

LOVELIEST OF FLORA, THE MAPLE TREES

After A. E. Housman's [*A Shropshire Lad, 2*](#)

Loveliest of flora, the maple trees
Are flung with colour on the leaves,
And sway about the watching mien,
Wearing red for Halloween.

Once as a child lost in a maze,
I was satisfied to gaze,
Now with fewer tales left to my name,
There's little moment for a game.

And since to survey hues around
Needs more autumns than are found,
To the woodlands I will go
Before November ends the show.

Tributes

By R.A. Gillmann

Epiphany 2018

UNDER THE SANDBURG SUN
After Carl Sandburg's [*Under the Harvest Moon*](#)

Under the icicles
When the droplets form
To freeze in the cold
Of the wild, dark day,
Peace, the gentle warrior,
Comes through the window
As a neighbor in disguise
Who wants to know
Your wellbeing.

Under the spring trees
When the baby blossoms
Wave with the wind
Over the green meadow,
Joy, the perennial surprise,
Comes through your nose
As a friend from afar
Who knows you
Before you are born.

Copyright © 2018 R. A. Gillmann