

SONG OF AUTUMN

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 weave its fairy lace
Across the bins 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;
Then wake beneath the subtle touch of spring,
To once more bear, once more be harvested.

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From: Top-Notch Magazine
September 15, 1916
Vol. 27, No. 6, Pg. 117