

# THE FIRST AUTUMN

MARSHALL SCHACHT

Where God had walked  
The goldenrod  
Sprang like fire  
From the burning sod.

The purple asters,  
When He spoke,  
Rose up beautifully  
Like smoke.

And shouting glory  
To the sky—  
The maple trees  
Where He passed by!

But when God blessed  
The last bright hill  
The holy world  
Grew white and still.