I fell asleep with harvest on my mind,
With dark seeds packed like acorns in my brain:
I dreamed a myth of wakening to bind
In tidy stacks a continent of grain.
I watched the summer smiling through my dream
And lived upon the cheating poppy scent;
I did not see the grizzled reaper come
But only felt space shiver when he went.

Then I awoke; the summer field was stubble,
The poppy scattered in an autumn wind;
My threshing yielded only chaff and rubble,
The winter voice of rooks croaked of the end.
With harvest on my mind I fell asleep
And when I woke there was no crop to reap.

NOW SUMMER BLOOD DRIES GOLDEN

Now summer blood dries golden; laced along
The shivering air and through the jittery trees
A cold red flame is licking down a throng,
A crackling harvest of deep-tinted leaves.
Now winter glowers in the sky where no
Heyday of blue is splashed among the cream
Cheeked clouds: like phantom butterflies the snow
Falls feathery and clogs the barren dream.

But do not think that winter is the end's
Beginning or that snow can seal for good,
For spring's nightwatchman rubs his hands and tends
The braziers of life: near the white wood
A seed is crouching, waiting for the sign
And coils of birth are ready to unwind.