

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER

November and December, and again
November and December as before;
Dead season on dead season, o'er and o'er,
Till leaflessness becomes most leafless. Then
Naught for the lips, except the sad Amen,
Naught for the eyes, except the darkened door.
And for this pleasant House of Leaves no more
The summer breezes with their light refrain.

November and December—ah, I hear
Like unto heavy, sobbing winds, the old
Novembers and Decembers mourn aloud.
No red leaf lights the darkness of the year,
But only fire that grips the heart of cold,
And stars that burn behind a world of cloud.

A WINTER PICTURE

An air as sharp as steel, a sky
Pierced with a million points of fire;
The level fields, hard, white and dry,
A road as straight and tense as wire.

No hint of human voice or face
In frost below or fire above,
Save where the smoke's blue billowing grace
Flies flaglike from the roofs of love.