

**The Month of Ripeness**

Thou languid August noon,  
When all the slopes are sunny;  
When with jocund, dreamy tune,  
The bees are in the honey.  
When with purple flowers,  
A-flaming in the sun;  
The drowsy hours  
Thread, one by one,  
The golden pleasaunces.

Then is heart's musing time,  
Then, of all the seasons,  
Old earth for inward rhyme,  
Is full of golden reasons;  
Then the ripening gourd,  
The sun-kissed garden wall,  
The purpling hoard,  
The flocks that call  
Adown the distances.

Forgo the saddening tear,  
Thou month without alloy;  
To younger seasons of the year,  
Resign the flag of joy;  
But thou, be what thou art,  
Full brooding to the brim  
Of dreams apart,  
And purlieus dim  
Of leafy silences.

—Wilfred Campbell.