

IN MEMORABILIA MORTIS

I MARKED the slow withdrawal of the year.
Out on the hills the scarlet maples shone—
The glad, first herald of triumphant dawn.
A robin's song fell through the silence—clear
As long ago it rang when June was here.
Then, suddenly, a few grey clouds were
drawn
Across the sky ; and all the song was gone,
And all the gold was quick to disappear.
That day the sun seemed loth to come
again ;
And all day long the low wind spoke of rain,
Far off, beyond the hills ; and moaned, like
one
Wounded, among the pines : as though the
Earth,
Knowing some giant grief had come to
birth,
Had wearied of the Summer and the Sun.