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An Autumn Day

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The blood from mangled hands dripped slowly down,
 And blood was on his head like ruby crown.
 He spoke.

“Again? Aye. Yes, again, as long as man shall sell
 His soul for gold and power; as long as man shall tell
 The children that the glory in the taking of the sword
 Is the glory of their country and the glory of the Lord;
 As long as man shall nurture youth upon the creed of fear—
 As long as life is ruled by hate. That long, my son, shall leer
 The spectre of War’s cruel strife upon the hapless earth:
 For greed and hate, united, breed, and give War bloody birth

.....
*Then, rank on rank, huge black against the sky
 The hosts of slaughtered dead go marching by.”*

An Autumn Day

By T. M. WILEY

Lazily the Indian village
 Basks in the autumn sun:
 The crops are gathered in,
 Corrals are roofed with corn,
 Red chili hangs in fiery rows
 Under the flaming trees.
 Serene in the golden light
 That casts long melancholy
 Shadows,
 Life runs its stoic course
 In the Pueblo, even as
 Before.