

With russet, orange, green and brown,
Whose shadows never seemed to frown
But held the sunshine's memory
In golden mote-dust, dancingly.

Orchard, garden, pleasaunce there
Offered gifts of fragrance rare,
Offered gifts to every sense,
"Gold and myrrh and frankincense."
And all about this homeland lay
The homely breath of "every day,"
The kindly touch of common-place
Lifted by God to near His face.

So, that Autumn afternoon,
When September still seemed smiling,
I forgot the foul defiling
Of a trinity of years,
And, with imagery beguiling
Place and hour from ambushed fears,
Held a moment in my hand
As a gem that haunted land
Ere, shocked rudely from her swoon,
Shivering, crept abroad the moon.
But now the sun in kindness shone
This gem of craftsmanship upon
And let his rainbow fingers lie
Upon my porcelain pot-pourri;
With master brush and pencil made
Its bowl anew in shifting jade,
And lit the patterned tracery
Of village, hamlet, cote and byre
To ruddy, pulsing flattery
That shamed the thought that they must die
And be as trampled one with mire.
The bleaching flaws and fissures even,
White as white bones of warm flesh riven,
A shroud of cleaner kind were given,