

*LEAFLESS.*

From dawn to gloaming, and from dark to dawn,  
     Dreams the unvoiced, declining Michaelmas.  
 O'er all the orchards where a summer was  
 The noon is full of peace, and loiters on.  
 The branches stir not as the light airs run  
     All day; their stretching shadows slowly pass  
     Through the curled surface of the faded grass,  
 Telling the hours of the cloudless sun.  
 From some near branch, a crow invisible  
     Breaks the warm silence with a mocking cry,  
     And stirs the quivering distance of the day.  
 The startled noon awakes as from a spell;  
     And from afar comes a soft melody,  
     The melancholy cadence of a jay.

*THE SOUTHERN VOICE.*

Into the silence of this mural close,  
     From the great hollow day, the noises float:  
     The unseen crows anear that mock and gloat;  
 The rustling passage of the tidal flocks.  
 In the dark south a voice of warning grows,  
     Cut by the mud-team driver's urging note;  
     And with increasing power the roaring note  
 Comes in, as of a beast that moans and lows.  
 The windless air is humid; and at rest  
     Are the dark heavens to their hazy edge.  
     A wordless premonition, I can feel,  
 Of snow that has not come; as of a guest  
     Long looked for—even now above the ridge  
     The air is filled with flakes that spin and reel.