

autumn do not sigh

Ethan Grant

Autumn, I do not sigh, and not for you,
Though you've ushered sighs from some,
Not for you do I sigh, not here, and not tonight.
Enough are the sounds from the field
Where the children play by firelight,
Where they and the crickets chatter away,
And they do not sigh, autumn, nor do they
Spare one thought to the silence you've brought
To the fields and the yards, to the shocks
Of corn which wither and dry, and without a sigh
For the wind, though it plucks at them so.
They have stood over-long in the standing rain,
And they are still, they are still to the storm
And the gray. Give to the fence-posts their portion,
To the stiles their pay, we cross them the same,
We cross them each day into day into day
And call ourselves keepers of the call and reply,
Though we sing of summer, and autumn the same
We have stood over-long in the standing rain,
We have stood, and wept, and have suffered to sigh.

Autumn, the children play in the fields tonight,
They run through the shadows of planets and stars,
They dance in the lanterns in the dim waning light,
And they are the singers of the song on this night.
Though your wind is steeped in ghosts and rain
And the ring of the moon sinks broken and white,
Do not, sad autumn, come to cherish this cold—
I've seen fire in the fields and the sky tonight.