

AUTUMN WIND.

O wind of autumn, melancholy wind,
What pain has pierced you, that you
mourn ~~at~~ so?

What loss or yearning taught you that
wild moan,
That sob of infinite woe?

Drear wind of shadows and of failing days,
What do you vainly seek, straining afar
to find?

What hope eludes you, lures you through
the worlds,
You passionate, restless wind?

Is it some phantom of imagined good,
A dim, elusive beauty, touched in dream,
A glory hovering just beyond your reach
With shifting, maddening gleam?

O sobbing wind, your sorrow is our own,
An echo of the grief that you pass by—
The strange heart-hunger of a thousand
worlds
Sounds in that desolate cry.

WINIFRED PATTON,