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Leaves

Witter Bynner

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Leaves By Witter Bynner

Motion seldom carries peace,
Though peace can carry motion;
A cliff worn smooth gives small release
To the onset of ocean;
And yet there's a significance
Foretelling somehow good
When quiet leaves dilate and dance
To the wind in a wood.

Autumn Harbinger By Spud Johnson

Sleepily, this afternoon, Alfalfa, clover, sage, Mingled in my room Like words upon a page . . .

But when the wind shifted Over the garden wall, Fragrance of wild plums drifted Distinctly as a call.

Swing Little Winter Moon * By MAUD E. USCHOLD

Swing, little winter moon From a hackberry tree; Bleed on no brittle thorn That glimmers icily.

Quicken your pulseless light Through the infinite gloom, Cover the earth with flame White as dogwood bloom.