

AN AUTUMN GARDEN

FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

There's a wind in your garden, a long wind blowing
Like the wind that goes with the ebb-tide's going,
And only one hollyhock stands by the wall,
And hardly a rose at all!

The flowers in your garden are very brave and sober
Under the high sun, the pale sun of October;
But barberries ripen in the short, sweet noons,
And crisp little silver moons.

Shine on the honesty bush, and a late aster
Flaunts her fine fringe as the days go faster
And the ripe fruit drops down, comfortably,
Under the apple tree.

Beside your garden walk are a pink and a daisy;
And the scarlet leaves there are all gone crazy,
Flying from the shelter of the dim, cool eaves,
The pointed wings of the leaves!

Early in the morning the frost is on the bushes;
How white the rose is, spent of all her blushes;
How still is the garden, save for the sad wind,
Most pitiful and most kind.

Let us keep the last blooms, then, for to-day and to-morrow,
From the brief, pale sun, and the frost's long sorrow,
And fold the leaves down, close, on the grass,
Until the winter pass.