

Maple Leaves

When the grass is growing green,
And the ranging geese are seen
Flying forth
To their place of congregation in the rivers of the North,
Then within the heart of the wood
Stirs and leaps the maple's blood,
Ever joyously ascending till the leaves begin to bud.
Over all the verdant meadows newly risen flowers are seen
In the bright unshadowed season when the maple leaves are green.

Like a dream the moments fly;
Now autumnal days are nigh;
All the summer's bloom is lost, and the fingers of the frost
Leave the maple leaves all radiant with a sanguinary dye.
All its lowly comrades scorning,
Careless of the season's warning,
Proudly towers the tinted maple, as it sought to reach the sky,
In its ire
Lifting higher;
From the withered earth arising like a pyramid of fire.
Now the maple leaves are dazzling in the clear September day,
While the splendor of their color hides the tokens of decay.

Still the cold is waxing stronger,
Days are shorter, nights are longer,
While the nipping breezes chill what the frost has failed to kill,
And the voices of summer sound no more on plain or hill.
Now the maple leaves decayed
Fall and fade,
And the parent tree dismayed
Writhes and tosses, while the whirlwind, from its icy cave set free,
Shouts around the naked branches in demoniac jubilee.

~ Henry De Wolfe, Jr. ~