

Autumn

for Tony Thomas

Root-sharp winds blow,
Fatal test each bough-shaking groan;
Once passing siren's moan,
Hums steady-low
Pain's burden now.

Ripe beauty's maze
Imprints glance, gesture, touch, belief;
While still fresh-flaming leaf
Compels the gaze,
Recalls the daze.

Slow head-hands-feet,
But steady yet are strength and skill;
Shorter the day of will
For long truth's fight,
Clear still the light.

Reuben Thomas

14th September 2013