
THE SILENT WAYFELLOW

In the asters the wild gold bees
Make a warm busy drone,
Where our Mother at Autumn's door
Sits warming her through to the bone.

The filmy gossamer threads
Are hung from the black fir bough,
Changing from purple to green —
The half-shut eye knows how.

What is your afterthought
When a red leaf rustles down,
Or the chickadees from the hush
Challenge a brief renown?

When silence falls again
Asleep on hillside and crest,
Resuming her ancient mood,
Do you still say, "Life is best?"