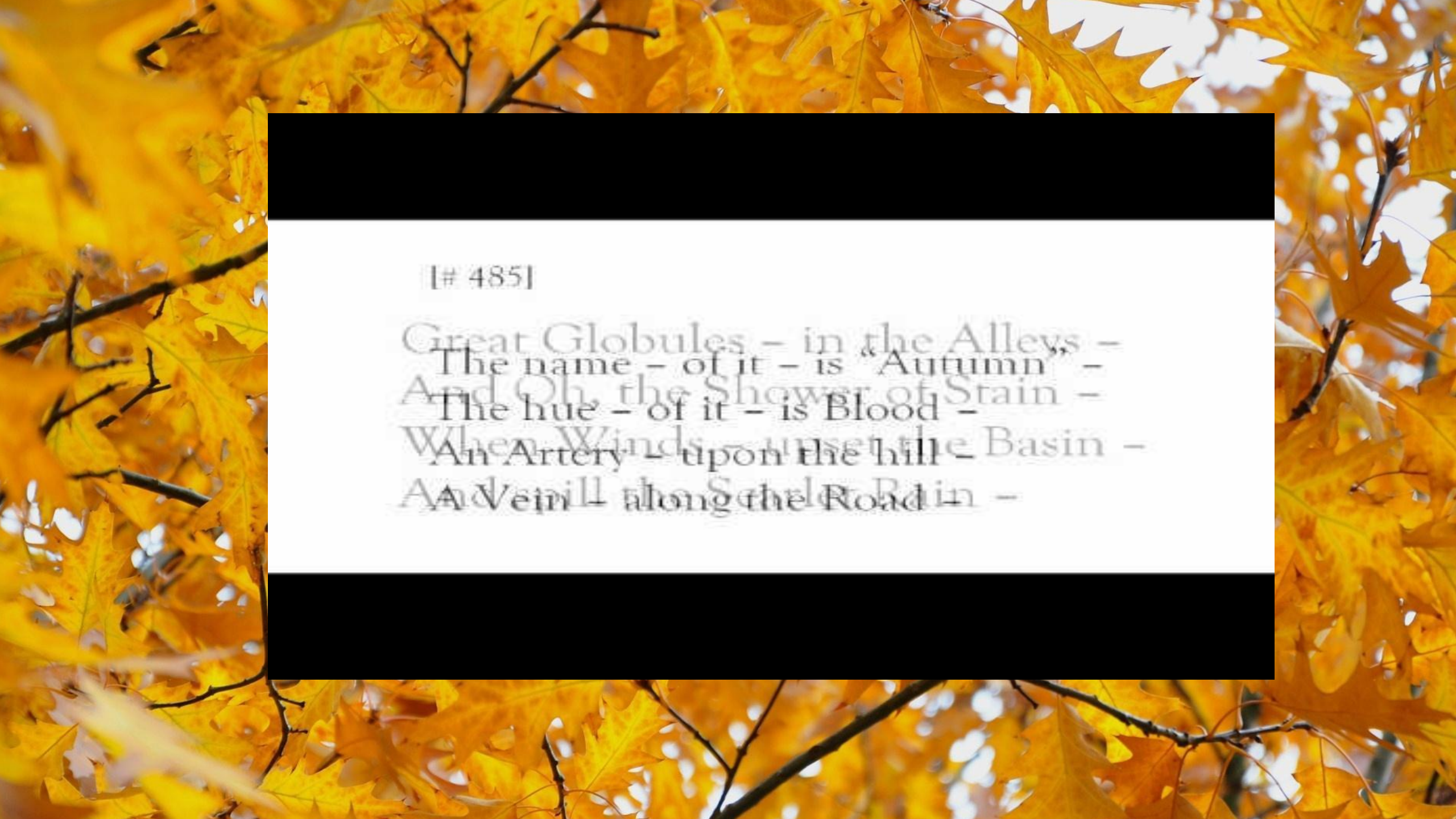
Symphony in Yellow

An omnibus across the bridge
Crawls like a yellow butterfly
And, here and there, a passer-by
Shows like a little restless midge.

Big barges full of yellow hay
Are moored against the shadowy wharf,
And, like a yellow silken scarf,
The thick fog hangs along the quay.

The yellow leaves begin to fade
And flutter from the Temple elms,
And at my feet the pale green Thames
Lies like a rod of rippled jade.

By Oscar Wilde



[# 485]

Great Globules – in the Alleys –
The name – of it – is “Autumn” –
And Oh, the Shower of Stain –
The hue – of it – is Blood –
When Winds unsettle the Basin –
An Artery – upon the hill –
A Vein – along the Road in –



By Emily Dickinson

The name—of it—is 'Autumn'—
The hue—of it—is Blood—
An Artery—upon the Hill—
A Vein—along the Road—

Great Globules—in the Alleys—
And Oh, the Shower of Stain—
When Winds—upset the Basin—
And spill the Scarlet Rain—

It sprinkles Bonnets—far below—
It gathers ruddy Pools—
Then—eddies like a Rose—away—
Upon Vermilion Wheels.