

## October

**By H. P. LOVECRAFT**

Low sighs the wind that frets the wither'd leaves  
And sends them flutt'ring to the greying ground;  
A hunter's moon gleams thro' the silent sheaves  
That loom like ghosts of vanish'd joys around.

A nameless chill falls on the hoary wood  
Which yesterday such verdant charms could boast,  
And mounds and moors in desolation brood,  
Unpeopled save by sadness' spectral host.

At golden noon the dying sun can still  
Some semblance of the former bliss impart;  
But when the twilight creeps from yonder hill,  
The shadow, length'ning, strikes the restless heart.

The airy throngs whose carols we have known,  
From coming winter flee on nimble wings;  
They pipe farewell, then leave us still and lone,  
Unhappiest of the earth's deserted things.

The transient splendour of each aging leaf  
Bids us dismiss our woe in hopeful cheer;  
The world, it cries, finds spring beyond the grief—  
But the heart whispers, "Shall I, too, be here?"