

## AN AUTUMN SONG

The shining sickle-blades no longer flash  
Among the waving grain. The steady hum  
Of tireless threshing is no longer heard—  
The thresher's labor finished, it is dumb.

The rust will gather on the unused blade,  
The busy spider weaves its fairy lace  
Across the binds where lies the garnered wheat—  
Upon the golden chaff frost leaves its trace.

And you, O fields, will lie in dreamless sleep  
A little while—in snow and darkness hid  
The wake beneath the subtle touch of Spring,  
Once more to bear, once more to be harvested.

By: Beth Slater Whitson

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