

AUTUMN 1953

Not even light wind stirs the silent wood.
Showers of rejected foliage slowly flood
The ground in multi-coloured pools; the mellow
Leaves glow in the sun's light—black poplars' yellow
Gun-metal, beech trees' burnishings, and sheaves
Of ochreous sycamore keys.

Now thin sleeves
Of wraith-like mist steal through the trees. No sound
In the still, humid air; but on the ground
A solitary coppered beech leaf clatters
Down, that a single blackbird briskly scatters.

Michael Wallerstein

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