



*Facing October's Morn*  
Blue Ridge Parkway, Western North Carolina  
Photo by Dan Hardison

## Autumn

*Edgar Guest*

Splash of scarlet, splash of gold,  
Mornings touched with autumn's cold,  
Weary fields beneath the sun  
Resting with their labor done.  
Scythe and sickle put away.  
Night is longer now than day.

Later now the sun to rise.  
Gone are birds and butterflies.  
Just a few brave blossoms stay,  
Relicts of their kindred gay  
Still with courage carrying on  
'Till their strength is wholly gone.

Neither field nor forest taints  
Nature's purpose with complaints.  
Chilled by frost unto the heart  
Silently the flowers depart.  
Stand the trees, like warriors bold  
Dressed in scarlet and in gold.

Nothing sad or tearful here  
At the twilight of the year.  
These October mornings glow  
Just as if they seem to know  
Past all doubt and questioning  
Life is an eternal thing.