

OCTOBER.



In gardens of grey the springs are in spate,
Flowers are fallen and leaves whirled
away.
Night-fall is early, and dawning is late,
In gardens of grey.

Ocean's in flood and the air's strong with spray;
Starless and somber, the earth's big with
fate,
Waters and winds are the lords of the day.

Wild are the waves under skies of cold slate,
The mountains are veiled and the wild
horses neigh:
Colossal it looms, October's huge freight,
In gardens of grey.