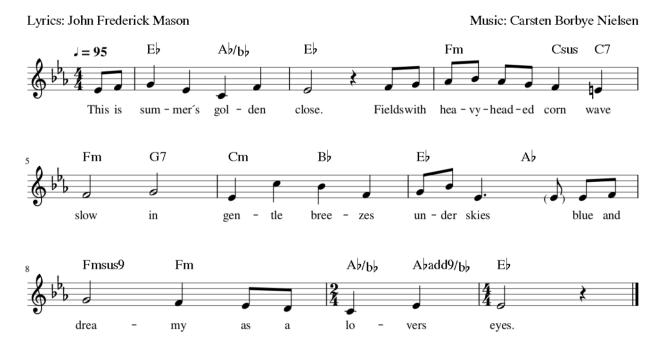
September



This is summer's golden close. Fields with heavy-headed corn wave slow in gentle breezes under skies blue and dreamy as a lover's eyes.

Sun-rich mornings white with dew; drops of mist on webs the spiders threw. In gardens colours reach their deep; marrows fatten while their keepers sleep.

Apples hang on bending boughs; drunk on fallen fruit, the wasps are roused. The evenings slant and days retreat, hedgerow berries ripen black and sweet.

Still of evening, dance of flies, touch of surface where the slow fish rise. Around, the swallows curl and choir, till they gather on a waiting wire.

Skies are drained of blue and song. Starlings swoop in clouds and blind the sun. Alone the blackbird longs for frost, for springs to come, for all that spring has lost.