

*THE PUMPKINS IN THE CORN*

AMBER and blue, the smoke behind the hill,  
 Where in the glow fades out the Morning Star,  
 Curtains the Autumn cornfield, sloped afar,  
 And strikes an acrid savour on the chill.  
 The hilltop fence shines saffron o'er the still  
 Unbending ranks of bunched and bleaching corn  
 And every pallid stalk is crisp with morn,  
 Crisp with the silver Autumn morn's distil.

Purple the narrowing alleys stretched between  
 The spectral shooks, a purple harsh and cold,  
 But spotted, where the gadding pumpkins run,  
 With bursts of blaze that startle the serene  
 Like sudden voices,—globes of orange bold,  
 Elate to mimic the unrisen sun.