THE WHISTLING BOY

FRANCES R. ANGUS

I watch the leaves, bright red and gold
With mulberry of oak and beech
Go hurrying across the grass
This autumn. They romp and dance
Till caught by hedged-in corner.

Those flying high above our elms
On gusty wind are changed to swift-winged
Birds that soon are lost in unknown
Country. They are my brothers—
I, too, leave home tomorrow.

Our sugar maples on the hill
Stand handsome in their marshalled hundreds,
Borrowing from setting sun
Their red-gold crown of glory—
But I set out tomorrow.

Upon our swimming-pool the leaves
Sail undisturbed. Ted will be there
Next spring; not I, till years go by.
Young Jane will choose her mate
Before my war is over.