

# 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.