

# Hallowmas

By Madison J. Cawein

All hushed of glee,  
The last chill bee  
Clings wearily  
To the dying aster.  
The leaves drop faster:  
And all around, red as disaster,  
The forest crimsons with tree on tree.

A butterfly,  
The last to die,  
Wings heavily by,  
Weighed down with torpor.  
The air grows sharper;  
And the wind in the trees, like some sad harper,  
Sits and sorrows with sigh on sigh.

The far crows call;  
The acorns fall;  
And over all  
The Autumn raises  
Dun mists and hazes,  
Through which her soul, it seemeth, gazes  
On ghosts and dreams in carnival.

The end is near;  
The dying Year  
Leans low to hear  
Her own heart breaking,  
And Beauty taking  
Her flight, and all my dreams forsaking  
My soul, bowed down 'mid the sad and sere.