

Autumn Twilight

By Anne McDonnell

On my lips the sad bitter taste
Of moist autumn air.

Along the shadowy earth of twilight
A wraith-like mist.

Trees, black against white grey sky
Stilly stand.

Deep in the grey light behind the mist-
skirted trees
A faint rose glow sinks lingeringly.

The mist expires,
The grey glow fades,
And the black trees
Melt into jealous night.