

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.