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The Chanticleer

OCTOBER

*There is something in the autumn that is
native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the
crimson keeping time.*

*The scarlet of the maple can shake me like
a cry
Of bugles going by,
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon
the hills.*

*There is something in October sets the
gypsy blood astir,
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by
name.* —BLISS CARMEN.

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Palma Non Sine Pulvere